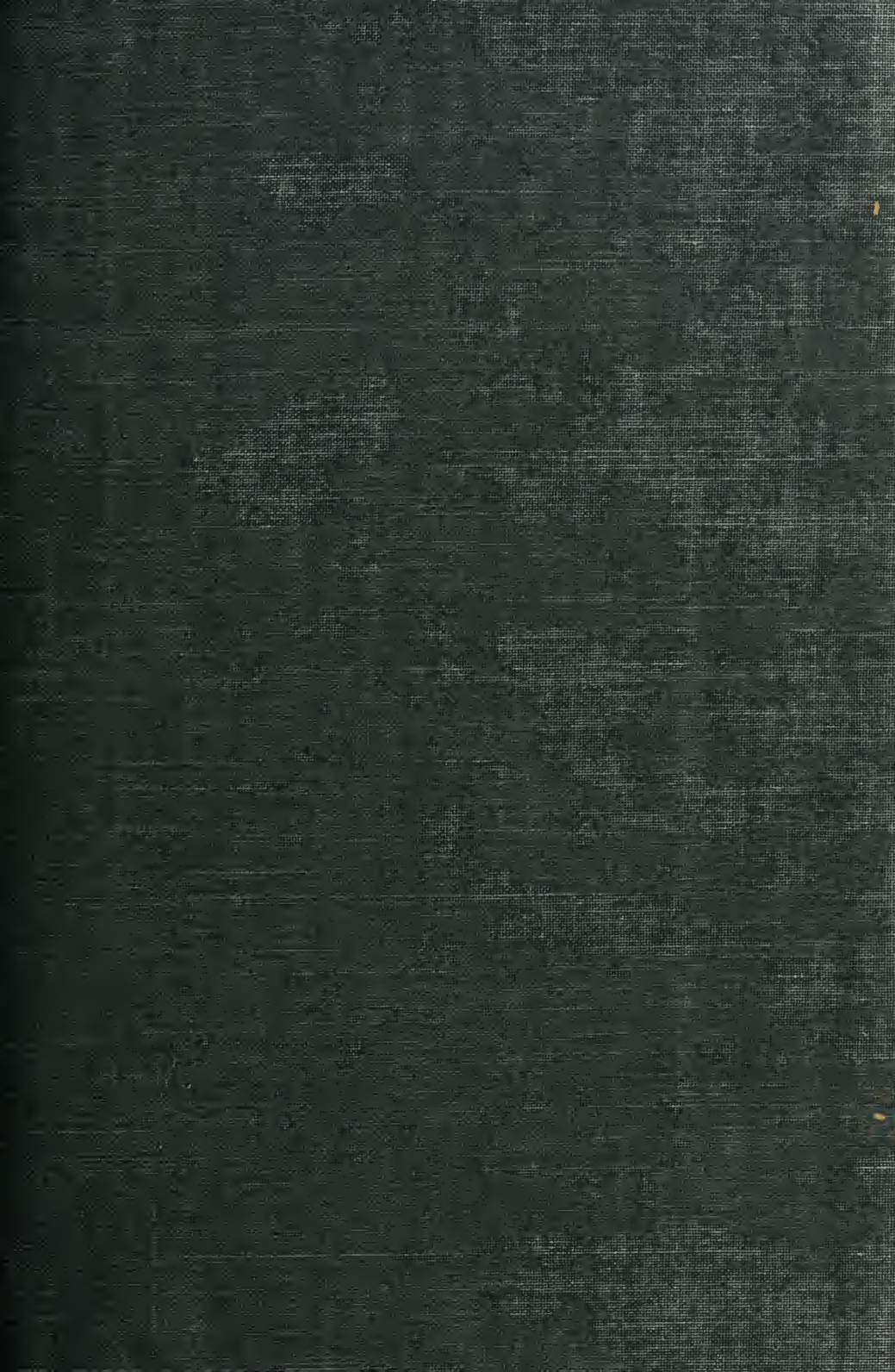




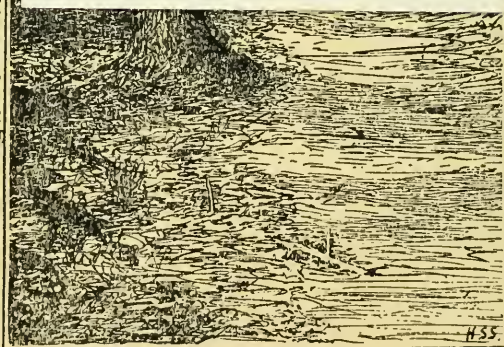
500.11
-L1915
5

LIBRARY OF
BROWN UNIVERSITY



HARRIS COLLECTION
OF AMERICAN POETRY AND PLAYS

"A foot and light-hearted I take to the open road,"



The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

Whitman Collection

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

May 23.

May 1918

"THE IDEAL GIANT"

by

Wyndham Lewis

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

MAY, 1918

The Ideal Giant

Wyndham Lewis

Poems:

Ezra Pound

Homage a la Langue d'Or

Moeurs Contemporaines

Ulysses, III

James Joyce

Nocturne

Ben Hecht

Imaginary Letters, X

Ezra Pound

Women and Men, IV

Ford Madox Huefner

The Reader Critic

Announcement

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *Foreign Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25 cents a copy

\$2.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York, N. Y.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V~~II~~

MAY, 1918

No. 1

THE IDEAL GIANT

Wyndham Lewis

The Action occurs in the Restaurant Gambetta, in German London, in October, 1914. Belgian "refugees" have found it out in numbers; the poor ones do not get so far. These people are very composed.

The Restaurant is French in its staff and traditions. An Austrian, at present, keeps it.

A cream-lace curtain, hanging from brass hooks, runs all along its face, shoulder high.

A very large brass vase in the middle, and a Russian wood-painting of a Virgin and Child on narrow wall between the two windows, gives the German cultured touch.

The peculiar situation of this Restaurant makes it indispensable to a few people.

The Proprietor is interesting.

The Proprietor follows his stomach about the Restaurant constantly while the Action is proceeding, playing with it like a large ball. He comes right up to John Porter Kemp often and then at the last moment whisks it away, and wheels in another direction, head thrown back, with heroic contraction of brows like a Russian dancer.

FIRST SCENE.

Characters :

MR. JOHN FINGAL.

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

The Restaurant is behind the two central figures in each scene. The dialogues occur in a little brightly-lighted box at the front of the stage. It is a recess at the back of the Restaurant, which is seen behind it in a perfectly square frame made by the limits of the recess. The box-like recess is painted shiny white with large brass hooks to the left for the coats.

It is sanitary, doll-like and conventional.

Fingal's sienna brown suit, and Kemp's rather vivid blue, under the bright electric light, and Miss Godd's green jersey in 3rd scene, add to the appearance of freshness and artificial bloom.

SCENE I.

MR. JOHN FINGAL is found seated at table, on left-hand side, his right-hand profile to you. He is reading a green evening paper.

Mr. John Fingal is a robust, un-English-looking Adonis, like rank and file stocky Paris cubist; jowl, phlegm, professional classes. He is thirty-six, a solid adventurer, studying art. He does a little dealing. He is flippant, and methodically aggressive in a snobbish way. He sees himself as "fine old gentleman," très fin; also as a beautiful young man, the memory of personal triumphs at Cambridge maintained.

He likes speaking French. He does so with careful clumsiness and only so much attempt at a good accent as is compatible with dignity and comfort.

The tables beyond in the body of the Restaurant are occupied by various people, chiefly Belgians.

JOHN PORTER KEMP comes in from street at far end of stage. He is tall, dog-lean, in first bloom of middle age.

He is a writer; journalism takes up most of his time.

(Red-haired people seem mongrels—common to every country, like women. Kemp's is a shabby strong mixture, giving him rather a colonial entrée into the civilised world. It carries him back, down the ages, in any case, in an energetic ancestral trail, without the interruptions you must always count on with colourless crops.)

FINGAL looks up toward back of stage, and with immediate concentration makes a sign to Kemp, and kicks the chair back on the other side of the table.

FINGAL. Hallo. Come here, have lunch here—

KEMP. Goodmorning. What's the news?

FINGAL. In here, do you mean?

(Fingal shakes the paper.)

KEMP. Yes.

(Kemp sits down. He does not prune himself, rub rub his cheeks or hands, or stretch his eyelids. He looks at Menu.)

FINGAL. Oh. I don't know. Much the same.

KEMP. You've seen the Goeben's been doing something again?

(Fingal glances across paper.)

FINGAL. Yes.

(Kemp orders his dinner. A duck and potatoes and salsifé arrive for Fingal. Kemp stares at the Belgians at the back of the Restaurant, his large raw eye full of pleasure, like a golden pâtine.)

FINGAL. Did you get that book alright?

KEMP. Yes. They hadn't got it at the Times Book Club. I went to the Figaro. They got it for me. What a nice family that is over there! How shiny their faces are! They really are nice greasy lumps.

(Fingal looks round at Belgian family, sees what he expected after a minute, and laughs. Kemp turns back to the table.)

KEMP. I wish we were more like that. At least I wish we had that air of being in a tavern they have; or just come out of a heavy bedroom, like immense dolls out of the box of an erotic game. They don't mind dying as much as we do, because their blood is the same oil as the Earth's. With them continuity is not so broken by demise.

FINGAL. You are romancing.

KEMP. Of course I'm not. Look at Cézanne's race and then look at us. See how much harder they work at getting their children! Their pictures, too. But it doesn't show so much in our children.

FINGAL. Do they? I should have thought——

KEMP. They are much more like the things they eat. They all have a good deal of pig, horse and dog in them. They yap and snort and their noses sniff and twitch.

FINGAL. Do you want to be like a pig?

KEMP. It might imprvove me. I should be willing to try it.

(They laugh with indulgence and digestive grace.)

FINGAL. Are you doing much work? I saw you were writing in the *London Monthly* the other day. I intended to get it.

KEMP. Yes. There's no reviewing now, during the war. I shall have to turn strategist, I suppose. I shall not make a good one. I can never make head or tail of what they're doing over there.

FINGAL. Aren't they going to begin to print other news again soon?

KEMP. Heaven knows.

(A duck and boiled potatoes and saliférs arrive for Kemp: a bottle of Teinach. Fingal's are taken away; The garçon is built compactly for body service. His eyes are round and blue, and bring to mind Swiss Lakes and mean popular sentimentalities. He is your respectful friend and abject servant. He bends down and advises with a candour and carefulness that makes you turn your head away. He stares into the distance when he is not busy. This is his menial cachet.)

KEMP. I wonder if any of these Belgians have been ruined? I expect it is chiefly the working people who have been done for.

FINGAL. I tried to get a Refugee the other day to come and work for me. My little servant girl is going away. I couldn't find one for love or money.

KEMP. I suppose the poor ones get looked after, and drafted off as soon as they arrive.

(A Pêche Melba is brought for Fingal.)

KEMP. What is that? Pêche Melba? I must have that. Albert! A Pêche Melba.

FINGAL. Our friend Radac here is pretty busy.

KEMP. If things become very bad I shall get Radac to take me on as garçon. I should enjoy inducting food into those mouths.

(A Pêche Melba is brought to Kemp.)

FINGAL. Miss Godd was here yesterday.

KEMP. Was she? But damn Miss Godd.

FINGAL. Damn Miss Godd? She was here about two. Just after you'd gone.

KEMP. I know. I saw her last night.

(Fingal smiles, but keeps temperately within that demonstration. Miss Godd is a mystery. Fingal has

not been asked to meet her. He does not know in what relation Miss Godd and Kemp stand to each other. He sees them at the Restaurant gesticulating in the distance. Kemp does not encourage communication on the subject of his friend. Kemp exaggerates his appetite. Nature with him substituted food for drink as a stimulant. A little food is enough. He has not a strong head. Rendered abnormally communicative and aggressive by the duck and other food, his eye more and more often approaches Fingal, with a progressive ritual like that of a large fly. At last it settles full in the middle of his face. In a few minutes he is grinning at him, talking, twitching his great animal's nose as though it had been surrounded by Grauben gnats.)

KEMP. Do you sleep well?

FINGAL. Not really well. I vary. I sometimes sleep for eight hours right off, sometimes only four. My average is a bit below the necessary, I should say.

(This punctilious answer was in order to save time, and was the result of experience of Kemp. Kemp and Fingal's talks resembled those arranged between the Proprietor of the Circus and the Clown. Fingal would display the meticulous credulity of the toff in evening dress. Kemp does not want to know, however, about Fingal's powers of sleep. It is one of his feints. This is his way of "working.")

KEMP. Are you sensitive about your shell?

FINGAL. No. No.

KEMP. The husk you shed at night?

FINGAL. Ah. No.

(Kemp pulls his chair forward a little and leans across the table. He constantly shoots his eye up, while speaking, at an imaginary third person in the middle distance. Sometimes he fixes this myth with his blank red-rimmed disk of an eye, and stops his discourse. Or he will lower his voice as though to prevent this third person from overhearing his most harmless remarks.)

KEMP. Life for some people is full of the nuisance of symmetries and forms. When you put your pen down, do you begin wor-

rying about its position in relation to the inkpot?

FINGAL. I can't say I do.

KEMP. *Some people—*have a certain personal arrangement with their clothes at night. This is very common. I, for myself, have to tie my bootlaces symmetrically. Have you never stepped in every second or third stone of a pavement, and been afflicted if you were compelled to miss one? I know a man who walked all the way back from Oxford Circus to Waring and Gillows to plant his foot on a stone he had been compelled to miss!

FINGAL. That is bad neurasthenia, isn't it?

KEMP. Of course. And therefore should be fought and broken up from time to time.

FINGAL. I agree with you.

(Kemp sits back in his chair as though his bolt were shot, and the argument closed. This is more feinting and personal play of his high-spirits. He then comes forward again in his chair.)

KEMP. Truth, at all events, is a thing like that. Our truthfulness. Some people—have an uneasiness and sense of something wrong, out of place, crying to be put right, if they have been compelled or have elected to tell an untruth. There is something in such and such a person's mind, placed there by them, that should not be there. Or it should not be there in that form. It is "the thing which is not" of the Horses.

(Kemp draws a cigar out of his pocket, cuts the end off, and lights it.)

KEMP. This meticulous sense will induce a man to describe very carefully something he has seen, if he describe it at all, and to suffer if, from laziness or other motive, he has slurred or misrepresented. This is the common base of wisdom and beauty. It is the famous generic madness at the bottom of genius.

It is the madness known as "Exactitude" in America.

(Kemp fixes Fingal with his eye, Ancient Mariner fashion, and shows him by a pause, that the preamble is over. He takes several deep breaths, inhaling his very bad cigar. Fingal disturbs the manoeuvring of his eye.)

FINGAL. What would the clever Horses find to call your stories? Those "things that are not" fill your brains.

KEMP. The transference is so complete in creative life of any

sort. *Reality* is the "thing which is not," for the creative artists. An artist would have precisely that feeling of "malaise" and disgust if he had put in another man's head the *real truth*—the actual biological appearance of Nature, that my ideally truthful man would feel if he had lied.

FINGAL. The arranging of the clothes; or the symmetry of the bootlace; is a sign of a feeling for order. Whereas the squeamishness about "the truth" in another man's head is a slavish timidity.

KEMP. I don't think so. I don't see the contradiction. In the sphere of practical life it is essential to have facts. People can only base their actions on facts. If you put in a person's head something purporting to be a fact, which is not a fact, it is liable to cause the utmost confusion and disorder.

But the point for my argument is the *physical* uneasiness about this thing said, whether fact or not, the "hallucination of the Object."

The "truth" is only another way of saying "the substantial." In life the "substantial" is the "fact."

FINGAL. I'm afraid I don't see what you're driving at.

(Gruff and cold contemplation from the lofty general entrenched beside Kemp's nose, conducting the affairs of the world, ensues. The eye sweeps over Fingal slowly like a searchlight.)

KEMP. Do you tell many lies?

(Kemp fixes his eye stonily.)

FINGAL *(grinning)*. Sometimes. But I'm a particular man. I am an esprit d'ordre.

KEMP. I am the same. I am the same—I never lie—

(Kemp beams, in sudden immense thawing. A pause, in which Kemp inundates Fingal with smiles of nauseating richness. Renewed pretence that this is the bourne of his argument: namely, that he never tells lies.)

FINGAL. Garçon. L'Addition s'il vous plait.

(Fingal accepts this feint, and prepares to break up the séance. The waiter comes, and stooping down to the table, makes up the bill.)

WAITER. Attendez. Il y avait deux légumes.

FINGAL. Oui. Un salsifés.

WAITER. Oh yes. Salsifés. Thank you Mr. Fingal.

(Fingal pays the bill, but does not at once get up. Kemp leans forward and puts his hand on Fingal's arm.)

KEMP. To-day I have been lying steadily ever since I got up. The last two or three times we've met, I have told you several lies; which you did not notice.

I feel as though I should never tell the truth again.

(Kemp sits back and stares at Fingal.)

FINGAL. I noticed all your lies, and was distressed.

KEMP. That is not true.

FINGAL. Oh yes. Perfectly. You told me you paid twopence each for those cigars.

KEMP. Well, so I did.

FINGAL. Am I to take that as a lie; or, to put it another way, regard it as a proof, under the circumstances, that you did not pay that for them?

KEMP. I paid twopence for this excellent cigar.

(Kemp holds it up, and blows out his gingercream cheeks at its gilded label.)

FINGAL. Then why did you tell——?

(Kemp springs up and calls the waiter.)

KEMP. Bring me a "Flor de Cijas".

(He throws his cigar away, sits down and holds up his finger, then hooks it over his nose. He has seen some fat mid-European man with a cigar do this, and the fact of his smoking a cigar, habit to which he has lately taken, suggests this action.)

KEMP. I am found out. This will not make me downhearted. As a matter of fact I do not mind being found out. That is not material. I am not setting out to deceive, but only to cure myself of a superstition and rigid manner of feeling.

(While handling Radac's much more satisfactory cigar, Kemp explains his latest regimen.)

KEMP. For instance, this arm of mine attracted attention this morning.

(His arm is bandaged, and cased in a black leather trough which he takes off to eat. Kemp is getting over blood-poisoning in the wrist and forearm.)

KEMP. I posed as a Mons hero, with this, yesterday evening, in a pub. It was a triumph for me. Education and natural integrity

revolt against that stupid action. We will admit it is not in my line. But I am too shy. Such things are excellent discipline. They harden, humble and invigorate. They are a medicine made up of the acrid harshness of the flash scum of a city.

The Ego's worst enemy is Truth. This gives truth the slap in the face good for us.

(The Proprietor approaches; stands in the middle of the square opening, his stomach pointing rudely at them, head and eye frowning down on Kemp. They look at him in silence. He suddenly whisks his stomach away, wheels, and moves shoulderingly back into restaurant.)

KEMP (continuing). Self. Self. One must rescue that sanity. Truth, duty—are insanity.

FINGAL. You are talking for the times. There are times when Self, Self—

KEMP. Yes, perhaps. But if we have not War, we have Art——

FINGAL. Now we have both—

KEMP. But Art is much the purer and stronger, and against its truths and impositions we much revolt or at least react. The "pure artist" is a Non-sense.

The gentle man, likewise, must be shownt his place.

The Prussian exploits the psychology of the commisvoyageur to harden himself into a practical aggressor—

FINGAL. Do not let us be like the Prussian, for—

KEMP. Heaven forbid; ah yes, forbid. We could not be if we tried. We therefore could introduce a little of his methods without the danger he runs of foolishness and vulgarity.

FINGAL. What exactly do you want us to do?

KEMP. I was talking about the individual. The Nation nowadays always has as much vulgarity as it can stand.

FINGAL. Quite. Then you mean—

KEMP. We, as individuals, are at a disadvantage in a struggle with the community. It contains, invariably, inevitably, criminal energy, stoicism and vulgarity of a high order.

FINGAL. But why do you make this opposition between the individual and the community.

KEMP. I did not make it.

FINGAL. But does it exist to the extent you—

KEMP. It exists. It exists like this. A hundred men is a

giant.

(Kemp makes his points with a finger flattened out on the table. The Proprietor brings his stomach forward. Kemp waves it hurriedly away with his flat, stiff finger.)

KEMP. A hundred men is a giant. A giant is always rather lymphatic and inclined to be weak intellectually, we are told. He is also subject to violent rages. Just as legendary men were always at war with the giants, so are individuals with society.

That exceptional men can be spoilt by the world is a commonplace. But consider another thing. See how two or three distinguished people lose personal value in a mob—at a dinner, at a meeting. Their personalities deteriorate in a moment—for an hour or two. They hardly ever become the head and brain of the Giant.

FINGAL. That doesn't apply to all men? It is due to some weakness in the personality. Some shine most.

KEMP. Ah, yes. But examine those shiners by themselves, and look steadily at their words and acts. Theirs is a practical and relative success. The *solitary* test is the only searching one. The fine personality loses, in every case, by association. *The problem in life is to maintain the Ideal Giant.*

The artist is the Ideal Giant or Many. The Crowd at its moments of heroism also is. But Art is never at its best without the assaults of Egotism and of Life.

For the health of the Giant as much as for that of the individual this conflict and its alarms are necessary.

Revolution is the normal proper state of things.

FINGAL. Paraguay or Venezuela offering the picture of the Ideal State.

KEMP. They are not States. They are just Revolutions. They should be called the "Revolution of Venezuela," etcétra, etcétra.

(Fingal leans back against the wall and stretches.)

FINGAL. Well, as though we hadn't war enough already! Here you are trying to stir up a new war—a World-War, too, I suppose.

KEMP. No, I'm afraid one war might make us forget our other wars.

FINGAL. I wish it would!

(Fingal stares back into the Restaurant. Two tables away a stout Belgian woman is eating, with her leg heavily bandaged resting on a chair. Kemp turns towards Res-

taurant, pivoting on his chair, one elbow on table.)

KEMP. Did the Germans do that?

FINGAL. No. She comes from Louvain, but she did that herself.

KEMP. Has not she the grace to attribute it to the Germans? She comes from Louvain, bandaged, at a moment like this! It is a case for the police. She must be in German pay.

FINGAL. Quite likely. And as we are the only people she impresses—

(The Proprietor approaches from door at left.)

THE PROPRIETOR. Miss Godd wishes to speak to you on the telephone.

(Kemp get up.)

KEMP. I must go and telephone.

(Fingal gets up.)

FINGAL. I must go.

KEMP. I shall see you soon again, perhaps?

FINGAL. Yes. I'm going North for a few days. I shall be back the beginning of next week.

(They both walk back into Restaurant, Kemp going out through door at left, half way down the wall, Fingal through street door at farther end of Restaurant.)

SCENE II.

Characters :

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

Scene:—A dark recess, about 6 feet long, with a telephone desk on wall, on which John Kemp is leaning and speaking at telephone. At the back is a staircase, on which several people go up and down during action. His nose occasionally obscures the telephone mouth-piece as he bends his head and listens. When he answers his nose seems fighting and fuming, or drawing itself up solemnly, admonishing the mouth into which he is speaking. His face is red, the veins protruding on the side of his forehead, partly from the effect of holding the earpiece up to his ear.

KEMP. No, I did not say that. What I meant was that hon-

esty was a rhythm; it must be broken up. I found myself becoming the first cousin to George Washington. I really *couldn't* tell a lie! I became the slave of any bloody fact. Similarly, but oppositely, in my writing. *I did not introduce a single real character taken from life, for over a year!* I was becoming in both cases a *maniac*. In the case of art a man I met every day in the Restaurant might coincide, except for some irrelevant details, with my last dream or will-picture! But I steered all round him askance, and never touched him, as though he had been a ghost! He was something, I felt, that was too true to be true. Do you see? Not to consider life partially a dream, or fancy partially a substance, is utter madness! My fancies are so mater-of-fact, shameless and conceited, that they march about the streets ilke Golyadkin's double. I have refused to accept them as *real*, up till now, simply because they happened to be *there*! It is absurd! What? Absurd!

(*Kemp inclines his head and listens crossly. The voice speaking in his ear evidently annoys him.*)

KEMP. Yes. I mentioned Golyadkin: he—But that is wandering from the point.

(*His face becomes a confused mass of irony, shame, and irritation.*)

KEMP. Your father's spoons are excellent. Yes. That shows the right spirit. But it is not by pawning a spoon. What?

(*Kemp seems no longer listening. He says, "What!" occasionally and then relapses into staring at the ground. He at last begins speaking with impatient emphasis; putting two more pennies into the machine.*)

KEMP. My point is plain. It is entirely a question of whole hogging, and escaping from the dreariness and self-contempt of *play*. We *play* at everything here— at love, art, winning and losing—don't we? We do! The artists take *them*! They are the rottenest and most contemptible crowd discoverable—rotten as most artists-crowds are, anywhere in the world; one of the worst sort of crowds. Chelsea! It is a name to-day that does not leave us many memories, alas, of genuinely Guinevere-loving able dreamers. It is the most pestiferous haunt of dilettantism, snobbery and bourgeois selfishness. Consider that "rag" we went to last week! Oh my God! But all that we are agreed on. Now, at least all *that* we must not be! How shall we avoid becoming that play-acting,

bickering, pretending trash? Easily, for you require years of selfish nursing to become that. You say: When there is fire and intelligence and will all round you, you will become modelled to a reality that spits on that! Your quiet will not be contaminated: your dreaming will ignore the mess in which it sits and contrives. Not quite! We owe ourselves a sacrifice. I would rather be out there with the soldiers than here with the playmn of the—Western World! But when you think of battles you cannot help remembering that it is that art-crowd that are being fought for, instead of the "Our women and children" for whom you are to "lend our strong right arm." Women can always look after themselves, can't they?

"*We are the civilisation for which you are fighting!*" I read to-day in a newspaper that one of the "Café Royalties", as the delighted paper called them, had said that. And then, having uttered that boast, he departed to a studio-rag; and the next morning he sculpted his daily sculp, or pawed on to his canvas his daily slop, probably German as regards its emotions and intelligence; indubitably vomit. No! action, for me, does not lie that way. And then again if you don't remember the art-crowd, you remember other equally nauseous ones that linger behind and contaminate the War, actually dirtying with their existence the bitterest heroism, degrading death. Yet *action*, if you could find the right action, is the "sovereign cure for our ills."

And it is maddening to live with such a profusion of action suddenly poured out, most wasted; at least not curing what requires that cure.

(*Kemp places two more pennies in the box, muttering, "what porridge had John Keats?" He seems pursuing some parallel between his oratory and the pennies.*)

KEMP. Yes. Well then, I doubt if you *can* act now, in the sense I mean, any more than you can swim without water. But at least avoid degrading *substitutes* for action. If you act, in however slight a way, *act*. If you are not *doing* anything, do not pretend that you are. Do *nothing*. It is the only clean proceeding when conditions are against some particular form of action. Do not shrink from misfortune. It will not hurt you. Then—I can hold this thing no longer to my ear. I must go, as well. Are you at your father's house? Alone? I shouldn't interfere with his property any more! Ha! Ha! We meet to-morrow. Farewell.

(Kemp places the receiver up, and walks quickly back through the door into the Restaurant.)

SCENE III.

(Same as Scene 1. Time: next day, 1:30.)

Characters:

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

MISS ROSE GODD.

Detective: WILLIAM DRUCE.

Rose Godd and Kemp are sitting opposite each other at table. Rose Godd is a very large-boned flatfaced woman of twenty years. When she stands up she is very tall and strong looking, with a small head and thick neck. The Mongol intensity of her face is mitigated by self-consciousness. Her lips are painted a bright red in the midst of her yellow skin. She is always perfectly calm. She feels that her intelligence is not quite good enough for her company: but pride in what she considers her latent power of action brings her into steadfastness. Kemp, as he looks at her, wonders sometimes whether the "action" he preaches will not be found in his case in Rose Godd flinging herself on him and trying to tear him to pieces. But he is satisfied on reflection (and turns from the fact with distaste, usually) that it is a softer conflict that she desires. But as between Rose Godd and himself that action could not be disguised into the rôle of discovery.

KEMP. Will you have coffee? Albert! Two coffees please!

WAITER. Two coffees, sir? Yes sir!

KEMP. That is the situation and there is no preamble. But Hakluyt travelled into lands we could never discover. He went on millions of leagues further than we could ever go. We are thrown back on ourselves in that sense. That is *action*. The old way: something divorced from ourselves: the appetite for, and the conditions to attain to, the New. To fit out a high wooden ship, with a poop and a carved figure on the bow, at Plymouth, to sail for

El Dorado or even Rio Grande, would be neither venturesome nor intelligent. It would be a reconstruction as foolish as Don Quixote's was wise. Yet we suffer from this shrivelling up of our horizons. We need those horizons, and action and adventure as much as our books need exercise. We have been rendered sedentary by perfected transport. Our minds have become home-keeping. We do not *think* as boldly: our thoughts do not leap out in the same way.

Well, in the case of the Earth there is nothing to be done. If it were suddenly increased to twenty times its present size we should not be impressed, or see Giants now, intellectual or other. That something subtle and multitudinous that is the Poet, is not so easy to describe: for to say that he is "great" is not the point, although is satisfied our Victorian forefathers to see him as a perfect, very big, and muscular *man*, with philological credentials, a *Konig*, a canny-man: a *Can-Man*. He was a cloud-squatting Jehovah's athletic twin brother. Then when we hear this war referred to as "the Greatest War of all time," we laugh irritably. It is not by a counting of heads, or poor corpses, that the blank in our imagination can be filled! They were evil fellows who stole our visions. He would be a great saviour who could get them back again! Meantime it is a female's game to go on pretending this, and playing at that! We must contrive; find a new Exit. Any wildly subversive action should be welcomed. *We must escape from the machine in ourselves! Smash it up: renew ourselves.*

(The Proprietor brings his stomach slowly up. It appears like an emblem of the Earth to Kemp, who points to it with a fork as a schoolmaster might, at a class-room globe. But it has come too late. Miss Godd and Kemp stare stupidly at it together. They at last begin laughing, and Rodac carries it swiftly away, frowning over his shoulder.)

KEMP. But I think you misunderstood me with your spoons!

(He smiles slowly and archly at her, wagging his head. She looks at him with such fixity that his smile is gradually driven off his face. He remains staring at her in a sobered, cross, astonishment.)

KEMP. I am sorry. Have I hurt you? Did you put much store in the spoons?

She shakes her head. Two or three tears roll down

her cheeks.)

KEMP. But your spoons are no more ineffective than my lies. What did you get for them?

MISS GODD. Not much.

(Kemp looks down at his plate. Their entente to-day does not seem the same as on other occasions. Her face appears at once reproachful, insolently claiming something, antagonistically reserved. She appears looking at him out of armour in which she has implicit confidence. Kemp is embarrassed, and when he begins speaking again takes up the subject truculently. He attributes her attitude, for want of a better explanation, to his reasoning. He feels he has not held his audience.)

KEMP. I feel that my lies and your spoons were about as playful as some of the absurdities with which we reproach our art-friends. Compared to death on a barricade, or the robber Garniers Swedish exercises while he was in hiding in the suburbs of Paris, they are slight exploits. The blood that spurts from a tapped probiscus is not enough. A spoon will not thrust you into jail for so long that you forget what the Earth looks like. For the hair to turn white, the heart to turn grey, in an hour, you require the real thing, ma mie.

MISS GODD. Yes.

(Kemp at her sideways. Her face is green and her eyes shining. He reverts once more to the hypothesis of a wrestling-match with Rose Godd. He looks at her large muscular hands. She follows the direction of his eyes. With a sudden look of panic she places them under the table, and between her knees, and she seems almost hissing at him.)

MISS GODD. What are you looking at, Kemp? What are you looking at?

KEMP. At your hands.

(She works them up and down spasmodically as if they were cold.)

KEMP. But "it is the principle." A great violence, unless you were sure you had your finger on the spot, would be no better. So long as you are *pretending* to do anything desperate or the reverse. The objective I indicate is differnt. Whethre it is extreme or pue-

rile is as it happens.

MISS GODD. As it happens?

KEMP. You seem rather odd, Miss *Godd*!

MISS GODD. Give me a cigarette.

KEMP. You ask for it like a criminal on the scaffold!

(He gives Miss Godd a cigarette. A man has entered the door of the Restaurant. He is talking to Radac, the Proprietor. Kemp watches him idly for a moment. He then notices that the Proprietor and the newcomer are both looking at the table where Rose Godd and himself are seated. He glances over to Rose Godd, and finds her eyes are fixed on him, with a senseless fiery questioning.)

KEMP. What is the matter?

MISS GODD. Nothing. I wondered something—But your standards are so high!

KEMP. I can't help my standards being a bit cocked up.

MISS GODD. I mean in this respect: in connection with what we talk about so much.

KEMP. What?—

MISS GODD. You must torment me with your denseness. Your standards for *action* are so difficult. You won't accept an action. You look at an action as critically as you do at a thought. Most actions won't stand that. They are delicate little things, or rough undeveloped things, or mad things. If you *look* at them too hard—as that man is looking at me—(*Miss Godd indicates the man who is talking to Radac*) they might shrivel up, they do get small. I *pity* all actions. They are so unimportant compared to thought. For all their blood, men sniff at them and dissect them.

KEMP. There need not be blood.

MISS GODD. You don't have to dig far for blood.

(Radac and the man who has been talking to him have come up, and are standing a few yards from the table now, listening to the conversation of Kemp and Miss Godd.)

KEMP. No, it is true. But the *avoir-du-poids* amount of violence is no criterion of action. It would have taken no more force and would be no more bloody an action, to kill Napoleon than any contemporary bourgeois in France. But it would have been a more important action. And any action, however bloodless, that ham-

strung that destructive personality, would have been a more important action than to cut a grocer's throat.

MISS GODD. Or a Banker's.

KEMP. Why a Banker?

MISS GODD. Because—he *was* a banker.

KEMP. Who? Napoleon?

MISS GODD. This gentleman will tell you.

(Miss Godd looks up sideways at the man with Radac.)

KEMP. What the devil are you standing there for?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. Steady—steady. None of your devils to me, please. *You* may be the Devil, for all I know. I am a Police Officer. You are Miss Rose Godd, I believe?

MISS GODD. *(looking at him blackly)*. Yes. that's my name.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. I have come to arrest you, Rose Godd, for the murder of Nicolas Godd.

KEMP. Murder! Murder of whom.

MISS GODD *(laughs)*. Napoleon!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. Come with me, please.

(The detective watches Ross Godd with wary attention. Rose Godd gets up, her face a dark white, her lips hard factitious crimson.)

MISS GODD. Good-bye!

KEMP. Haven't you——. Is Nicolas Godd your father?

MISS GODD. I have acted.

(The Detective springs at Rose Godd, catching her by the wrists, and a small bottle falls on the table. They roll on the floor together, and the back of the restaurant becomes full of a crowd of people—diners, Radac, and some folk from the street.)

Kemp sits with his white profile, and large eye distorted with shame and perplexity. He springs up, partly disappearing behind the table, where he is noticed to have seized the Detective by the collar.

CURTAIN.

POEMS

Ezra Pound

H o m a g e a l a L a n g u e d' O r

Alba

When the nightingale to his mate
Sings day-long and night late
My love and I keep state
 In bower,
 In flower,
 'Till the watchman on the tower
Cry :
 "Up ! Thou rascal , Rise ,
 I see the white
 Light
 And the night
 Flies "

I.

Compleynt of a gentleman who has been waiting outside for some time.

"O Plasmatour and true celestial light ,
Lord powerful , engirdlèd all with might ,
Give my good-fellow aid in fools' despite
Who stirs not forth this night ,
 And day comes on .

Sst ! my good fellow , art awake or sleeping ?
Sleep thou no more . I see the star upleaping
That hath the dawn in keeping ,
 And day comes on !

Hi ! Harry , hear me, for I sing aright
 Sleep not thou now , I hear the bird in flight
 That plaineth of the going of the night ,
 And day comes on !

Come now ! Old swenkin ! Rise up from thy bed ,
 I see the signs upon the welkin spread ,
 If thou come not , the cost be on thy head .
 And day comes on !!

And here I am since going down of sun ,
 And pray to God that is St. Mary's son ,
 To bring thee safe back , my companion .
 And day comes on .

And thou out here beneath the porch of stone
 Bade me to see that a good watch was done ,
 And now Thou'lt none of me , and wilt have none
 Of song of mine .
 And day comes on ."

Bass voice from within .

"Wait , my good fellow . For such joy I take
 With her venust and noblest to my make
 To hold embracèd, and will not her forsake
 For yammer of the cuckold ,
 Though day break ."
 (Girart Bornello)

II

Avril

When the springtime is sweet
 And the birds repeat
 Their new song in the leaves ,
 'Tis meet
 A man go where he will .

But from where my heart is set
No message I get ;
My heart all wakes and grieves ;
Defeat
Or luck , I must have my fill .

Our love comes out
Like the branch that turns about
On the top of the hawthorne ,
With frost and hail at night
Suffers despite
'Till I have my hand 'neath her cloak .

I remember the young day
When we set strife away ,
And she gave me such gesning ,
Her love and her ring : ,
God grant I die not by any man's stroke
'Till I have my hand 'neath her cloak .

I care not for their clamour
Who have come between me and my charmer ,
For I know how words run loose ,
Big talk and little use .
Spoilers of pleasure ,
We take their measure .

(Guilhem de Peitieu)

III

Descant on a Theme by Cerclamon

When the sweet air goes bitter ,
And the cold birds twitter
Where the leaf falls from the twig ,
I sough and sing
 that Love goes out
Leaving me no power to hold him .

Of love I have naught
Save troubles and sad thought,
And nothing is grievous
 as I desirous,
Wanting only what
No man can get or has got.

With the noblest that stands in men's sight,
If all the world be in despite
 I care not a glove.
Where my love is, there is a glitter of sun;
God give me life, and let my course run
 'Till I have her I love
 To lie with and prove.

I do not live, nor cure me,
Nor feel my ache — great as it is,
For love will give
 me no respite,
Nor do I know when I turn left or right
 nor when I go out.
For in her is all my delight
And all that can save me.

I shake and burn and quiver
From love, awake and in swevyn,
Such fear I have she deliver
 me not from pain,
 Who know not how to ask her;
 Who can not.
Two years, three years I seek
And though I fear to speak out,
 Still she must know it.
If she won't have me now, Death is my portion
 Would I had died that day
 I came into her sway.
God! How softly this kills!
When her love-look steals on me.

Killed me she has , I know not how it was ,
For I would not look on a woman .

Joy I have none , if she make me not mad
Or set me quiet , or bid me chatter .
Good is it to me if she flout
Or turn me inside out , and about .
My ill doth she turn sweet .
How swift it is . Pleasure is 'neath her feet.

For I am traist and loose ,
I am true , or a liar ,
All vile , or all gentle ,
Or shaking between ,
as she desire ,

I, Cerclamon , sorry and glad , ,
The man whom love had
and has ever ;
Alas ! whoe'er it please or pain ,
She can me retain .

I am gone from one joy ,
From one I loved never so much ,
She by one touch
Reft me away ;
So doth bewilder me
I can not say my say
nor my desire ,
And when she looks on me
It seems to me
I lose all wit and sense.

The noblest girls men love
'Gainst her I prize not as a glove
Worn and old .
Though the whole world run rack
And go dark with cloud ,
Light is
Where she stands ,

And a clamour loud
in my ears.

Vergier

In orchard under the hawthorne
She has her lover till morn'
Till the traist man cry out to warn
Them. God how swift the night ,

And day comes on .

O Plasmatur , that thou end not the night ,
Nor take my belovèd from my sight ,
Nor I, nor tower-man, look on daylight,
'Fore God , How swift the night ,

And day comes on .

"Lovely thou art , to hold me close and kisst ,
Now cry the birds out, in the meadow mist ,
Despite the cuckold , do thou as thou list ,
So swiftly goes the night

And day comes on .

"My pretty boy , make we our play again
Here in the orchard where the birds complain ,
'Till the traist watcher his song unrein ,
Ah God ! How swift the night

And day comes on ."

"Out of the wind that blows from her ,
That dancing and gentle is and pleasanter ,
Have I drunk a draught , sweeter than scent of myrrh .
Ah God ! How swift the night .

And day comes on ."

Venust the lady , and none lovelier ,
For her great beauty , many men look on her ,
Out of my love will her heart not stir .
By God , how swift the night .

And day comes on .

V

Canzon

I only, and who elrische pain support
Know out love's heart o'erborne by overlove,
For my desire that is so firm and straight
And unchanged since I found her in my sight
And unturned since she came within my glance,
That far from her my speech springs up aflame;
Near her comes not. So press the words to arrest it.

I am blind to others, and their retort
I hear not. In her alone, I see, move,
Wonder And jest not. And the words dilate
Not truth; but mouth speaks not the heart outright:
I could not walk roads, flats, dales, hills, by chance,
To find charm's sum within one single frame
As God hath set in her t'assay and test it.

And I have passed in many a goodly court
To find in hers more charm than rumour thereof . . .
In solely hers. Measure and sense to mate,
Youth and beauty learnèd in all delight,
Gentrice did nurse her up, and so advance
Her fair beyond all reach of evil name,
To clear her worth, no shadow hath opprest it.

Her contact flats not out, falls not off short
Let her, I pray, guess out the sense hereof
For never will it stand in open prate
Until my inner heart stand in daylight,
So that heart pools him when her eyes entrance,
As never doth the Rhone, fulled and untame,
Pool, where the freshets tumult hurl to crest it.

Flimsy another's joy, false and distort,
No paregale that she springs not above

And even now Mr. Styra
Does not believe in aesthetics.

2.

His brother has taken to gipsies,
But the son-in-law of Mr. H. Styrax
Objects to perfumed cigarettes.

In the parlance of Niccolo Macchiavelli,
 "Thus things proceed in their circle";
 And thus the empire is maintained.

II.

Clara

At sixteen she was a potential celebrity
With a distaste for caresses .
She now writes to me from a convent ;
Her life is obscure and troubled ;
Her second husband will not divorce her ;
Her mind is , as ever , uncultivated ,
And no issue presents itself .
She does not desire her children ,
Or any more children .
Her ambition is vague and indefinite ,
She will neither stay in , nor come out .

III.

Soirée

Upon learning that the mother wrote verses ,
And that the father wrote verses ,
And that the youngest son was in a publisher's office ,
And that the friend of the second daughter
 was undergoing a novel ,
The young American pilgrim
Exclaimed :

"This is a darn'd clever bunch!"

IV.

Sketch 48 b. 11

At the age of 27

Its home mail is still opened by its maternal parent

And its office mail may be opened by

its parent of the opposite gender.

It is an officer,

and a gentleman,

and an architect.

V.

"Nodier raconte"

At a friend of my wife's there is a photograph,

A faded, pale, brownish photograph,

Of the times when the sleeves were large,

Silk, stiff and large above the *lacertus*,

That is, the upper arm,

And décolleté

It is a lady,

She sits at a harp,

Playing,

And by her left foot, in a basket,

Is an infant, aged about 14 months,

The infant beams at the parent,

The parent re-beams at its offspring.

The basket is lined with satin,

There is a satin-like bow on the harp.

2.

And in the home of the novelist

There is a satin-like bow on an harp.

You enter and pass hall after hall

And conservatory follows conservatory,

Lilies lift their white symbolical cups,

Their symbolical pollen is excerpted,

And he said they used to cheer Verdi ,
 In Rome , after the opera ,
 And the guards couldn't stop them
 And that was an anagram for Vittorio

And that other , balancing on the edge of a gondola
 Emanuele Re D' Italia ,

And the guards couldn't stop them .

And that other, balancing on the edge of a gondola . . .
 And that other, balancing on the edge of a gondola

Old men with beautiful manners ,
 Sitting in the Row of a morning ,
 Walking on the Chelsea Embankment.

VIII

Ritratto

And she said :

 You remember Mr. Lowell ,
 "He was your ambassador here ?"
 And I said: "That was before I arrived."

And she said :

 "He stomped into my bed-room"
 (By that time she had got on , to Browning.)
 ".....stomped into my bed-room"
 "And said: "Do I ,
 " " I ask you , Do I
 " " Care too much for society dinners ?"
 " And I wouldn't say that he didn't .
 " Shelley used to live in this house ."

She was a very old lady ,
 I never saw her again .

IX

Quis multa gracilis?

What youth, abundant Pyrrha,
 (Alix, your name is, really);
 What blasphemous clear rose,
 What sleek black head
 Replaces my ragged head?
 What upright form,
 Owing as much to nature as to Poole,
 Is your this fortnight's fool,
 Alix (or Pyrrha)?

U L Y S S E S

James Joyce

E p i s o d e I I I

INELUCTABLE modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them, bodies, before of them coloured. How? By knocking his scone against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color ceh sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomeever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *Nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *Nebeneinander* ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark.

My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of my two legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of Los demiurgos. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

*Won't you come to Sandymount,
Madeline the mare?*

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: deline the mare.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphana! *Basta*. I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer*: and down the shelving shore flabbily, their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother. Number one swung louredly her midwife's bag, the other a gamp poking in the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs. Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing. What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your *omphalos*. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one.

Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without belmish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum, no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting. Womb of sin.

Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. They clasped and sundered, did the couple's will. From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever. A *lex eterna* stays about him. Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial? When is Arius to answer? Warring his life long on the contras-

magnificandjewbangtantiarity? Illstarred heresiarch! In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last: *euthanasia*. With beaded mitre and with crozier, stalled upon his throne, widower of a widowed see, with upstiffed *omophorion*, with clotted hinderparts.

Airs. romped around him, nipping and eager airs. They are coming, waves. The whitemaned seahorses, champing, brightwind-bridled.

I mustn't forget his letter for the press. And after? The Ship, half twelve. By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yes, I must.

His pace slackened. Here. Am I going to Aunt Sara's or not? My consubstantial father's voice. Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately? No? Sure re's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally? Couldn't he strike a bit higher than that, eh? And and and tell us Stephen, how is uncle Si? O, weeping God, the things I married into! De boys up in de hayloft. The drunken little costdrawer and his brother, the cornet player. Highly respectable gondoliers! And skeweyed Walter sirring his father, no less! Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept: and no wonder by Christ!

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait. They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

—It's Stephen, sir.

—Let him in. Let Stephen in.

A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

—We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed uncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the upper moiety.

—Morrow, nephew.

He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of Master Goff and Master Tandy, filing consents and common searches and a writ of *Duces Tecum*. A bogoak frame over his bald head: Wilde's *lequiescat*. The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back.

—Yes, sir?

—Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she?

—Bathing Crissie, sir.

Papa's little lump of love.

—No, uncle Richie

—Call me Richie. Whusky!

—Uncle Richie, really

—Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down.

Walter squints vainly for a chair.

—He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

—He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our Chippendale chair. Would you like a bite of something? None of your damned lawdeedaw airs here; a rasher fried with a herring? Sure? So much the better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

All'erta!

He drones bars of Ferrando's *aria di sortita*. The grandest number Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen.

His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of air, his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees.

This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom? The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilléd. The oval equine faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell, Lanternjaws. Abbas father, furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains. Paff! *Descende, calve, ut ne amplius decalveris*. A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him now clambering down to the footpace, (*descende*), clutching a monstrance, basliskeyed. Get down, baldpoll! A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns, the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tonsured and oiled and gelded, fat with the fat of the kidneys of wheat. And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating it. Dringdring! And two streets off another locking it into a pyx. Dringadring! And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own cheek. Dringdring! Down, up, forward back. Occam thought of that, invincible doctor. A misty English morning the imp tickled his brain. Brining his host down and kneeling he heard twine

with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong.

Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint. Isle of saints. You were awfully holy, weren't you? You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have a red nose. You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the buxom widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street. *O si, certo!* Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned round a squaw. More tell me, more still! On the top of the Hewth tram alone crying to the rain? *naked women! naked women!* What about that, eh?

What about what? what else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanyantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once.....

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, pitted to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

He halted. I have passed the way to aunt Sara's. Am I not going there? Seems not. No-one about. He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand towards the Pigeonhouse.

—*Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?*

—*C'est le pigeon, Joseph.*

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon. Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris. My father's a bird, he lapped the sweet *lait chaud* with pink young tongue, plump bunny's face. Lap, *lapin*. He hopes to win in the groslets. About the nature of women he read in Michelet. But he must send me *La Vie de Jésus* by Mr. Léo Taxil. Lent it to his friend.

—*C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi, je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas à l'existence de Dieu. Paut pas le dire à mon père.*

—*Il croit?*

—*Mon père, oui.*

Schluss. He laps.

My latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress the character. I want puce gloves. You were a student, weren't you? Of what in the other devil's name? Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know: *physiques, chimiques et naturelles*. Aha. Eating your groatsworth of *mou en civet*, fleshpots of Egypt, elbowed by belching cabmen. Just say in the most natural tone: when I was in Paris I used to. Yes, used to carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere. Justice. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses. Other fellow did it: other me. Hat, tie, overcoat, nose. *Lui, c'est moi.* You seem to have enjoyed yourself.

Proudly walking. Whom were you trying to walk like? Forget: a dispossessed. With mother's money order, eight shillings, the barrier of the post office shut in your face by the usher. Hunger toothache. *Encore deux minutes*. Look clock. Must get. *Fermé*. Hired dog! Shoot him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun, bits man spattered walls all brass buttons. Bits all khrrrklak in place clack back. Not hurt? O, that's all right. Shake hands. See what I meant, see? O, that's all right. Shake a shake. O, that's all only all right.—

You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery Columbanus. Pretending to speak broken English as you dragged your valise, porter threepence, across the slimy pier at Newhaven. *Comment?* Rich booty you brought back; five tattered numbers of *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*; a blue French telegram, curiosity to show:

—Mother dying come home father.

The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't.

—Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt

And I'll tell you the reason why.

She always kept things decent in

The Hannigan famileye.

His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm over the sand furrows, along by the boulders of the south wall. He stared at them proudly, piled stone mammoth skulls. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is there, the slender trees, the lemon houses.

Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of farls of bread, the froggreen wormwood, her matin incense, court the air. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife, the kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer of acetic acid in her hand. In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake there tumbled beauties, shattering with gold teeth *chaussons* of pastry, their mouths yellowed with the *pus* of *flan brêton*. Faces of Paris men go by, their well pleased pelasers, curled *conquistadores*.

Noon slumbers. Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white. About us gobblers fork spiced beans down their gullets. *Un demi setier!* A jet of coffee steam from the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial. There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call it his postprandial. Well: *sláinte!* Around the slabbed tables the tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our sauce-stained plates, the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips. Of Ireland, the Dalcassians, of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith now. To yoke me as his yokefellow, our crimes our common cause. His fustian shirt sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets. Mr. Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. *Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*. Maud Gonne, *la Patrie*, Mr. Millevoeye, Felix Faure, know how he died? Licentious men. The *froeken* who rubbed his nakedness in the bath at Upsala. *Moi faire*, she said. *Tous les messieurs*. Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let my brother, not even my own brother, most

lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke lights our corner. Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat. How the head centre got away, true version. Got up as a young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms, drove out the road to Malahide. Did, faith. Of lost leaders, the betrayed, wild escapes. Disguises, clutched at, gone, not here.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you. I'll show you my likeness one day. I was faith. Lover, for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist o his sept, under the walls of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the lair in Butte Montmartre he sleeps short night in *rue de la Goutte d'Or*, damascened with flyblown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, madame, in *rue Git-le-Coeur*, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing! Spurned and undespairing. *Mon fils*, soldier of France. I taught him to sing *The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades*. Know that old lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's castle on the Nore. Goes like this. O, O. He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand.

—O, O the boysof

Kilkenny.....

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin. Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship, am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor.

Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait, their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer, Call: no answer. He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

The flood is following me. I can watch it flow past from here. Get back then by the Poolbeg road to the strand there. He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat on a stool of rock, resting his ashplant by him.

A bloated carcase of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack. Before him the gunwale of a boat, sunk in sand. *Un coche ensablé* Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose. These heavy sands are language tide and wind have silted here. And these, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir lout's toys. Mind you don't get one bang on the ear. I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well boulders, bones for my stepping-stones. Feefawfum. I zmallz de bloodz odz an Iridzman.

A point, live dog, grew into sight running across the sweep of sand. Lord, is he going to attack me? Respect his liberty. You will not be master of others or their slave. I have my stick. Sit tight. From farther away, walking shoreward across from the crested tide, figures, two. The two maries. They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes. Peekaboo. I see you. No, the dog. He is running back to them. Who?

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings, tores of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me.

The dog's bark ran toward him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. *Terribilia meditans*. A primrose doublet, fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you pining, the bark of their applause? Pretenders: live their lives. The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight, Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breechers of silk of whiterose ivory, wonder of a day, and Lambert Simnel, a scullion crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers who mocked Guido in or san Michele were in their own house. House of We don't want any of your medieval abstrusities. Would you do what he did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They were waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in an all sides, sheeting the beds of sand quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With him together down I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He turned, hounded back, came nearer, trotted on twinkling shanks. On a field tenney a buck trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His snout lifted barked at the wave-noise. They serpented towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They wade a little way in the water and, stooping, soused their bags, and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again reared up at them with mute bearish fawn-

ing. Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then set off at a calf's gallop. The carcase lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffing rapidly, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah poor dogsbody! Here lies dogsbody's body.

—Tatters! Out of that you mongrel!

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he dawdled, smelt a rock and, from under a edge of the mole he dawdled, smelt a rock. Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling and delving and stopped to listen to the air; scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spousebreach, vulturing the dead.

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule said. In. Come. Red carpet spread. You will see who.

Shouldering their bags they passed. His blued feet out of turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull red muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort, spoils slung at her back. Loose sand and shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face her hair trailed. Behind her lord his helpmate, trudging to Romeville. When night hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, wap in rogues' rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell A shefiend's whitenes under her rancid rage. Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells.

White thy fambles, red thy gan

And thy quarrens dainty is.

Couch a hogshead with me then:

In the darkmans clip and kiss.

Morose delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this, *frate porcospino*.

Call away let him: thy quarrons-dainty is. Language no whit worse than his. Monkwords, marybeads jabber on their girdles: rogue-words, tough nuggets patter in their pockets.

Passing now.

A side-eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moon-drawn, in her wake, Ides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandle. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablet. Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeched: ooeechah: roar of oataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The bank-notes, blast them. Old Deasy's letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library counter.

His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. Why not endless till the farthest star? Darkly they are there behind this light, darkness shining in the brightness, delta of Cassiopeia, worlds. Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars. I throw this ended shadow from me, call it back. Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? Who watches me here? Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its field. Hold hard. Coloured on a flat: yes, that's right. Flat I see, then think distance. near, far, flat I see, east, back. Ah, see now! Falls back suddenly frozen in stereoscope. Click does the

trick. You find my words dark. Darkness is in our souls do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamewounded by our sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Riggis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jesse of her sunshade. She lives in Leesonp ark, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool. Talk about apple dumpling, *piuttosto*. Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat tilted down on his eyes. That is Kevin Egan's movement I made, nodding for his nap. *Hlo! Bonjour*. Under its leaf he watched through peacock-twitching lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal noon. Among gumheavy serpent-plants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

And no more turn aside and brood.

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs, *nebeneinander*. He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripudium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassos from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering grenngoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss ooos.

Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foam-pool, flower unfurling.

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall: Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fulness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit*. To no end gathered: vainly then released, forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her court, she draws a toil of waters.

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one he said. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising salt-white from the undertow, bobbing landward. There he is. Hook it quick. Pull. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpse-gas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouser-fly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.

A seachange this. Seadeath, mildest of all death's known to man. *Prix de Paris*: beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Come. Clouding over. No black clouds anywhere, are there? Thunderstorm. No. My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon. Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself.

He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end. By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tum tiddledy tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet. *Gia*. For the old hag with the yellow teeth. And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist *Gia*. My teeth are very bad. Why, I wonder? Feel. That

one is going to. Shells. Ought I go to a dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. This. Toothless Kinch, the superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps?

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

His hand groped vainly in his pockets. No. I didn't. Better buy one. He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look who will.

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails braild up on the crosstrees, homing, silently moving, a silent ship.—

(to be continued)

NOCTURNE

Ben Hecht

IT IS easy to think in the streets at night. So I sometimes walk about the city long after the fat world has gone to sleep. I have, like a great many other people whom I do not know, a curious lack of emotion. This thing is called restlessness. In the streets at night my unrest becomes a mild and gentle sorrow and gives birth to numerous adjectives. I walk on and on and the adjectives form themselves into remarkable thoughts that sometimes startle me and cause me to forget to listen to the castenets of my heels upon the lonely pavement.

The little greedy half-dead are in their beds. The night like an army possesses the city, swarms upon the buildings. In my walking I have a habit of likening the night to different things. It is a little game that diverts me and also causes me to forget to listen to the sound of my heels upon the lonely pavement. Later I try to remember these images that came to me as I was walking and curse myself for an idiot and a profligate. For the night has a way of making a careless and unselfish lover even of a poet.

On this night I walked with my thoughts full of the grimaces of the little greedy half-dead become now no preposterously silent. Through the little empty labyrinths of stone the centuries sighed their desolation. Yellow and lonely advertisements burned here and there above invisible roofs, and I observed that the buildings which were so important by day, the great perforated rectangles of stone, the streets that fulfilled the mighty functions of traffic, lay under the stars like some gloomy, useless toyland. The city was an anachronism in the night. Silence with its dark and enigmatic face stared at the sky. The moon made inanimate blue fire-flies of the windows.

What a racket there was in these streets by day. A rumble and a mumble and a bang, bang, bang. The shuffle of feet like the sound of a harsh wind. And I remember having watched the smoke of factories toppling at a precise angle out of chimney mouths and drawn in grey black awning stripes across a blue sky, and the little greedy half-dead with their endless faces and their innumerable hats and their indomitable complacencies crawling as usual along the treadmill of time and vastly excited about it.

But now the immemorial smear of gestures had gone to bed. The millions had taken off their clothes and lay silent in the immemorial and hairy democracy of their skins. There was something beguiling in the thought that all the countless and unnecessary people I saw during the day were practically naked at that moment. Stretched on their bellies and their backs they lay in fantastic imitation of their sincerer brethren packed away under the earth.

It was night and the world was almost rid of its race. There remained only the figures like myself, the isolate and furtive figures of the night that move here and there in the shadows. What a melodramatic company we are. A few murderers standing like bold merchants on desolate street corners. A few prostitutes with the most practical of intentions. And a little scattered army of the uncatalogued. The fat world sleeps with its window cautiously opened three inches, for it is autumn and chill, the while we move about adventuring on the treadmill.

Perhaps I lied when I said I was a person with a curious lack of emotion, or boasted. For there was in me as I walked this night the knowledge that I had been growing older. My thoughts were

such that I stopped to wonder under the menacing shadow of what had been a great building why it was that old people were not always weeping. Already I had begun to think of youth, a dreary omen.

I walked on until I came to the climax of architectural detail that is called the heart of the city. Here the night seemed broken into great lumps of shadows. The curious hollow pallor like the light of vacant silver eyes hung about the shafts of stone. It was as if the night had found itself unable to efface the rumble and the mumble and the endless faces of the day. They persisted in this dead and hollow gleam like a shout that has just died or eyes that have just closed. The streets and their spread of fan-like temples, the bleak, glittering windows and the yellow advertisements burning above invisible roofs were lonesome for gestures and grimaces and noise.

We pass each other, we murderers, prostitutes, beggars, wanderers, vagabonds and thieves. We approach each other in the lonely, desolate streets, muscles tense, jaws set. We come up behind each other slowly, maliciously. For we are a different company than stuffs the streets by day.

Thus I walked through the heart of the city, noting it to be a place of suspended thunders, a gloomy, useless toyland whose elaborate geometries were almost devoured by the night. Here the great hotels cast patches of light upon the empty sidewalks. A taxi cab behind which trailed the wild laugh of a woman darted out of gloom and swept around a corner. The all-night restaurants were also lighted. They made each a little oasis in the night. Within them could be seen through the large patient and effulgent windows, hunched and inanimate figures drinking coffee. Their faces were pale and they stared at their fingers.

I found myself before the entrance of a theater. Its grimy little facade lighted with innumerable yellow lamps strutted out of the darkness, a dirty and insolent gypsy amid the black tombstones in this funereal street. Gayety and entertainment here for the company that does not sleep at night. Sardonic lights and mocking lithographs, eternal joy and Saturnalian defiance; amid them in a little round office sat a fat faced blousy eyed woman like some imperturbable exile selling tickets for the mysteries of Isis. It had grown chill and a weariness had come over me. I was tired of my

adjectives. Soon the little greedy half-dead would be stirring in their millions beds, coming larvalike into these waiting streets. I thought of long brown roads flanked by red leaved trees and of the processional of great white-bellied clouds over the curving stagnant fields. What a strange thing is the city, a hard faced witch babbling and stinking. And here the mysteries of Isis, the forbidden things before the triangular altar of Astarte. There were two of us, myself and a little man with a watery face, and we moved into the theater. The chill, ferruginous night of the city vanished.

I felt as if I had suddenly thrust my head under the heavy dress of an old beggar woman. A rusty lavender light filled the place and the uncoiling tinsel of tobacco smoke moved in spectral clouds through the mephitic gloom. There was a sharp fish like odor that swam before my eyes in a chlorinated mist. Beyond I could make out the glare and sparkle of the black and white shadows, and the click and whirr of the moving picture machine came to my ears. I sat down with a feeling of relief and the theater seemed to grow brighter. Heads of men and women grew out of the shadows and remained motionlessly sprinkled here and there among the rows of seats. On the moving picture screen three horses with furious muscles were galloping at break neck speed over the crest of a sunlit hill. On the horses bounced three men, their heads stiffened and tucked down, their bodies reaching forward like claws in the wind.

We were quite distinct now in our seats, a silent, brooding, disinterested company of heads sprinkled here and there. The reek and stench of us dragged itself along the walls in ulcerated clouds and circled our heads in violet spirals. These figures sat in their seats as if they had been dropped from a great height. Their faces spotted the gloom with little luminous patches of grey. There were snores and coughs and a curious unceasing shuffling. The darkness continued to lift as if some half-hearted dawn were approaching. Little dog-faced men, old men with faces moulded out of phlegm, women with scarred drawn skins, a shaggy, lifeless company here, whose heads, as I closed my eyes, remained in my thoughts a handfull of little withered nuts gathering mould.

I opened my eyes and against the wall in my row sat an old man with a long bony face. His ragged hat was pulled down over his forehead and his hair stuck out in whisps from under it. His

head rested against the wall and with his mouth open he slept. His body was folded in a strange angularity in the seat. His coat was tied in front with a piece of yellow rope and his trousers were opened. In the lavender gloom his face had an ashen mutilation. It was the sunken, inhuman mask of one long unburied. The hands of this old man moved about as he slept. He was dreaming. His body twitched and his feet crawled with elaborate caution about on the floor. The odor which came from him, embracing me with polite neighborly insistence, was partially explained by the streaks of vomit on his clothes and the color of his hands. A line of Turgenieff entangled itself in my thought.

"How red, how red are the roses."

On the moving screen a man with remarkable eyelashes was pointing a gun at a villain. In one arm this man held a clinging chrysanthemum-eyed girl. The moving picture machine from somewhere behind me whirled and clicked and spurted forth its flickering, glazed moonbeam. I looked about me. Across the isle, a row in front of where I sat, were two figures parted by several seats. The figure on the isle was that of a woman. Her face seemed to be crudely carved out of rough red and grey stone. She had a wide mouth and a flat nose. She had decourously removed her hat and her hair, grey and green under the violet light of the moving picture ray, was visible. A pair of short black cotton gloves were on her hands as she raised them one at a time to scratch at the back of her neck. She stared with round parrot eyes at the pictures in front of her, chewing vigorously, swallowing with great excitement and rubbing her nose with a forefinger as a climax to her enthusiasms. It was evident that the pictures were effecting her. I looked again at the moving picture screen.

The man with the remarkable eyelashes and the stiff cupid's bow mouth had come to grief. He lay on a white sunny bed and appeared to be dying. His hair was carefully combed. The chrysanthemum eyed girl was kneeling at his bedside. I recalled now having seen the fellow shot.

The old woman's chewing gained vigor and she began to weep. Tears moved unnoticed down her cheeks. Her forefinger remained in position under her nose, moving violently back and forth as the tears lost themselves in the black cotton of her golve. I became aware of a soft, deliberately spaced hiss. It came from the figure

that sat several seats to the left of the old woman.

He was a stocky shouldered man with a black haired leonine head and strong features. His flashing dark eyes were turned upon the old woman. He was hissing to her and making perceptible signals with his chin. There was something eager and amorous about this man, something solid and Rodinesque about his figure. And the old woman, noticing him through her tears, looked at him for several moments and screwed her hard slippery face into a hesitant smile. A strange animation came upon the man. His shoulders twitched, his massive head bobbed wierdly about. His eyes rolled in their sockets and his mouth opened and shining with teeth made clucking moist sounds. Twice his body shot forward as if about to crash into the seats and then straightened to remain shaking from side to side like the vibrations of a long rope.

The old woman returned her eyes to the picture, but she appeared to have lost her enthusiasm. Her black gloved forefinger rested in her lap. Through the corners of her eyes she observed the large headed man at her left. He had, it was evident, changed his tactics. The flash and glitter of his previous emotion were gone from his face. Instead he had become nervous, querulous and pleading. He was making little mouths with his strong, large lips and pouting like an aggrieved boy. He tossed his leonine head in little coquetttries and then suddenly held up a single finger. The old woman staring at this elevated finger shook her head. Whereat two fingers appeared in the gloomy air and remained stiff and shaking like amazing words. The old woman's little parrot eyes turned full upon him and stared shrewdly and with a curious disdain.

There was a violent coughing in my row. The old man with the bony face had awakened. He sneezed, coughed, rubbed his eyes and straightened. His body flopped about and with a long, twisted finger he began to scratch behind his ear. His face turned dully toward me and his curious, gelatinous eyes rested on me as if I were not present. His face reminded me of the breast of a bird that had been plucked. As I looked at him his eyes moved from me and drifted across the theater. He began suddenly to wag his head and blink with his dead lids and his jaw rose on one side in a grin. The old woman across the isle was looking at him and smiling. There was a shuffle and clatter in my isle and the bony faced one sprawled to his feet, his clothes hanging stiff and shapeless from him. He

moved by me, and I felt the thin little structure of his body under his loose rags as he shoved between me and the seat backs. An odor of herring and medicinal decay marked his passage. He walked up to the old woman, his feet shuffling along the floor and tapped her on the shoulder. The old woman cast a quick, contemptuous glance at the leonine head to her left, and rising with a chuckle, walked up the isle after the shuffling, ragged figure. There was left the defeated one.

He sat with a look of wonder on his face, that slowly darkened, and bit at the nails of his hands. As his teeth worked in a growing ferocity upon his nails a look of agony came into his eyes. His shoulders began to twitch. He lurched about like a man drunk. Then suddenly he disappeared.

Out of the row of seats came crawling a stump of a man whose body was fastened with straps to a square board on four little wheels. The head of this man, black-haired and leonine, barely reached to the tops of the seats. He propelled himself by swinging two apelike arms back and forth. In his huge fists he held two flat irons. Slowly he rolled up the isle and came opposite me, a half born thing with his thick torso waving snake-like above the floor. He stopped and raised a pair of flashing eyes and glowered at me. His face worked into savage and undecided grimaces. His lips twisted and a drip appeared at their corners. For several instants he eyed me while his fury kept him silent. Then his voice burst forth coming with a violent incongruity out of this half thing on the floor. It was a huge gruff voice, that of a man fat and towering.

"Did you see that?" he demanded. His hands remained motionless holding the flat irons to the floor. "Did you see it? I had her first. I got her eye first. And then that stew butts in. Didn't I have her first?"

The face lifted toward me twitched and the fury passed out of it. In its place came a curious child-like despair. The legless man began to weep. His shoulders jumped up and down in great sobs. His voice when he raised it again had become a whimper. He stared at me as the tears climbed out of his eyes and smeared themselves over his rugged face.

"She beat it with that stew," he said. "Say, honest t'God didn't I have her first?" He rolled on up the isle swinging long

ape-like arms.

Outside the night was vanishing. The chill morning air came like a scent of fresh water to my nose, dried by the odors of the theater. People were moving in the grey streets. At the end of the block they moved in a thin procession across the car tracks, a string of dark figures without faces and shaped like sevens. The city was waking. The rumble and the mumble and the bang, bang, bang had started again. The buildings stretched out of the early mists. From a corner came the shout of a man. I looked over and saw beside a stand heaped with fresh newspapers the heavy, dwarf like stump of the legless man. He was selling papers. He raised his voice in a shout as we of the little thin procession moved by.

"Extra here . . . All about . . ."

Evidently things had been happening in the night.

IMAGINARY LETTERS

(W. Villerant to the ex-Mrs. Burn)

Ezra Pound

My dear Lydia:

Stupidity is a pest, a baccillus, an infection, a raging lion that does not stay in one place but perambulates. When two fools meet, a third springs up instanter between them, a composite worse than either begetter. We see the young of both sexes, and of your sex which is the more fluid, sunk into amalgams; into domestic and communal amalgams.

I call on the sisters Randall, they are in the studio next to their own, seeking companionship. I am deluged with an half hour's inanity, breezy, cheerful inanity, replies that were "bright" in '92, replies that are modeled upon the replies in short stories.

People imagine that to speak suddenly, and without thinking beforehand, is to be brilliant. It feels so. The elder Faxton writes stories that would have been osée, daring, in the days of Ibsen's adolescence. The Soeurs Randall return to their studio, a brace of callers is waiting. I am deluged again with inanity, bright, cheery

inanity. I flee waving metaphorical arms like a windmill.

Because of amalgams, Bohemias are worth avoiding. 'The poor ones are like a pool full of frogs' eggs, and hordes of these globules perish annually. I mean they merge into suburbias.

Of the crops thrust yearly upon the metropolis some dry, others through small fault of intellect, through, perhaps, no defect of passion, but merely because of some natal commonness, some need to plunge back, to bathe in the second rate, subside into suburbias.

You say "What is suburbia". You quibble and suggest that I am interested in "Society". My dear Lydia, I know an elderish man, and a man just ceasing to be young, and one woman, who have rejected "Society." and two who are untroubled by it one way or the other. But I do not set it against suburbias. All things pass under the nose of my microscope. I am one man without a class prejudice. It is perhaps my only distinction. But Mayfair, let me say, is not stupid. Mayfair is, by contrast, fantastic. Fantastic arts have always come out of Mayfairs.

An eminent dramatist, I can not say a distinguished, but at least an eminent and eminently successful dramatist, travels from London to Mudros to tell a naval Lieutenant that he disapproves of the cut of my collar.

It partakes of Haroun al Raschid, and of the 17th century spark who set out to play ball against the gates of Jerusalem. Or by contrast I call on Mrs. Herringham-Sheffington at the instigation of Lady Houter, who is absent. I wander in bored despair. I discourse at last, and at length, on a piece of Capo-di-Monte, the only notable thing in a room full of expenses.

I explain the relation of Capo-di-Monte to democracy. 'That evening I hear I insulted a whole faction, I have been guilty of endless seditions, I have desired an ignominious peace. I am not to dine with Mrs. Hinchfield on Thursday, although this had been arranged.

This does not interest you, for you are not interested in nuances, nor in the precise meaning of words; also you have never encountered a duchess. Neither are they my habit, any more than are the keepers of fruit stalls. But I do not dislike them. There is one formed wholly on "The Kreutzer Sonata", a second rate novel published twenty-eight years ago, when she was on the borders of thirty. She has the mind of an American female music student, in a Münchener, or Vienesé boarding house.

The other, two years her junior, has the mentality of a graduate from, let us say, Ogontz or some other highly-priced American femals seminary. For a quarter of a century she has preserved this crepe-paper flower in an almost undusty condition.

My present char-woman wears velvet shoes, she wears pseudo-diamond combs at her dishwashing. The velvet shoes are laced with velvet ribbons, and her get-up is rather untidy. A fact which you will read without interest. But your friend Molly from Southport has seen the Lady Godiva buying two and a half yards of green ribbon in Burbages: "And making such a display of herself. And such a crowd of shop-assistants, and her mother etc" Molly attempts to mimic Lady G's manner. And fails. She attempts to mimic Lady G's intonation and fails more pronouncedly.

"Such a display of herself." I am still in the dark as to why the Lady Godica should not buy two and a half yards of green ribbon, or why her mother should not accompany her, or whether, for her quasi regality, she should purchase ribbon only in bales; or whether she should spend three quarters of an hour dressing for Burbages in some style recommended by Molly. The Lady Godiva is not displeasing to look at, affaire d'oculiste, a mind innocent, oh, innocent as a Christmas Annual, and of about the same texture.

(The peerage [female] is divided into two sections: the America section, which reads current novels; the British section, which reads "The Queen." It contains however several gracious and most charming people, — and not a few curiosities.) But this bores you. You have chosen. You will henceforth consort with Mollies. For the rest of your natural life. And you will take part in the cheery, bright, . . . automatic conversation of feminine studios.

Old Hinchbon is right for all that. I remember old Hinchbon meeting with Leffington whom he had known in his youth. I had also known Leffington in my twenties, twenty years later, and for six months or a year I drank in his anecdotal conversation, and thought him the best of good talkers. Mappen lasted three days. But Mappen is a "penseur." He is enflamed with ideas. He will tell you that he resembles Spinoza. He will compare his mind to that of Parmenides. And one must admit that he thinks. He has thought for a number of years. He has enough ideas for three days. After that he is finished. Anecdotes last a man longer. But a tonality such as Perringham's is durable for a lifetime. (All this is over your

head.) Perringham's tonality, or his sense of style, makes him permanent company.

Of Hinchbon on old Leffington: "No. No. Leffington! It is no use. His conversation shows the effects of association, of continuous association with inferior people."

That is my allegorical answer, and you need not expect me at Pinner. You had your chance. You could not endure the high altitude. I do not write this out of malevolence. I do not mind you having a new husband, or a dozen. But there is a certain *propreté*, a certain fastidiousness of the mind. The old Slautzer used to mutter in the face of the British scrubbed-clean nut-ocracy

We accepted her because she had once lived with a certain Vienesé artist. She even passed for, and may have been actually, one of his various wives. That was her passport. She must have had some intelligence or he would not have stood her a week. She mumbled, she was hard to understand, I, on the whole, have very little to tell of her, but I can still hear her saying, as she waved a guardsman away from her table: "No, No, vot I say to dese people. Vot, I will zleep vit you. Yes, I vil zleep vit you. It iss nossing. But talk to you half an hour. Neffair!! Vun musst traw de line SOMMEFERE!!"

This fastidiousness of the mind, my dear Lydia, is something which I would recommend to you.

The old Slautzer did not attain it on all planes . . . notably on the plane of her finger-nails. And she never opened a window, or permitted a window to be opened, and she wore a greasy (but rich, very rich) fur-coat, in-doors, out of doors, all the time.

There were certain things in her favour. But for constant immersion in second-rate conversation there is no extenuation whatever.

It may be that you have reached your habitat, but into that habitat you need not expect me to follow you. I do not mind your having a new husband, or a dozen new husbands, but that you have an inferior mental object is a desolating and discouraging matter. Not even by an hair's breadth would I impinge upon your new domesticities.

Yours,

Walter Villerant.

WOMEN AND MEN

Ford Madox Hueffer

IV

Average People

I HAVE reflected for a long time; I have reflected for a very long time. I have really done my best to make a discovery which most people would regard as the easiest in the world. It is one of those matters which every one would say at first sight was known to everyone, but which no one ever really knows. If you ask any person in the world how many steps lead up to his front door he will not be able to tell you: or if you ask him whether the figures on his watch are Arabic or Roman. And yet there will be a portion of that man's brain that knows these things, though from his consciousness they are entirely absent. Thus, every man can descend his own steps without paying attention to the number of them, which proves that somewhere in his automatic memory the knowledge is hidden away. And every man, if presented with his own watch and the watch of another precisely similar in every detail save that of the dial plate, will know his own watch by its "look". Along somewhat similar lines is the discovery that I am trying to make. For what I want to know is: "What is an average man?"

What, for the matter of that is an average woman? Who has seen either of these impossible monsters? Assuredly neither I nor you. "For such a sunflower never bloomed beneath the sun." We all have very strongly within us the belief that there is such a thing. The belief is as strong as that in the immortality of our souls. And we think, when we are not thinking about it, that we know a large number of quite average men and women. We should laugh loudly if we were told that we could not put our finger immediately upon a perfectly average man or a perfectly average woman. And yet, the moment you come to try to do it you will find that it is absolutely impossible.

By carefully going through the Alphabet, and my calling book, I have found that I know at the present moment 1,642 men and women. I know them, that is to say, all of them to speak to. And,

having a fairly tenacious memory, which practically never forgets even very small things connected with the careers of other people, I may say that I know something of the circumstances and the characters of all these people. My own acquaintance divides itself into three main bodies—the distinctly lower classes, the intellectual classes and the distinctly leisured and upper classes. Of the commercial middle classes I know practically very little. These distinctions are of course arbitrary, but they more or less express what I mean. I am aware that the objections will at once be made: "If you know nothing of the middle classes you cannot of course know anything of the average man, for it is precisely amongst the middle classes that the average man is to be found." And of course there is something to be said for the objection until one comes to regard it scientifically. Then at once it disappears. For, in the very nature of the case the middle classes are numerically small by comparison with the bulk of the people.

And indeed every aspect of this bewildering subject bristles with difficulties as soon as one approaches it. Thus, let us for the moment accept the dictum that the average man is to be found among the middle classes. Let us carry it even a step further and say that the middle-class man is the average man. For of course the great bulk of readers will be found among the middle classes—or they would have been so found until yesterday when the coming of the cheap press spread some kind of printed matter into the hands even of the very poorest of servant girls. Here then is another difficulty of classification. One cannot really say that the middle classes are the reading classes. One cannot even really say that the middle classes are the classes that most read thoughtful literature.

In a book dealing specifically with the life we live to-day it is almost impossible to avoid mentioning the names of individuals or of institutions. And, to name individuals or institutions is always open to certain objections. These objections, grave as they are, I must just face as best I can, or rather I must just ignore them. If I could, I would just deal with my own readers, but I haven't the least idea who my own readers may be. No author ever has or ever can have. A certain number of people tell me that they have read my books. They may have or they may not have, but I have no means of classifying them. I don't in fact know my own "pub-

lic". But as soon as it comes to the "publics" of other authors, or more particularly of various journals, one arrives at much more definite ground. One knows at least what sort of person will not read the *Sporting Times*.

Yet having written the statement down I am at once driven to hesitation. For it occurs to me that I know very well a lady most of whose interests are intellectual or are connected with public movements in one way or another, and she quite frequently mentions this journal, calling it by its orthodox name—"The Pink Un." Or again, I was once an inhabitant of a very remote village and became rather closely friendly with the vicar. This gentleman was just a vicar. He was quite unwordly, he preached simple, gentle sermons; he was good to the poor in the ordinary clerical manner. He spent a good deal of time in fishing. But every now and then, he would astonish me by letting drop startling pieces of gossip as to rather "smart" people with whom he could not possibly have come into contact. One day he said something so odd, concerning a notoriety in the world of sport who was at that time on his trial for an offence against the laws of the country — something so odd that I could not help questioning him. He said:

"I have it on the authority of a journal that I read regularly. I have never heard its statements questioned. But I dare say you do not read it yourself." He uttered these last words as if the paper was a little over my head for social or for learned reasons. Of course the good man was quite nice about it, but he could not get it out of his head that he was the clergyman of the parish while I was some casual nobody who happened to have taken a house within the limits of his cure of souls. Then he told me the name of his paper. It was the *Pelican*!

So that it is almost impossible to say even who will not read any given paper. I have pursued this argument with such tenacity that I am aware that the matter I have in hand for the moment may have escaped the remembrance of the reader. It is whether or no the middle classes may be said to make up the bulk of the thoughtful reading classes.

Let us then take the case of two or three definite journals. Let us mention say, the *Spectator*, the *New Age*, the *Mercure de France*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* or Maximilian Harden's journal, *Die Zukunft*. All these papers might be called journals with a

thoughtful public. And of these we can say pretty accurately that the *Spectator*, the "*Frankfurter Zeitung*," and in a less degree *Die Zukunft* appeal to the middle classes. As to the *Spectator* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* there cannot be any doubt at all. The appeal of the one is mainly psychological, of the other it would be too much to say that it is mainly financial—for the German daily paper has an excellent news' organisation, very good leader writers, a numerous and well-equipped staff of critics and a general tone of sober liberalism. But you would not expect either from the *Spectator* or from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* anything startling in the thoughts it expresses. In politics each is a sound but not violent party organ, the *Spectator* being of a Whiggish Conservative one and the *Frankfurter* being Liberal, which in Germany means practically Whiggish Conservative. It is almost essential for every business man in Southern or Middle Germany, whatever may be the shade of his political opinions, to read this particular paper on account of the excellence of its business and financial information. The English business reads his *Spectator* in order to keep himself from thinking anything original. And in that way much the same result is achieved.

If we come to the *New Age* and to *Die Zukunft* we arrive upon much more delicate ground. The readers of the *New Age* are very numerous and come from widely different classes. I have known several army officers who regularly studied its pages, together with at least two colonial governors, quite a number of higher Civil Service officials, solicitors and members of the bar. On the other hand I have known it read regularly by board-school teachers, shop assistants, servants, artisans and members of the poor generally. Of course they were the intelligent poor. The *New Age* is a much lighter organ than *Die Zukunft*, though the latter represents about the same type of thought. But the appeal of *Die Zukunft* is much more exclusively middle class. It is read with enthusiasm by the younger and more brilliant of German students of both sexes. It is more scientific in its views than any socialist paper that England can show. It is more brilliantly written, it makes more appeal to the knowledge of its readers and it is in consequence distinctly harder to read—on the other hand it is impossible to imagine any German officer, official, or any German working man, servant or skilled artisan reading *Die Zukunft*. And, while there is an enor-

mous amount of socialistic literature in Germany, there is no well-known journal that so mixes propaganda with advanced criticism of the arts and various aspects of life—as does the *New Age* in England. And the circumstances in France are somewhat similar to those in Germany. You have excellent Whiggish papers like the *Journal des débats* or the *Temps*. And in matters of advanced political thought you have a great many socialist and even anarchist journals occupying themselves solely with propagandism of a greater or of a less violence. But advanced criticisms of the arts or of life are left to journals like the *Mercure de France*. The *Mercure* has a large circulation all over the world. I have come across it in England more frequently than in France, but that is probably merely accidental. But its appeal is almost exclusively to the intellectual classes—to presons, even among those classes who practise one or other of the four arts.

What results then do we arrive at from this cursory survey of the principal organs of journalistic thought through western Europe? I fancy at none at all. Neither should we arrive at anything very useful if we considered the “publics” of the distinguished thinkers of today. We might very well say that the readers of Mr. Galsworthy belong almost exclusively to the comfortable classes—to the richer members of the middle class with a certain number of intellectuals who cannot be classed at all. The readers of Mr. H. G. Wells were until lately, when he began to be read by society, which is not at all the same thing as the comfortable classes—the readers of Mr. H. G. Wells in his sociological moods were almost exclusively the not so wealthy middle classes with a sprinkling of the more scientifically-minded intellectuals and teachers. But the works of Mr. Kipling—of Mr. Kipling the imperialist—must have been infinitely more familiar—may still be infinitely more familiar to the distinctly poor than ever were the works of Mr. Wells or Mr. Galsworthy, though both these writers troubled their heads much more about the poor than ever did the author of “The Absent Minded Beggar”. On the other hand it is customary to say that the real writers for the lower classes are men like Mr. Charles Garvice or the brothers Hocking—gentlemen whose names are absolutely unfamiliar to any literary circle, who would probably modestly lay claim to no literary merits at all but whose books sell by the many million—literarily by the many million. But this customary saying

is probably quite fallacious. The appeal of the brothers Hocking is I believe, purely a sectarian one—they are read by the members of the particular Free Church to which they may happen to belong. The works of Mr. Garvice are very little read by the really poor but have their millions of supporters among all sorts of classes ranging from city clerks to the wives of chemists in the provinces, of manufacturers in the Potteries, and of quite rich commercial persons in the North.

So that here again we arrive at no results at all, or at no results that are worth very much. Let us just restate what we have arrived at. The most definite fact that we can state is that certain journals like the *Spectator*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Temps* or the *Debats* are read by a number of persons who desired to be safe either in their opinions or in their investments. And it is safe to say that the persons who desire to be safe are persons who have something to lose. And it is also fairly safe to say that the majority of people who have something to lose belong to the comfortable section of the middle classes. And without doubt it is to this section that we should go to find the average man. It is at least for a typical member of this class that the most insistent claim would be made by the widest selection of members of the "press". If I should say that the average man was a skilled artisan; a country grocer or a farm labourer, or if I should say that the average woman was a Lancashire cotton hand, mine girl or a labourer's wife, the whole Conservative and Whig press—the *Spectator* the *Daily Telegraph* the *Yorkshire Post*, and *Truth*, and possibly even the *Manchester Guardian*—would sneer at me in the peculiar way that the Reviewers belonging to these organs of the cultivated classes so effectually cultivate. The Radical papers—the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle* *New Age* and so on would not take the trouble to back me up; because I am not a propagandist of their particular type.

But if I say that the average man is a gentleman of no occupation, belonging to the comfortable section of the middle classes, all the Whig and Conservative papers that I have named would cordially agree with me. The more advanced organs would agree sadly. This is because it is the ambition of every Englishman who is worth calling an Englishman—his secret ambition deep down in his heart is to become a gentleman of no occupation belonging to

the comfortable section of the middle classes. This is the great ideal of every Englishman. We all of us want to be peers, but that is only a day dream. To become a gentleman of leisure we all of us have a chance, so that this particular Average Man is the ideal of all sections and of all classes. The *Daily Telegraph* would like to limit the number of him and render him privileged; the Fabian Society and other socialist societies wish to turn every Englishman into such an individual—perhaps not quite so well off, but specifically the same. Let us then consider the life and habits of such a person.

(to be continued)

The Criterion

"Art", said the aged Mr. William Dean Howells, speaking for Mabie, Woodbury, Van Dyke and Co., and the whole of their *papier mâché* and never to be sufficiently ridiculed and wholly contemptible generation of male American matrons, "Art which upsets me, Art in which the mind of the artist has moved more rapidly than my mind habitually moves, Art uttered by persons who see a bit more than I do, who feel more deeply than I do, cannot be sufficiently regretted. Give me C. Wharton Stork, I am never disturbed by his magazine.

THE READER CRITIC

Israel Solon, New York:

Now a word or more about the April Review—more, surely, if I know anything about myself by now. It is the best single number I have yet come across. It is really a wonderful thing. I don't believe a magazine has ever given me so much joy before. It is first rate from a purely commercial stand point also. Hueffer, May Sinclair and Joyce ought to be good business getters for any commercial magazine. How in the world did Pound ever get hold of them?

This of course does not mean that I agree with the propositions formulated in the magazine. I do not. May Sinclair, for instance, falls foul of "subjective and objective." As a result she seems to think that to "plunge" is the same as

to "plunge" into one's self. That is not so. When we plunge into ourselves we are "subjective," and when we plunge into others we are "objective." James Joyce has plunged deep into himself, to be sure; but not before he had erected about himself an almost insurmountable wall. He has developed a technique that none but the most disciplined, the most persistent and sympathetic are able to break through. For myself, I should never make use of any term nearly so precipitate as plunging when describing the art of James Joyce. I should say that James Joyce adventures slowly and panifully with a huge stone deliberately tied to his middle, that he might sink readily and stay under long and be all but unable to retreat. I seem to detect in Miss Sinclair an error common to humanity: She seems to mistake what she herself finds difficult for what is intrinsically meritorious. If I were to go on to explain why some of us plunge into ourselves and some of us into others. I should have to bring in sex. And sex, I am told by those who ought to know, is simply impossible.

And James Joyces portrait of young Cyril Sargent (pp. 36-37) is marvelous beyond words. He is the most sensitive writer alive. I wish I could advise him to make friends with himself. He is not nearly so bad as he seems to believe he is. His is merely a youthful judgment hanging over.

But what gave me the most spontaneous and continuous joy was Hueffer's "Women and Men." He keeps getting better with each instalment. Why the hop-keepers had not bought that up is beyond me. But his theory that the observable differences between the sexes are differences resulting from their different employments must be pronounced "unproved." Even granting that barbers and waiters are effeminate, it does not follow that their effeminacy is the result of their occupations. It may be, for instance, that effeminate men take to barbering and waiting.

He must be aware, of course, that all his arguments have been pretty well gone over in the endless debates between the Darwinians and Lamarckians. I don't mean that anything has been settled. The debate as to which is the greater factor, heredity or environment, will no doubt go on as long as there is no agreement as to the definition of heredity and environment, and we are today further from any such definition than ever before. It is a short-sighted assumption, for instance, that heredity ends with the emergence from the uterus. Nor is it more than a merely arbitrary assertion that birth takes place then. For we are then driven to admit that man is, let us say, twenty years younger at birth than a calf.

If Hueffer's theory were sound it would follow that the differences between the sexes would disappear as men and women continued to follow the same occupations for any great length of time. There are many such families

in England. Take the glovers, for instance, or peasants. No, sex differentiation having once set in, it will become greater with time. Specific, given characteristics may and no doubt will disappear. Youthful types may replace ferocious among men. Many or even all the present secondary sexual characteristics may fade out and disappear for biometrics, but only to reappear in psychologic form.

It appears to me that he is unaware that he is merely making a dogmatic assertion of a personal prejudice when he says that the only woman a man ever gets to know is the woman he learns to know during a passionate experience. One could with equal truth assert that in passion we are incapable of learning to know anything. No one woman is the woman, except for a given interest. But all that I have said does not detract from the value of the essay as a piece of style. It is quite the mellowest and most wholesome piece of composition that I have read in a long while.

But I must get to write something for the "average reader," or the "economic man," or "George Washington," [Quotes OK] or whatever it may be that is supposed to be reading our magazine fiction. I really must. Or the crows will soon be picking at my bones—and have a hard time finding anything.

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

Up to now the *Little Review* has been a delightful youth, gifted, daring, insolent, swash-buckling, with flashes of divine discernment and discrimination. With the March number it comes to its majority, superbly full-statured, speaking with social authority upon all that pertains to life. May its further growth and development be the fulfillment of this glorious promise of maturity.

Daphne Carr, Pittsburg:

I want to thank you so much for sticking out in these beastly times with your *Little Review*. Other prints yap and bellow and throw mud. The *Little Review* stays as serene and beautiful as a chatelaine of Azay—a singing chatelaine with a strangely sweet lute. How grateful I am for "Ulysses"! I call you blessed, even as the rest of the country will some fifty years hence.

* * * *

The June issue of *The Little Review* will be an American number.

EGMONT H. ARENS, who keeps the Washington Spare Bookshop at Seventeen West Eighth Street, New York, announces that he will send free to anybody his Catalogue of "BOOKS THAT ARE LITERATURE" containing a List of Best Titles in Russian Literature, Poetry, Drama, Psychoanalysis, Sex, Essays and Modern Fiction. Your mail order for any Book obtainable in New York will be filled immediately. Be sure to visit him when you are in town.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for
April 1, 1918.

State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher, Editor, Owner, Business Manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form; to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Managing Editor Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Business Manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York.

2. That the owner is, Margaret C. Anderson.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation, has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.

ADA LOUISE KATZ, Notary Public.
(My commission expires Nov. 12, 1918).

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

**Head Office — New York, 28-30 West 34th Street
Brooklyn 218-220 Livingston Street**

Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit,
Orange, Paris, London, Petrograd, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, Brussels,
Geneva, Havana, Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Cairo,
Algiers, Christiania, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Etc.

OVER 300 BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES OF THE WORLD
PUPILS TRAVELING MAY TRANSFER THE VALUE OF THEIR
LESSONS TO ANY OTHER BERLITZ SCHOOL

SUPERIOR NATIVE TEACHERS

By the Berlitz Method Students learn not only to read and write, but also
to UNDERSTAND and to SPEAK the foreign languages.

Terms may be begun at any time — Trial Lesson free

**Lessons Privately and in Classes, Day
and Evenings, at School or Residence**

RECENT AWARDS:

Paris Exposition, 1900, Gold Medals; Lille Exposition, 1902, Grand Prize;
Zurich Exposition, 1902, Gold Medal; St. Louis Exposition, 1904,
Grand Prize; Liege Exposition, 1905, Grand Prize; London
Exposition, 1908, Grand Prize; Brussels 1910, Hors
Concours; Turin 1911, Hors Concours.

Vol. 6. No 2

June 1918

9273-4

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

June 21 '18

AN AMERICAN NUMBER

THE EGOIST

This journal is not a chatty literary review: its mission is not to divert and amuse: it is not written for tired and depressed people. Its aim is rather to secure a fit audience, and to render available to that audience contemporary literary work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence: to present in the making those contemporary literary efforts which ultimately will constitute 20th century literature.

The philosophical articles which *The Egoist* publishes, by presenting the subject-matter of metaphysics in a form which admits of logical treatment, are promising a new era for philosophy. The power of its fictional work is investing that commonest but laxest of literary forms—the novel (as written in English)—with a new destiny and a new meaning. In poetry, its pages are open to experiments which are transforming the whole conception of poetic form, while among its writers appear leaders in pioneering methods radically affecting the allied arts.

*Obviously a journal of interest to virile readers only.
Such should write, enclosing subscription, to*

THE EGOIST

23 ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE, ROBERT STREET
LONDON, W. C. 2.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price, fifteen cents a number

Yearly subscription, one dollar sixty cents

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

JUNE, 1918

Poems	<i>Wallace Stevens</i>
Prose about Love	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>
Love Song	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>
Dreams in War Time	<i>Amy Lowell</i>
Lust	<i>Ben Hecht</i>
Haunts	<i>Carl Sandburg</i>
Poems	<i>Mark Turbyfill</i>
The Man of Ideas	<i>Sherwood Anderson</i>
Finale	<i>Djuna Barnes</i>
Sonnet	<i>S. Foster Damon</i>
Folk Song Echoes	<i>Esther Kohen</i>
The Writer and his Job	<i>Israel Solon</i>
Drawings	<i>Stanislaw Szukalski</i>
Capriccios	<i>Alfred Kremborg</i>
Poems	<i>Max Michelson</i>
Ulysses, IV	<i>James Joyce</i>
The Reader Critic	

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *Foreign Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25 cents a copy

\$2.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York, N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

Notes

WALLACE STEVENS, Hartford, Conn. A distinguished poet and playwright. Author of "Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise," "Carlos among the Candles", etc.

DR. WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Rutherford, New Jersey. A young poet and physician. Contributor to the *Egoist*, *Poetry*, *Others*, the *Poetry Journal*, etc. Author of "Al Que Quiere" (Four Seas), and "Tempers" (Elkin Mathews, London).

AMY LOWELL, Brookline, Mass. Perhaps the best-known poet in America today. A prolific writer and militant propagandist for the American party for free verse.

BEN HECHT, Chicago. Writer of short stories, poems and plays. Some of his first work appeared in the *Little Review*.

CARL SANDBURG, Chicago. "The Chicago poet". See "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell.

MARK TURBYFILL, Chicago: A very young poet whose work appeared first in the *Little Review* in 1916 and later in *Poetry*.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, Chicago. Author of "Windy McPherson's Son", "Marching Men", etc., short stories, and recently a book of poems called "Mid-American Chants."

DJUNA BARNES, New York City. An original. (The present example is not my proof). Author of the audacious "Passion Play" in the February number of *Others*. She has made various striking poems and drawings.

S. FOSTER DAMON, Newton, Mass. A young poet-scholar, "in love with perfection." Never before willing to publish.

ESTHER KOHEN, Chicago. A young Roumanian girl on the *Chicago Daily News*. We may expect some good work from her.

ISRAEL SOLON, New York City. Writer of short stories, criticism, plays, etc.

ALFRED KREMBORG, New York. Founder of *Others*, author of "Plays for Poem-Mimes," "Mushrooms," etc.

MAX MICHELSON, Chicago. Contributor to the *Egoist*, *Poetry*, etc.

STANISLAW SZUKALSKI, Chicago. Sculptor born in Warta, Poland, 1895.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V~~II~~

June, 1918

No. 2

POEMS

Wallace Stevens

Anecdote of Men by the Thousand

The soul, he said, is composed
Of the external world.

There are men of the East, he said,
Who are the East.

There are men of a province
Who are that province.

There are men of a valley
Who are that valley.

There are men whose words
Are as natural sounds
Of their places
As the cackle of toucans
In the place of toucans.

The mandoline is the instrument
Of a place.

Are there mandolines of Western mountains?
Are there mandolines of Northern moonlight?

The dress of a woman of Lhasa,
In its place,
Is an invisible element of that place
Made visible.

Metaphors of a Magnifico

Twenty men crossing a bridge,
Into a village,
Are twenty men crossing twenty bridges,
Into twenty villages,
Or one man
Crossing a single bridge into a village.

This is old song
That will not declare itself . . .

Twenty men crossing a bridge,
Into a village,
Are
Twenty men crossing a bridge
Into a village.

That will not declare itself
Yet is certain as meaning . . .

The boots of the men clump
On the boards of the bridge.
The first white wall of the village
Rises through fruit-trees.

Of what was it I was thinking?

So the meaning escapes.

The first white wall of the village . . .
The fruit-trees . .

Depression before Spring

The cock crows
But no quéen rises.

The hair of my blonde
Is dazzling,
As the spittle of cows
Threading the wind.

Ho! Ho!

But ki-ki-ri-ki
Brings no rou-cou,
No rou-cou-cou.

But no queen comes
In slipper green.

PROSE ABOUT LOVE

William Carlos Williams

I LOVE you! It lays everything flat before it and scatters its own roses and palm branches. It is as it were some fabulous sword which will not be gainsaid. But it is a weapon of appalling difficulty to the human hand. Naturally each imagines himself the one to wield it, so that the phrase has inevitably become tangled in a snarl of vain excuses: whole libraries are built of nonsensical twaddle explaining love: a blade encrusted with historic stupidities.

The justice which gives life to Boccaccio's tales is the all-permeating power of love. The modern tolerance of *The Decameron* (Macy's \$1.45) is partly Protestant spite and partly the corruptionality which ascribes to the tales a satiric attack upon the corruption of the clergy. Pure nonsense! Love lives everywhere, says

Boccaccio, and proceeds to the celebration. But perhaps it would be as well to talk of matters of style and not quote from the tale of Spinelloccio Tanena and Zeppo di Mino. Boccaccio lived in a time when love was at the noon.

Today — ! In *Johannisfeuer*, Sudermann takes as a theme the proposition that passion has come too late; it is merely a pagan survival, a St. John's bonfire, a dying flash from an outworn flame. Sudermann is frankly pessimistic. In his environment and time one could not logically be otherwise. A poet would have gone insane. Nietzsche went insane. In this same environment Richard Wagner, after a brave burst of passion extending over nearly his whole life, came at last to—Kundry, Parsival, the Christian myth and forgiveness!

Or witness Lope de Vega Carpio's life as set down by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (edited by Edmund Gosse!): "Lope lived a life of gallantry, and troubled his wife's last years by his intrigue with Maria de Lujan . . . A relapsing, carnal sinner Lope was more weak than bad: his rare intellectual gifts . . . led him into temptation.—Those who wish to study the abasement of an august spirit may do so in the *Ultimos Amores de Lope de Vega Carpio*—" etc. Here is the authentic and disgusting mixture of pity and pious censure which I seek to brand as the modern attitude toward love.

Ibsen is a swelter of ignorance on this point, the most illuminating example of the perverse possibilities for inverted power in the phrase "I love you!" that can be found, and for the reason that Ibsen truly knew love,—felt its power, but succumbed to its difficulties. God rest the ashes of a king!

"Nils Lykke? Yes—perhaps, but the sureness of touch that created Odysseus beside Circe and left Penelope waiting — no. Only in the morose and abnormal mind of a Hedda Gabler can Ibsen safely spread his wings—and then he must kill the lady to escape his audience and keep his play upon the boards.

The silly "modern" plays about illicit love affairs after marriage end either happily in a burst of laughter or sordidly with the discharge of a pistol. The explosions of the gunpowder or laughter I suppose are to cover the fact that the plays are without intellectual climax whatever. They end and the audience has been insulted and likes it.

Shaw's *Candida* goes along rather amusingly in the spirit of a

childish (though false, as it turns out later) democracy of thought, aping the puzzled romanticism of Ibsen. We are given a few nice Dickensesque caricatures of English middle class life, but in addition the feeling is of an actual love tussel going on under this inconsequential surface. But then, having got his situation rather well in hand—love on the high road to satisfaction—the author shies at the last barrier and concedes to his audience that he has been after all merely manipulating his effigies for a melodramatic concession to “the play” by which a false logic is forced into *Candida*’s mouth, making a conventional finis. What really has happened is that Shaw looses his nerve.

Candida is the beginning and the end of all attempt made by Shavian thought to cope with this difficult phrase, I love you! After this first play there is never again an attempt to meet the situation face to face but there goes on a cheap tomfoolery,—always stopping short of the denouement which might have ended *Candida* brilliantly—but distastefully to the thought of the day.

I love you! Every approach is that of complete evasion. One remembers the fuss kicked up by *The Second Mrs. Tangueray*; one thinks of papal bulls on the subject; one remembers that the Russian Church allows of no divorce;—one remembers what he himself wrote an early age.

No careful young man or woman should neglect to be both rejected and accepted in love; that for a start. Half an imagination is all that is necessary for either and it is far more important to a man, this matter of love, than a business or college education, which by the way exist by and for love only, you jackasses. The only comment I have to make is: treasure your chastity.

The man of spirit is chaste up to the beginning of the child bearing period—if he value the integrity of his very fragile mind as it is during those years. Later the conditions are obviously changed.

Having attained to this happy state of complete native experience—i. e., having been both rejected and accepted—at this point the art of love may be said to begin.

I take note of none whose love once given has not so broken him to its uses that he is forever bent like a tree at the sea shore. By this I infer that no matter how often love take a man, the object of that love will be forever sacred and especially to be protected.

Two special warnings: Platonic love is that stage of affection

just preceeding mental enlightenment. It does not do to linger here on pain of a subtle castration or a stupid, nearly accidental accomplishment. Preceeding marriage a man's freedom is often seriously compromised by the fear of procreation. All one can say to this is that without an inborn spiritual clear sightedness one may make a fool of himself by a stupid choice of partner. Aim higher than you expect to reach and be thankful if you have aimed high enough.

But marriage, ridiculously, is the great stumbling block of all commentators on love. They seem to think that one is in some way related to the other: no more so than a bird to the tree where it perches. The thing is simplicity itself. The Church, good God, is old enough to be listened to: Marriage is permanent. And we know of course that love is changing.

Freedom must end here, quotha! Why, without an affection that has led to marriage it is impossible to continue ably in the art of love. Marriage is a stigma of virulence, the-without-which-none of a free life.

But the ferreting habit is hard to break, so they go on, these commentators, every man or woman, top and bottom, rotten with hope!

The characteristic of marriage is its earthiness, its stability. It argues a certain firmfootedness of the spirit.

A wife is chosen—or a husband—by reason of certain attractions of more or less importance, depending on the power of foresight in the individual to accord his life with a spiritual aim. The western habit of monogamy is closely bound up with the inability to marry at all, that is, to co-ordinate effort with the dirt. The western habit of one wife and any number of illicit sweethearts desirable is the only habit consistent with good sense.

To a man of early power—and power must come early to be effective—the sense for a wife is strong I think. To have failed to pick a good wife, to have failed in the initial move of spiritual construction implies a weak spirit, perhaps a weak mind. Dante chose Beatrice who with all due allowance for mediaeval tenor of thought was his wife in exactly the sense I mean.

To a man of spirit the loss of his chosen wife will be a spiritual catastrophe of such magnitude that he cannot envision it without experiencing at the same time a sense of insecurity extending down

to the foundation of his personal consciousness. Divorce is an abomination as repulsive as the face of an idiot and for exactly the same reason. Divorce is either a lamentable confession of stupidity or it is ineffective. Shelley made a profound mistake in sharing the popular confusion as to what marriage is and is not. By making the fuss he did he merely advertised the incapacity of his own pate.

It would be a base stupidity to leave the art of love to bachelors and maidens. Only the married know love, for they only are the ones who have approached the question simply enough to have planted themselves firmly in its way,—and not those who so little consider the earth as to have made of it a kind of mental froth which thereupon turns about and solves their riddle, since one becomes what he has erroneously imagined just as one becomes what he has correctly imagined. Imagination has as much to do with dirt as with whatever other fiber.

Francesca was married, Guinevere was married, Ysoldt was married, Mellisande was married, Deirdre was married, Helen was married, Beatrice was married and of course Odysseus was married—but men are more secretive about these things than women are, at least they do not let themselves get put into literature.

The heart has springtimes every year. So it has its winters and so a man should separate from his wife at the time of some foreign love longing on either part. The wife is then in the winter of his affection or he in hers and is so, ice bound and unresponsive, just as when ice holds a hitherto lively stream. There are too the rare pleasures of benevolence, rare because seldom enjoyed. Separation removes the necessity for idle pretenses but by no means alters the conjugal attachment of husband and wife.

A popular and idle pastime, so cleverly drawn by Molière—who knew a thing or two about married life, having learnt them first hand, purposely—is for lovers to deride the husband as one who has been fooled. This is not only bad taste but may be as often as not inaccurate observation. But to deride a wife who is disarmed because of her affection is the pastime of a numbskull. One's ability to remain attached to his wife hinges upon the accuracy with which his own life has been conceived. Molière wanted to write a certain kind of play so he married a certain kind of wife . . . She worked for him properly and well.

Love does not seek to calumnise anyone nor to injure any. It

has solely to do with itself. All the stupidities of which plays are made and books written! The ignorant tattle of the so-called triangle and the wise squabbling with the Divine Church! The jejune crusade for free love! it is all infantile, weak brained! The cry after free love is like a man running from house to house ringing the door bells and telling folk that it is daylight! Concupiscence is the imbecile side of love attractions.

Fully roused men in every age have had all the lovers they wanted, but usually one wife—imagined or real. But all plain or simple truth comes slowly into its own.

Every aristocracy has known what I have set down here, but what they have not known is that to keep knowledge the secret of a class means death to it. To all truth life! Science died in alchemy, religion died in papacy, etc. All knowledge must be infused with the ether of complete dispersion or it dies.

Strong men have had their concubines—perhaps one, perhaps many, women likewise—and will continue to have them; but by keeping this a secret, holding it from public view, weaklings are given a chance to ape their betters in perfect security until the whole system is brought into disrepute and decay sets in.

Ha, my good simple people, you are fooled by your betters who keep you confused for their profit. But the truth is, I don't know which of you is the more muddle-headed. Here truth's set down. Don't be puffed up! This isn't the flattery of a sermon but a scientific treatise, for love's sake.

We are most of us a stingy lot, we want all for ourselves, we want to imagine that for a moment at least we have become cannibals and have eaten our sweetheart body and soul, at the very least to the exclusion of a thievish fellow. Of course when one is in love the concentration is such that this reaction is humanly natural, but the good of the thing is not in that but in that intense vision which love is for its little moment.

Choke back the folly, the puritan folly that forbids you to say, I love you! Say it,—if you can.

Of love's humility and its gentleness no prose can speak in fit terms—no didactic prose at any rate.

One should not forget of course that manners are not nearly on a level with art. It is pure stupidity to act as if they were—which of course salts all I have said.

LOVE SONG

William Carlos Williams

HE

You have come between me and the terrifying presence
of the moon, the stars, the sun and the earth
with all its crooked outgrowths. The desolation of life
has been darkened by your shadow, but toward me
your face has been a light, your hands have been
a soft rain, the voice from between your lips
a thing that carries me as the air carries a bird.
I have spread my arms out with wide feeling you about me
and looked up and taken a deep breath! Deep,
deep! an April in every finger tip!

SHE

From your eyes, from among what you say,
tangled like a singing bird in a green tree,
you have entered and spread down through me all
so that I treasure my youth again and wish it
never to go from me—for it is not mine but yours
that I shall hold warmly, safely within me forever.

(after a pause)

SHE

Your love song halts and repeats.

HE

Your song is glib.

DREAMS IN WAR TIME

Amy Lowell

I

I wandered through a house of many rooms.
It grew darker and darker,
Until, at last, I could only find my way
By passing my fingers along the wall.
Suddenly my hand shot through an open window,
And the thorn of a rose I could not see
Pricked it so sharply
That I cried aloud.

II

I dug a grave under an oak tree.
With infinite care, I stamped my spade
Into the heavy grass.
The sod sucked it,
And I drew it out with effort,
Watching the steel run liquid in the moonlight
As it came clear.
I stooped, and dug, and never turned,
For behind me,
On the dried leaves,
My own face lay like a white pebble,
Waiting.

III

I gambled with a silver money.
The dried seed-vessels of "honesty"
Were stacked in front of me.
Dry, white years slipping through my fingers
One by one.
One by one, gathered by the Croupier.
"Faites vos jeux, Messieurs."

I staked on the red,
And the black won.
Dry years,
Dead years;
But I had a system,
I always staked on the red.

IV

I painted the leaves of bushes red
And shouted: "Fire! Fire!"
But the neighbors only laughed.
"We cannot warm our hands at them," they said.
Then they cut down my bushes,
And made a bonfire,
And danced about it.
But I covered my face and wept,
For ashes are not beautiful
Even in the dawn.

V

I followed a procession of singing girls
Who danced to the glitter of tambourines.
Where the street turned at a lighted corner,
I caught the purple dress of one of the dancers,
But, as I grasped it, it tore,
And the purple dye ran from it
Like blood
Upon the ground.

VI

I wished to post a letter,
But although I paid much,
Still the letter was overweight.
"What is in this package?" said the clerk,
It is very heavy."
"Yes," I said,
"And yet it is only a dried fruit."

VII

I had made a kite.
On it I had pasted golden stars,
And white torches,
And the tail was spotted scarlet like a tiger-lily,
And very long.
I flew my kite,
And my soul was contented
Watching it flash against the concave of the sky.
My friends pointed at the clouds;
They begged me to take in my kite.
But I was happy
Seeing the mirror shock of it
Against the black clouds.
Then the lightning came
And struck the kite.
It puffed—blazed—fell.
But still I walked on,
In the drowning rain,
Slowly winding up the string.

LUST

Ben Hecht

I USED to frequent the Blue Inn to hear Pippa play. She was a strange fragile creature with a curious gnome-like face that seemed to have been colored by the moon. Her body in its invariable lavender dress was like a little round column of vanishing smoke. On the performers' platform in the Blue Inn Pippa played the violin between six o'clock and nine, the hours during which the greedy half-dead put fuel into their bellies.

Now that Pippa is dead I sometimes return to the Blue Inn and behind a bottle of wine sit and think of her with a proper sadness. On the performers' platform a muscular woman plays the violin. She is dressed like a woman about to dance in a ball-room. And while the greedy half-dead stuff fuel into their bellies she plays for

them saccharine meditations and toilet-water ballads. I remember as I look at the amorous grease on this woman's face how I met Pippa and why she died. Alas, Pippa was so easy to kill there is perhaps no moral, no point to these memories of mine. The yellow wine in my glass twinkles like an eye of topaz. Outside is the city, the Ophelia of stone that shrieks and babbles between the movements of the sun. Always in the back of my brain there is present the city, an elephantine grimace, a wilderness of angles, a swarm of gestures that caress my thought like a dream unborn.

From her place on the performers' platform Pippa played the violin. She wore a lavender dress and in her dark eyes (this was the first time I saw her) were strange vibrations of yellow light. The Inn was filled with people, elaborately dressed women and shiningly groomed men. They sat grouped about white-linened and silver-laden tables, an ornamental and grimacing little multitude. The men and women who came to the Blue Inn came as to some grave rite. They moved to their tables with an unctious nonchalance. The women were dressed in effulgent silks, their flesh gleaming among the spaces of exotic plumage and flaires of luxurious and satin distortions. They were like a company of erotic puppets, these women, whose bold bodies lived in a secret world. Their clothes formed a separate company that gestured and grimaced with the grotesque charm and passion of lustful marionettes. From the secret world which they inhabited their bodies, moist and earth-skinned, beckoned with a luscious and perverse denial of artifice.

On the walls of the Blue Inn which were lost in shadows were painted nymphs and satyrs sprawling over tapestried landscapes. The insistently naked bodies of the nymphs lay like newly-bathed housemaids under the trees and amid the stiff park scenery. Viewed through the shadow they seemed miracles of photographic lechery, a leering profusion of creatures from the secret world, who had removed their beauty with their clothes.

The people who were eating occasionally looked at the walls and their decorations. The men sometimes studied the naked figures with a profound interest, eyeing the women near them shrewdly as they turned away. The women sometimes gazed with serious unconcentrated eyes at the paintings, growing tender and quiet towards their escorts.

In the center of the great room was the motif of the place, a

fountain surmounted by a marble nude who knelt upon a rocky pinnacle. The figure crouched in a posture of surprise and gazed into the water of the large tiled basin below. The fountain gushed up around her in an endless spray of twisted gauzes, veiling her as it fell, and filling the air with an odorless spice. Blue electric lights hidden in the crevices of the structure cast an amorous glow, a sort of artificial moonlight upon the tables that surrounded it. Beneath the cobalt water of the fountain basin moved colored fish gliding under the surface like a weaving procession of little fat Mandarins. The remainder of the room was illumined with blue shaded lights and the air was heavy with the uncoiling lavender wreaths of tobacco smoke. A luxurious suppression as that about some priapic altar, produced here by the artificial shadows, the painted lights and the forlorn rippings of the fountain, sat grotesquely upon the place.

The faces of the diners were bathed in the warm tones of the lights which tinted their cheeks with mildly sinister glints and dropped whimsical shadows across their mouths. It was here the gestures detached from the common larva of the streets came to dine, a curious aristocracy crowned with a fulgurating complacency. Huddled together in the lugubrious painted twilight they sat in a glutinous and mysterious comradeship, perpetually eating and murmuring. The waiters in shining beetle-backed black coats with gold-buttoned red vests moved continuously about, bringing food upon huge silver platters or wheeling it in on little enamelled wagons from which arose, as from sacrificial pyres, blue and violet jets of flame. Through the air slipped the sounds of laughter, the cacophony of knives and forks, the melodious and fugitive tinkle of glass ware and the spurting gutturals of human voices bursting in an endless muffled obligato.

Pippa came forward to play upon her violin. I raised my eyes and saw her for the first time. In this room of rutelian artifice she seemed a creature of neurotic simplicity. Her elfin proportions, the color of her face and arms so reminiscent of moonlight, the monotone of her dress and body, appeared for the moment like some ultimate study in roccoco. Then I perceived that Pippa who played the violin might sit as she was beside a river in a sunlit wood with her feet dangling above the dark silver of the water and belong there. The music of the violin accompanied by harp and piano fell soothingly upon the air. The noises abated. The serious jingle of the cutlery alone persisted and the multitude seemed lost

in a sweet innocuous contemplation that was relieved only by the ceaseless grimacings of its distended jaws and throats. As the music grew sweeter, more saccharinely eloquent, the smear of faces became less animated. The eating continued, however, as if under the sudden necessity of secrecy. Lips remained engaged in detached and obscene gesticulations, noses dilating and twitching, tongues twisting and washing in an invisible frenzy. In the quiet which had fallen the abandonement of the eaters continued to reflect itself in the continuous spasms which contorted their faces.

Of such things I had not been aware before, but now the smoke-like frailty of Pippa seemed to carry me out of the scene and it was with her dark eyes tipped with wraiths of yellow that I stared about. I had glimpsed in these curious eyes of hers and in the nudity of her manner a creature through whose viens disgust and nausea moved like heavy poisons. Spitted against the grey curtain like some rare lavender moth upon an exhibitor's board, Pippa played, and the insistent mewing of her violin with its dolorous mockery became for me the crying of her body rather than the sounds of a little wooden instrument.

"Phantasy," I thought and looked with a smile into the topaz wine.

But my imagination whispered to me it had not lied. I watched Pippa and observed that the moonlight color of her face was in reality a frown which spread its dark beam from her eyes and bathed her features. And more than before I drew close to the anguish that beckoned to me out of the little violin player. When I again looked about me a certain curious detachment had come into my eyes and the scene appeared to have popped into some new and glaring focus for me. I saw the foreheads of the diners glistening with a fine sweat that was reproduced on the backs of the women's necks, upon their chins, under their raised arms, and gleamed again upon the cool intervals of breasts staring white and bulbous out of a secret world.

The music from the platform grew livelier, leaving the wailing adagio for a scherzo movement. The quick incompleting flourishes of arms and hands, the syncopated bobbing of heads, became more intense. The boom and jerk of human voices sounded once more. From mouths opening and shutting in a swollen and delicious discomfort appeared glimpses of salavic meat and bread. The wriggling of bodies in a growing satiety of tepid lusts, the glassiness of

eyes lighted for instants by visions of bloody meats, the smacking, gasping, faintly growling sounds which accompanied the contorted animations of faces, transformed the multitude into a confusion of toilet-like sensuality. To this scene Pippa played, her eyes gleaming like avenging birds over the drab erotic of the restaurant.

For a moment she encountered me and her gaze remained fixed and I felt that she was speaking to me. Then her eyes wandered and I knew that she was cricling the faces at the tables, men's faces smiling, glowering, beseeching as they peered at women; faces blue empty; thick green faces filled with slovenly languish. It was the and apoplectic, round, red, white, pointed, chubby, malformed and faces of the women that Pippa watched most. The shining coiffeurs alive with garnet and russet gleams, the glowing beady eyes gave her a sense of so many masks carefully cut behind which things hid. This I knew then as I sipped at the topaz in my glass. And I knew also that this smoke-like creature had been looking down into the simmering vat of faces until a curious mania had darkened her own.

As she played a fury possessed her. I watched her sway. The thoughts which came into my head I called her thoughts, and I watched the steaming gelatinous dishes and the bathed trim faces above them become as one,—carcass devouring carcass. A delicate necrophelia, a hideous rhythmic convulsion appeared to Pippa, in my thought, to have taken possession of us who sat before her. And now and then, still with her thought, I could distinguish sharply a woman eating with perverse daintiness, working her features with piquant deliberation, smiling, primping, swallowing her food as one oblivious to a vulgar indiscretion. Another toying gently with the contents of her plate, attitudinizing as grotesquely as some Dido in a bathroom, eating with an ennui which stamped her as an Uranian of gourmonds.

And under the tables Pippa saw their feet, the cunningly shod feet of the women emerging from the secret world, the awkward stretch of the silkened bird-like legs which like a lifeless mechanism lay in disjointed collapse above the floor. These feet of the men and women seemed a company of their own under the tables, lavishly scrolled and attired, slothful debauches that moved imperceptibly, embraced, entwined, kissed and stared. Here was unconsciousness of wrinkles and folds of flesh and continually devouring jaws, here a silent stoical intimacy. And yet to Pippa the shining leather, the

gleaming arches above the shoes, the faintly glòwing stockings, and the creeping tenacious movement of these feet were like the phlegmatic shadows of some terrible nakedness.

Later I met Pippa. It was in the city walking along the avenue which faces the lake and lies like a large yellow cat purring in the sun. In this light and even under the menacing walls of the buildings, there was about Pippa's body as she moved a curious uncorseted rhythm such as trees have when they bend in the wind. We walked together and talked and I knew that the things I had thought watching her in the Blue Inn had not been chimeras from the topaz in my glass. Her face as she talked had the gleam of a frightened nymph. We hurried along the bottoms of great buildings. She had few words and spoke hurriedly so that her sentences died amid the racket of the traffic. I told her what I had imagined listening to her play and she answered in matter of fact words.

"Yes," she said, "I can't endure it. Everything is lust. The dirty lust of the city, the lust of the restaurant and the streets. And the women, they keep parading in my head when I try to fall asleep. There is something terrible and unclean about life. I can't make out what it is. But it keeps choking me and making me dark inside. At night I have horrible dreams and the city becomes an animal with its tongue hanging out, running back and forth as if it were blind, and steaming at the mouth. I know it's foolish to think such things. But in the restaurant it comes to me so strong that I play only mechanically and almost . . . almost die."

There were other times that I saw Pippa, and my philosophy ripened upon her agonized words. The thing which is always in the back of my head, the elephantine grimace of the city, became when I was with her something close and almost with outline. Through the nauseous mania of her soul I looked as through some rare lens into the streets, into the places where the little greedy half dead swarm. During the day surrounded by the din and grime of the city I thought of Pippa who at night, spitted against the grey curtain of the performers' platform, would play the violin.

"Is it ugliness?" I asked her one time much later. She said, "No." Her eyes had grown darker and wilder. We walked on hurriedly in the afternoon picking our way through the rush of people and traffic.

"I don't know what anymore," she said. "It keeps close to me.

Oh I hate, hate. I keep feeling the breath of an animal on my neck on the back of my neck . . . ”

It was summer, and when Pippa told me that she was to have a rest of three weeks I selected for her a place beyond the city. At the edge of a great wood I had once found a little house, and thither Pippa went. She smiled from the train window at me and I, thinking of the promise that I would come in four days, waved my hand.

When I came to see Pippa it was evening and the world about the wood was as silent as the sky. The people who lived in the house told me Pippa had gone away in the morning into the wood and had not returned. I waited until the darkness had settled into the deep impenetrable mist of night that swims through wooded places. And then the old man of the house and I went out to look for Pippa. The odor of the wood stirred the darkness and the little rustling symphony of the wood hung like a lace of sound upon the silence. Here and there the moon lay in spectral hexagons among the thick black trees. We walked until we came to a river and on its bank we sat down. We had been sitting thus for long minutes in silence when floating gently upon the black water I saw the white body of a girl. It was Pippa naked. She moved in a slow, aimless manner toward us. Her hair, loosened, played across her breasts like little black moonbeams. Her lips were opened and the water flicked in little silver bursts upon her teeth. Her eyes like flakes of snow twinkled under the black mirror of the river.

HAUNTS

Carl Sandburg

There are places I go when I am strong.

One is a marsh pool where I used to go
with a long-ear hound-dog.

One is a wild crabapple tree; I was there
a moonlight night with a girl.

The dog is gone; the girl is gone; I go to these
places when there is no other place to go.

POEMS

Mark Turbyfill

S h a p e s

Let us deliberately sit into design
With these elephant's ears
Stretched from the glazed pot
Into green wax consciousness.

Let us exert
Our unused selves
Into other static
Sharpnesses.

In what fleet gestures
Have you found eternity?

His amber painted torso
A Persian dancer
Has conceived into a leaf-line,
The head inclined.

S h e G o e s t o P i s a

(to M. G.)

She has rounded her shoulders
To the curve of his arm
And walked
With him slowly.

She has walked with him
Slowly:
Granite procession,
White gesture of stars.

"*Momma Vanna*", January, 1918.

THE MAN OF IDEAS

Sherwood Anderson

HE LIVED with his mother, a grey, silent woman with a peculiar ashy complexion. The house in which they lived stood among a little grove of trees beyond where the Main Street of Winesburg, Ohio, crossed Wine creek. His name was Joe Welling and his father had been a man of some dignity in the community, a lawyer and a member of the state legislature at Columbus. Joe himself was small of body and in his character unlike anyone else in town. He was like a tiny little volcano that lies silent for days and then of a sudden spouts fire. No he wasn't like that. He was like a man who is subject to fits, one who walks among his fellow men inspiring fear because the fits may come suddenly and blow him away into a strange uncanny physical state in which his eyes roll and his legs and arms jerk. He was like that; only the visitation that descended upon Joe Welling was a mental and not a physical thing. He was beset by ideas and in the throes of one of his ideas was uncontrollable. Words rolled and tumbled from his mouth. A peculiar smile came upon his lips. The edges of his teeth that were tipped with gold glistened in the light. Pouncing upon a bystander he began to talk. For the bystander there was no escape. The excited man breathed into his face, peered into his eyes, pounded upon his chest with a shaking forefinger, demanded, compelled, attention.

In those days the Standard Oil Company did not deliver oil to the consumer in big wagons and motor trucks as they do now but delivered instead to retail grocers, hardware stores and the like; and Joe was the Standard Oil agent in Winesburg and in several towns up and down the railroad that went through Winesburg. He collected bills, booked orders, and did other things. His father the legislator had secured the job for him.

In and out of the stores of Winesburg went Joe Welling, silent, excessively polite, intent upon his business. Men watched him with eyes in which lurked amusement tempered by alarm. They were waiting for him to break forth, preparing to flee. Although the

seizures that came upon him were harmless enough they could not be laughed away. They were overwhelming. Astride an idea Joe was overmastering. His personality became gigantic. It overrode the man to whom he talked, swept him away, swept all away, all who stood within sound of his voice.

In Sylvester West's drug store stood four men who were talking of horse racing. Wesley Moyer's stallion, Tony Tip, was to race at the June meeting at Tiffin Ohio and there was a rumour that he would meet the stiffest competition of his career. It was said that Pop Geers, the great racing driver, would himself be there. A doubt of the success of Tony Tip hung heavily in the air of Winesburg.

Into the drug store came Joe Welling, brushing the screen door violently aside. With a strange absorbed light in his eyes he pounced upon Ed Thomas, he who knew Pop Geers and whose opinion of Tony Tip's chances was worth considering.

"The water is up in Wine Creek" cried Joe Welling, with the air of Phidippides demanding aid for the Greeks in the struggle at Marathon. His finger beat a tattoo upon Ed Thomas's broad chest. "By Trunnion's bridge it is within eleven and a half inches of the flooring" he went on, the words coming quickly and with a little whistling noise from between his teeth. An expression of helpless annoyance crept over the faces of the four.

"I have my facts correct. Depend upon that. — I went to Sinning's Hardware store and got a rule. Then I went back and measured. I could hardly believe my own eyes. It hasn't rained you see for ten days. At first I didn't know what to think'. Thoughts rushed through my head. I thought of subterranean passages and springs. Down under the ground went my mind, delving about. I sat on the floor of the bridge and rubbed my head. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, not one. Come out into the street and you will see. There wasn't a cloud. There isn't a cloud now.

"Yes, there was a cloud. I don't want to keep back any facts. There was a cloud in the west, down near the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

"Not that I think that has anything to do with it. There it is, you see. You understand how puzzled I was.

"Then an idea came to me. I laughed. You'll laugh too. Of course it rained over in Medinah County. That's interesting, eh?

If we had no trains, no mails, no telegraph, we would know that it rained over in Medinah County. That's where Wine Creek comes from. Everyone knows that. Little old Wine Creek brought us the news. That's interesting. I laughed. I thought I'd tell you. It's interesting, eh?"

Joe Welling turned and went out at the door. Taking a book from his pocket, he stopped and ran a finger down one of the pages. Again he was absorbed in his duties as agent of the Standard Oil Company. "Hern's Grocery will be getting low on coal oil. I'll see them" he muttered, hurrying along the street and bowing politely to the right and left at the people walking past.

When George Willard went to work for the Winesburg Eagle he was besieged by Joe Welling. Joe envied the boy. It seemed to him that he himself was meant by nature to be a reporter on a newspaper. "It is what I should be doing, there is no doubt of that" he declared, stopping George Willard on the sidewalk before Daugherty's Feed Store. His eyes began to glisten and his forefinger to tremble. "Of course I make more money with the Standard Oil Company and I'm only telling you" he added. "I've got nothing against you but I should have your place. I could do the work at odd moments. Here and there I should run finding out things you will never see."

Becoming more excited Joe Welling crowded the young reporter against the front of the feed store. He appeared to be lost in thought, rolling his eyes about and running a thin nervous hand through his hair. A smile spread over his face and his gold teeth glittered. "You get out your note book" he commanded. "You carry a little pad of paper in your pocket, don't you? I knew you did. Well, you set this down. I thought of it the other day. Let's take decay. Now what is decay? It's fire. It burns up wood and other things. You never thought of that? Of course not. This side walk here and this feed store, the trees down the street there—they are all on fire. They are burning up. Decay, you see, is always going on. It don't stop. Water and paint can't stop it. If a thing is iron, then what? It's rust, you see. That is fire too. The world is on fire. Start your piece in the paper that way. Just say in big letters "THE WORLD IS ON FIRE". That will make them look up. They will say you are a smart one. I don't care. I don't envy you. I just snatched that idea out of the air. I would

make a newspaper hum. You got to admit that."

Turning quickly Joe Welling walked rapidly away. When he had taken several steps he stopped and looked back. "I'm going to stick to you" he said. "I'm going to make you a regular hummer. I should start a newspaper myself, that's what I should do. I would be a marvel. Everybody knows that."

When George Willard had been for a year on the Winesburg Eagle, four things happened to Joe Welling. His mother died, he went to live at the New Willard House, he became involved in a love affair and he organized the Winesburg baseball club.

Joe organized the baseball club because he wanted to be coach and in that position he began to win the respect of his townsmen. "He is a wonder" they declared, after Joe's team had whipped the team from Medinah County. "He gets everybody working together. You just watch him."

Upon the baseball field Joe Welling stood by first base, his whole body quivering with excitement. In spite of themselves all the players watched him closely. The opposing pitcher became confused.

"Now! Now! Now!" shouted the excited man. "Watch me! Watch me! Watch my fingers! Watch my hands! Watch my feet! Watch my eyes! Let's work together here! Watch me! In me you see all the movements of the game! Work with me! Work with me! Watch me! Watch me! Watch me! Watch me!"

With runners on the Winesburg team on bases Joe Welling became as one inspired. Before they know what had come over them the base runners were watching the man, edging off the bases, advancing, retreating, held as by invisible cords. The players of the opposing team also watched Joe. They were fascinated. For a moment they watched and then, as though trying to break a spell that hung over them, they began hurling the ball wildly about and amid a series of fierce animal like cries from the coach the runners of the Winesburg team scampered home.

Joe Welling's love affair set the town of Winesburg on edge. When it began everyone whispered and shook their heads. When they tried to laugh the laughter was forced and unnatural. Joe fell in love with Sarah King, a lean sad looking woman who lived with her father and brother in a brick house that stood opposite the gate leading to the Winesburg Cemetery.

The two Kings, Edward the father, and Tom the son, were not popular in Winesburg. They were called proud and dangerous. They had come to Winesburg from some place in the south and ran a cider mill on the Trunnion Pike. Tom King was reported to have killed a man before he came to Winesburg. He was twenty seven years old and rode about town on a grey pony. Also he had a long yellow moustache that drooped down over his teeth and he always carried a heavy, wicked looking walking stick in his hand. Once he killed a dog with the stick. The dog belonged to Win Pawsey, the shoe merchant, and stood on the sidewalk wagging its tail. Tom King killed it with one blow. He was arrested and paid a fine of ten dollars.

Old Edward King was small of stature and when he passed people in the street laughed a queer unmirthful laugh. When he laughed he scratched his left elbow with his right hand. The sleeve of his coat was almost worn through from the habit. As he walked along the street, looking nervously about and laughing, he seemed more dangerous than his silent fierce-looking son.

When Sarah King began walking in the evening with Joe Welling people shook their heads in alarm. She was tall and pale and had dark rings under her eyes. The couple looked ridiculous together. Under the trees they walked and Joe talked. His passionate eager protestations of love, heard coming out of the darkness by the cemetery wall or from the deep shadows of the trees on the hill that ran up to the Fair Ground from Waterworks pond, were repeated in the stores. Men stood by the bar in the New Willard House laughing and talking of Joe's courtship. After the laughter came silence. The Winesburg baseball team, under his management, was winning game after game and the town had begun to respect him. Sensing a tragedy they waited, laughing nervously.

Late on a Saturday afternoon the meeting between Joe Welling and the two Kings, the anticipation of which had set the town on edge, took place in Joe Welling's room in the New Willard House. George Willard was a witness to the meeting. It came about in this way.

When the young reporter went to his room after the evening meal he saw Tom King and his father sitting in the half darkness in Joe's room. The son had the heavy walking stick in his hand and sat near the door. Old Edward King walked nervously about,

scratching his left elbow with his right hand. The hallways were empty and silent.

George Willard went to his own room and sat down at his desk. He began trying to write, but his hand trembled so that he could not hold the pen. He also walked nervously up and down. Like the rest of the town of Winesburg he was perplexed and knew not what to do.

It was seven thirty and fast growing dark when Joe Welling came along the depot platform toward the New Willard House. In his arms he held a bundle of weeds and grasses. In spite of the terror that made his body shake George Willard was amused at the sight of the small spry figure holding the grasses and half-running along the platform.

Shaking with fright and anxiety the young reporter lurked in the hallway outside the door of the room in which Joe Welling talked to the two Kings. There had been an oath, the nervous giggle of old Edward King and then silence. Now the voice of Joe Welling, sharp and clear, broke forth. George Willard began to laugh. He understood. As he had swept all men before him, so now Joe Welling was carrying the two men in the room off their feet with a tidal wave of words. The listener in the hall walked up and down lost in amazement.

Inside the room Joe Welling had paid no attention to the grumbled threat of Tom King. Absorbed in an idea he closed the door and, lighting a lamp, spread the handful of weeds and grasses upon the floor. "I've got something here" he announced solemnly. "I was going to tell George Willard about it, let him make a piece out of it for the paper. I am glad you are here. I wish Sarah were here also. I been going to come to your house and tell you of some of my ideas. They are interesting. Sarah wouldn't let me. She said we would quarrel. That's foolish."

Running up and down before the two perplexed men Joe Welling began to explain. "Don't you make a mistake now," he cried. "This is something big." His voice was shrill with excitement. "You just follow me. You will be interested. I know you will. Suppose this, suppose all of the wheat, the corn, the oats, the peas, the potatoes were all by some miracle swept away. Now here we are, you see, in this country. There is a high fence built all around us. We'll suppose that. No one can get over the fence and all the

fruits of the earth are destroyed, nothing left but these wild things, these grasses. Would we be done for? I ask you that. Would we be done for?"

Again Tom King Growled and for a moment there was silence in the room. Then again Joe plunged into the exposition of his idea. "Things would go hard for a time. I admit that. I've got to admit that. No getting around it. We would be hard put to it. More than one fat stomach would cave in. But they couldn't down us? I should say not."

Tom King laughed good-naturedly and the shivery nervous laugh of Edward King rang through the house. Joe Welling hurried on. "We would begin, do you see, to breed up new vegetables and fruits. Soon we would regain all we had lost. Mind I don't say the new things would be the same as the old. They wouldn't. Maybe they would be better, maybe not so good. That's interesting, eh? You can think about that. It starts your mind working, now don't it?"

In the room there was silence and then again old Edward King laughed nervously. "Say, I wish Sarah was here" cried Joe Welling "Let's go to your house. I want to tell her of this."

There was a scraping of chairs in the room. It was then George Willard retreated to his own room. Leaning out at the window he saw Joe Welling going along the street with the two Kings. Tom King was forced to take extraordinary long strides to keep pace with the little man. As he strode along he leaned over listening, absorbed, fascinated. Joe Welling again talked excitedly "Take milk-weed now" he cried. "A lot might be done with milk-weed, eh? It's almost unbelievable. I want you to think about it. I want you two men to think about it. There would be a new vegetable kingdom you see. It's interesting eh? It's an idea. Wait till we get Sarah. She'll get the idea. She'll be interested. Sarah is always interested in ideas. You can't be too smart for Sarah, now can you? Of course you can't. You know that."

FINALE

Djuna Barnes

IN THE centre of the room lay the corpse.

The proper number of candles burned at head and feet.

The body had been duly attended to. The undertaker had pared the nails, put the tongue back in the mouth, shut the eyes, and with a cloth dusted with bismuth had touched the edges of the nostrils.

It had been washed and dressed and made to assume the conventional death pose—the hands crossed palm over knuckles. Everything else in the room seemed willing to go on changing—being. He alone remained cold and unwilling, like a stoppage in the atmosphere.

His wife, his mother, and his children knelt about him. His wife cried heavily, resting the middle of her breasts on the hard side of the coffin boards. His mother wept also, but with that comfort of one who has seen both the beginning and the end; with that touch of restfulness that comes to those who like the round, the complete, the final.

His children knelt and did not weep. The little girl's closed palms were damp, and she wanted to look at them but dared not. The boy had that very morning discovered the pleasure of rubbing his head under his nurse's arm when she said "Come, put your shirt on," and he wanted to smile about this, but his eyes refused to grow damp, he could not permit himself the satisfaction.

On the floor, in a corner, lay what had been the dead man's least possession—a bright blue scarf embroidered with spots of gold. It had been given to him when passing through Italy, by a long legged Sicilian whom he had loved as one loves who must catch a train.

It was a lovely thing, but much treasuring had lined it; and the marks of his thumbs as they passed over it in pleasant satisfaction had left their tarnish on the little spots of gold.

The shadows grew and darkness fell. The room was silent save for that melancholy murmur of lips that taste tears.

A large rat put his head out of a hole, long dusty, and peered into the room.

The children were going to rise and go to bed soon. The bodies of the mourners had that half-sorrowful, half-bored look of people who do something that hurts too long.

Presently the rat took hold of the scarf and trotted away with it into the darkness of the beyond.

One thing only had the undertaker forgotten to do; he had failed to remove the cotton from the ears of the dead man, who had suffered from ear-ache.

SONNET FROM "LE PARNASSE SATYRIQUE," 1622

(Attributed to Theophile de Viau)

S. Foster Damon

I dreamed that Phillis, wandering from her shroud,
Yet lovely as she had been in the light,
Wished that her shade might still bring me delight,
That, like Ixion, I might embrace a cloud.

Her shadow slid to me, naked and proud,
And said: "Dear love, again I come by night;
For in the grave I grew more fair and white,
In that place to which all Loveliness is vowed.

I come to kiss again Him of most grace,
I come to die again in your embrace."
Then, when our passions had attained their goal,

She said: "Farewell! I go back to the dead.
As you once held my body in your bed,
Now you may boast of having held my soul."

FOLK SONG ECHOES

Esther Kohen

"Angiora"

I HAVE strength in my limbs—watch my hands how quick they go. I fold wrappers on tins of pig meat all day.

I put my feet out with grace. They do not fit the shoe. Wherefore I am ashamed of my peasant feet? But I stand gracefully, both feet down flat, strong to the earth as if crushing the grape. My body is big at the hip, but it moves like the twig, forward, backward, I dance when I am quiet. My blood sways. I am a single flower blown free in the grass.

My grandpapa was a thick tree of a Ruman. His legs jumped to the ceiling when he danced. Yeaa! Traaja! A big limb of a Ruman. My grandmother's girdle was never quiet at the dance. Her shirt opened on a pale bosom. The color of fresh goats milk was her skin. Traaja! How they danced! The dust opened mouths at the air on the square where their feet slapped the earth.

The Tzigane played. The gospodar brought many jugs of wine. My Grandpapa Silu caught at the girdle of Mariora, my grandmama, and he twirled her to him when the dance ring broke up. A flacu—a fresh guy—was my grandfather. So they married. My mother Angelina was their daughter. So I came to be.

I am in the labelling department of Armour's packing house. I work quick—my hands make a go like the black plague eating the wheat. Four hundred cans an hour I pack. I smear on white flour paste with my brush. I make a gypsy trick with my hand—and air again. The can is packed, the side opener hooked on.

Gabriel the fat butcher in the next department wants me to wife with him. I tell him I want no pig maker, no sheep cutter for my man. I tell him behind my eye is a smart fellow with a pin in his tie. But I shall be wife with Gabriel.

Angiora, the Laughter Girl, they call me. My dimples are

caught with little apple seeds. But I am sad when the maize is high, for I know four reaping songs I do not sing.

Four hundred cans an hour I pack. My grandfather was a big limb of a Ruman. My grandmother's girdle was never quiet at a dance.

THE WRITER AND HIS JOB

Israel Solon

I AM a writer. I have written criticisms, short plays, and short stories. My stories have been pretty generally rejected by the editors. Why?

I shall give the reasons of two editors, and I shall follow these with my refutations. I shall resist the temptation to say something about the needlessly malicious rejection slips from the editors of the *Smart Set*. But, first of all I had better, I think, say what I am not.

I am not "another O. Henry."

O. Henry was the Gypsy fortune teller in this show-man's enterprise known as the American magazine publishing game. And because American life is at once both rich in promise and destitute in fulfillments, and because O. Henry brought an exceptional ability to his disreputable practise, the defrauded crowded his tent, finding in his fiction what had been denied them in fact; and they believed him oracular and called him the king of the writers.

The story I had submitted to him, one editor said recently, was well written. Not many stories were so well written. But. It was too neutral in tone. I had not made the distinctions between hero and villain sharp enough, he went on to explain, with the result that the victory of the good was not decisive enough, and the defeat of the evil not sufficiently crushing and final.

Aside from his failing to understand my work and my intentions, I find myself compelled to insist that his ideals are wrong-headed, and his understanding of life false.

Life is always and everywhere inconclusive. Nothing in life is ever decided finally—right or wrong. Everything in life runs out beyond the horizon, and everything intertwines with everything else.



Stanisław Szukalski

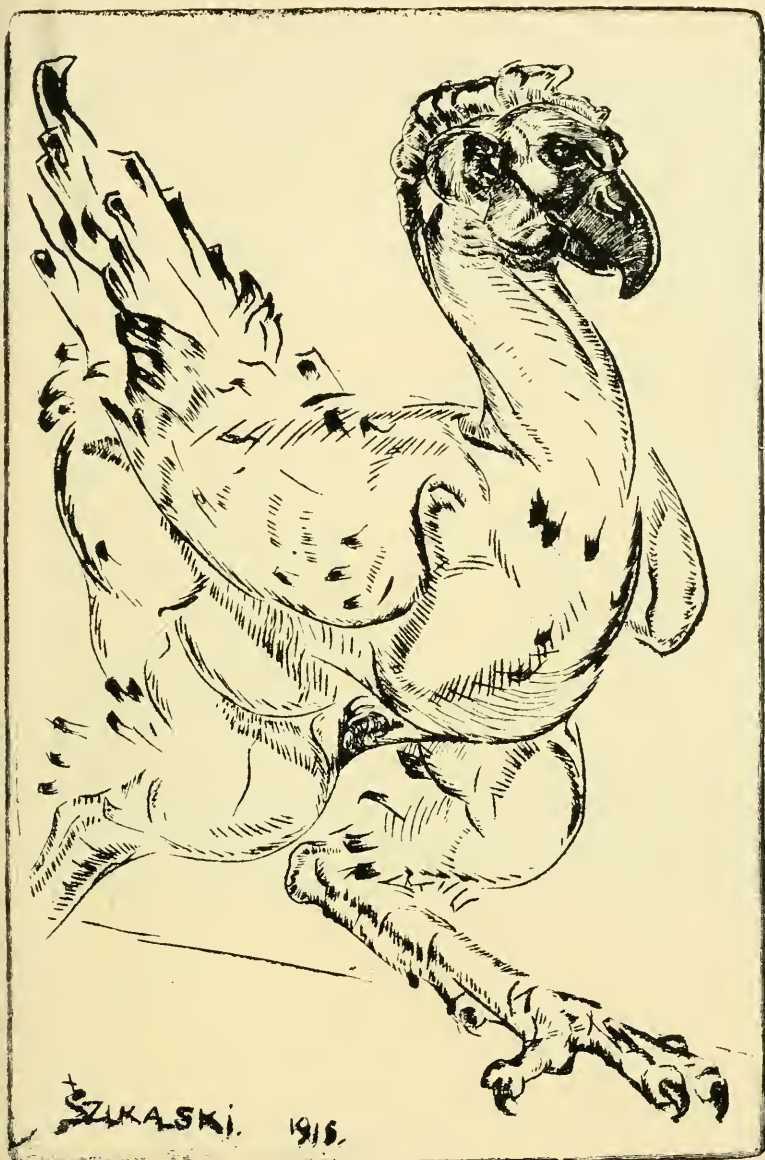




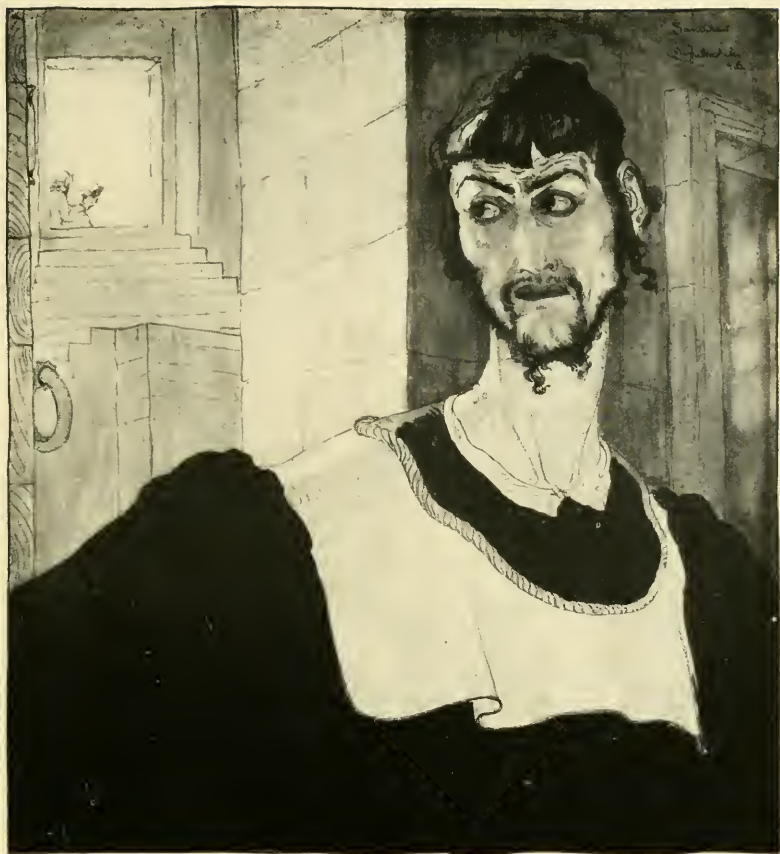
Angel of Rebellion



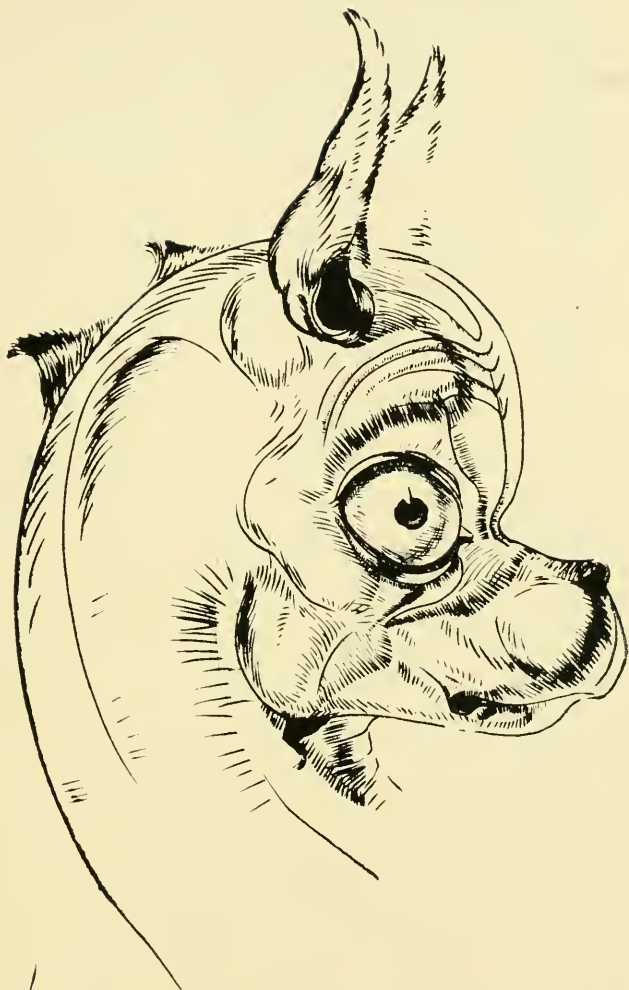
Man Following his Principles



Men Going to Church



A Different Jew



SZUKA-SKI

1916. VI



Man and his Conscience



"Medusa"

Were I to attempt to pull up an evil by the roots, I should expect to find myself trying to pull up all of life; should I attempt to follow a good to the end, I should as surely find myself following all of life. All distinctions, demarcations and articulations are conventional and arbitrary and ephemeral. Which is the good and which the evil? Which the victor and which the victim? To answer these is no part of the writer's job. It is no part of my job. My job is where my interest lies—in the confluence of all life. An illustration will help to make my meaning clear.

The reader will recall that, some time back, a Western surgeon condemned a certain child to death, because, in the opinion of this surgeon, the child's eventual career harbored a social menace.

Seen from the artist's outlook upon life, this surgeon's conduct was reprehensible. Had a mob of his fellow citizens gathered outside this surgeon's window, clamoring that he let the child die, his reply should have been:

Ladies and gentlemen! I am neither judge, jury, nor executioner. The social consequences of this child's subsequent behavior lie outside the narrow field of my limited activities. I am a surgeon. This child's case is surgical. I shall treat it to the best of my ability. Good day!

"Consider *The Saturday Evening Post*," the other editor wrote me. "You may say what you like about the ideas which are acceptable to the millions, or the ideas which the editors think are acceptable to the millions. It is you who know and they who are ignorant. But where art is concerned the millions speak with authority The millions make only one demand of the artist and that is impact, force, gusto. And in doing so they make the primary, the fundamental, the essential demand. When you stop to think of it you know they are right."

This is the religion of democracy, somewhat rhapsodically stated; and we of the Occident are of course committed to democracy, today more so than ever before. But we are under no compulsion to agree that "where art is concerned the millions speak with authority." The simple truth is that where art is concerned the millions do not speak at all—unless it is to jeer at the artist, or to cry that he be jailed for failing to conform to some social fiction.

"The millions make only one demand of the artist and that

is impact, force, gusto." That is to say, the millions demand only "punch." That is certainly true, and that is precisely it, for that is all they do demand. But the meagerness of their demands is their besetting sin. It is not their virtue. Why do the millions demand so little!

Let no one misunderstand me. I am not here finding fault with the stories now being published. I speak for the stories now being rejected. I deny equally Ezra Pound's insistence on literacy and Bernard Shaw's cry for journalism. I do not say that all writers should know the classics; I do not ask that all stories should be literature. All I ask is that our editors should not insist on all stories being journalism. For, aside from all other objections, there is still this to be said against journalism: journalism exaggerates the significance of current events; journalism attributes fantastic consequences to our behavior. Our worst possible conduct is not nearly so different from our best possible conduct as our journalism would lead us to believe. The belief that we should all turn perfect devils but for the Thou shalt nots of our own making is sheer gross, preposterous flattery of ourselves. Were all our prohibitions wiped out tomorrow the practical difference of our behavior would not be noticeable a month hence. Nor do I speak in the name of Truth. The craving for truth is a sign of intellectual poverty or parsimony; at best it is a desire for social efficiency and in all cases it signifies a shrinking from having to make living adjustments to a living environment. I ask for nothing radical at all. I do not hold forth against giving the millions what they want. I speak for the numerous intermediate reading publics. All I ask is that while the millions are being so plentifully served that the thousands be not neglected.

Indeed, the millions are being too plentifully served. They have long since passed the point of saturation. The number of our magazines being published at a loss in giving the millions what they want is the best proof of this.

Do I mean that our editors do not know their business? Yes, far too many of them. Far too many of our editors are either lame imitators of Henry James, or terribly capable fabricators of pep-punch-and-push advertising copy, either disappointed novelists or successful advertising men. In either case they are incapable of appreciating American intellectual life without prejudice.

Think of it: there is not a single magazine in this country

making any consistent effort to reach the thousands who read the translations! Our editors do not even know that America is not one but many. They are not even aware that America today is the one country without a literary tradition.

Let no one think that my being an interested person detracts from the validity of my arguments. It does not. Nothing is ever true or false, nothing has any existence at all, except to interested persons. The *Ding am sich* is without a reputable defender this side of the grave.

CAPRICCIOS

Alfred Kremborg

Middle Age

She,
like an old-time street organ—
which has lost its half tones,
or never had any,
is frantically running the diatonic—
whether to find those tones
or save the loss of these she has
is not for me to know.

The one for whom she plays
is an accordion
whose one everlasting tonality
lies in a foreign key.

Berg, Borg and Burg

Berg, Borg and Burg—
Berg, Borg and Burg—
good Lord, who are they?—
Germans, Dutch, Swedes?
Americans!

What's this land of ours come to?
Where's it going next?
To Japs, Chinese, Hindoos?
Americans!
What are they?—
keepers of shops,
shops on Avenue A,
delicatessen, grocery, saloon,
bakery, pawn—are they street venders?
Nay!
Detectives, spies, bomb throwers, radicals,
thieves, gang leaders, second-story men—
Nay!
Berg, Borg, and Burg—
partners, eh?
Partners!
Partners in misdemeanor?
And worse!
Ah—I'll catch them—
what's their misdoing,
they're a corporation,
they wear gold chains,
they're Wall Streeters,
they rob the needy,
they're in the top of the Singer Tower?
Berg lives in Boston,
Borg in New York,
Burg in Chicago.
And they're partners?
Pals!
Cronies?
And worse!
Lord, what do they do?
They perpetrate—
Perpetrate?
Propagate?
Propagate
Verse!
Berg, Borg and Burg?

Nay!

Not Berg, Borg and Burg?

Nay!

Who then, who then?

Arensberg, Kreymborg, Sandburg!

Oh!!

32° Fahrenheit

To the really humble
progenitor of Doctor Jurisprudence,
or even the mere chaste student
of his miraculous common denominator,
a glimpse of the
domestic discipline imposed
with such benign artistry
by her ladyship,
the Unapproachable Irreproachable,
will afford proof
without cost of emotion
of the favorite aphorism,
that the perfecting of the microcosm
is a closer adumbration of the
Medico's sacred behest as to ethical procedure
than the quixotic out-of-doors
pursuit of the macrocosm;
an added glimpse of the
breakfast repast demeanor
of his lordship,
the Subdued Abducted,
with a particular notation
of how his once hot glances
have become icicles of buttermilk,
should crystallize wisdom,
or chastity, as it happens,
and therewith leave the heart frozen
against further palpitation.

POEMS

Max Michelson

A Woman Tramp

Life had thrown her food.
 On her rounded cheeks
 Ghosts of memories are playing restrainedly.
 As she slowly munches her bread on the doorstep
 Her round eyes
 Under her gently-beetling forehead, become wet
 And protude like an overfull inkstand,
 Her soul wanders off somewhere, browsing

D a n s L ' E a u

The gleaming water wriggles and undulates
 About your gleaming undulating body ,
 About your shining nails and dully-glowing hair
 And about your eyes, the lamp-flames
 Of your body
 but not of any soul .
 The water is
 your gleaming undulating body ,
 Your body is ,
 Your shining nails and dully-glowing hair ,
 Your nails and your hair are your eyes , the lamp-flames
 Of your body
 but not of any soul .
 The water is your nails and your hair ,
 The water is your eyes , the lamp-flames
 Of your body
 but not of any soul .

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode IV

MR. LEOPOLD BLOOM ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver-slices fried with crust-crumbs, fried cods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out.

The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high. Mrkgnao!

—O, there you are, Mr. Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing.

Mr. Bloom watched curiously, kindly the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

—Milk for the pussens, he said.

—Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to.

—Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

—Mrkgnao! The cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid eyes, mewing plaintively

and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to the dresser, poured milk on a saucer and set it for her slowly on the floor.

—Gurrhr! she cried, running to lap.

He watched the bristles shining wirily in the weak light. Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after. Why? They shine in the dark perhaps, the tips. Or kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps.

He listened to her licking lap. Thursday: good day for a mutton kidney at Buckley's. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Or better a pork kidney at Dlugacz's. While the kettle is boiling. She lapped slower, then licking the saucer clean. Why are their tongues so rough? To lap better, all porous holes. Nothing she can eat? He glanced round him. No.

He went up the staircase to the hall, paused by the bedroom door. She might like something tasty. Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning. Still perhaps: once in a way.

He said softly in the bare hall:

—I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

And when he had heard his voice say it he added:

—You don't want anything for breakfast?

A sleepy soft grunt answered:

—Mn.

No. She did not want anything. He heard then a warm heavy sigh, softer, as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingled. Must get those settled really. Pity. All the way from Gibralt'r. Wonder what her father gave for it. Old style. Ah yes, of course. Bought it at the governor's auction. Got a short knock. Hard as nails at a bargain, old Tweedy. Yes, sir. At Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it. Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps. Now that was farseeing.

His hand took his hat from the peg. Stamps: stickyback pictures. Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too. Course they do. The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha. He peered quickly inside the leather headband. White slip of paper. Quite safe.

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey.

Not there. In the trousers I left off. Creaky wardrobe. No use disturbing her. She turned over sleepily that time. He pulled the halldoor to after him very quietly, more, till the foot-leaf dropped gently over the threshold, a limp lid. Looked shut. All right till I come back anyhow.

He crossed to the bright side. The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church. Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, reflects, (refracts is it?) the heat. His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth. Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turk, seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Wander along all day. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What Arthur Griffith said about the head-piece over the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule sun rising up in the northwest.

He approached Larry O'Rourke's. From the cellar grating floated up the slabby gush of porter. Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush. Good house however: just the end of the city traffic. For instance M'Auley's down there: n. g. as position. Of course if they ran a tiamline along the North Circular from the cattle market to the quays value would go up like a shot.

Baldhead over the blind. Cute old dodger. No use can-

vassing him for an order ad. Still he knew his own business best. There he is, sure enough, my bold arry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket. Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tea, with his eyes screwed up. Do you know what I'm going to tell you? What's that, Mr. O'Rourke? Do you know what: the Russians, they are only an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese.

Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor Dignam, Mr. O'Rourke.

Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway:

—Good day, Mr. O'Rourke.

—Good day to you.

—Lovely weather, sir.

—'Tis all that.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the country eitrim, rinsing empties in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as publicans. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. What is that A bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it with the boss and we'll split the job, see?

How much would that tot to off the porter in the month? Say ten barrels of stuff. Say he got ten per cent off. Or more. Fifteen.

He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages, polonies, black and white. Fifteen multiplied by. The figures whitened in his mind unsolved: displeased, he let them fade. The shiny link packed with forcemeat, fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pig's blood.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willow-patterned dish: the last. He stood near the nextdoor girl at the counter. Would she buy it too, calling the items from a slip in her hand? Chapped: washing soda. And a pound and a half of sausages. His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack.

The ferreteyed porkbutcher folded the sausage he had snipped off with blotchy fingers, sausageepink.

Sound meat there: like a stalled heifer. He took a page up from the pile of cut sheets: the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting: read it nearer, the title, the blurred cropping cattle, the page rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattle market, the beasts lowing in their pens, flop and fall of dung, the bdeeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a meaty hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands. He held the page aslant patiently, bending his senses and his will, his soft subject gaze at rest. The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack by whack.

The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile, wrapped up her sausages and made a red grimace.

—Now, my miss, he said.

She tendered a coin, smiling boldly, holding her thick wrist out.

—Thank you my miss. And one shilling threepence change. For you, please?

Mr. Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams. Hurry up, damn it. She stood outside the shop in sunlight and turned lazily to the right. He sighed down his nose: they never understand. Soda chapped hands. Crusted toenails too. Brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways. The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast. For another: a constable off duty cuddled her in Eccles' Lane.

—Threepence, please.

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a sidepocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and laid them on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slid, disc by disc, into the till.

—Thank you, sir. Another time.

A speck of eager fire from foxeyes thanked him. He withdrew his gaze after an instant. No: better not: another time.

—Good morning, he said, moving away.

—Good morning, sir.

No sign. Gone. What matter?

He walked back along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agendath Netaim: planters' company. You pay eighty marks, and they

plant a dunam of land for you with olives, oranges, almonds or citrons. Olives cheaper: oranges need artificial irrigation. Every year you get a sending of the crop. Your name entered for life as owned in the book of the union. Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly instalments. Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin, W. 15.

Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it.

He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silvered powdered olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning, ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citrin still alive in saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citrin's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that heavy sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high-prices too, Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Volcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomporah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's, clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, multiplying, dying, being born everything. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken belly of the world.

Desolation.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles' Street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number seven still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twenty-eight.

Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yet, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road, swiftly, in-slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind.

Two letters and a card lay on the hall floor. He stooped and gathered them. Mrs. Marion Bloom. His quickened heart slowed at once. Bold hand, Mrs. Marion . . .

—Poldy!

Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her tousled head.

—Who are the letters for?

He looked at them. Mullinger, Milly.

—A letter for me from Milly, he said carefully, and a card to you. And a letter for you.

He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her knees.

—Do you want the blind up?

Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow.

—That do? he asked, turning.

She was reading the card, propped on her elbow.

—She got the things, she said.

He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh.

—Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched.

—The kettle is boiling, he said.

But he delayed to clear the chair: her striped petticoat, tossed soiled linen: and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed.

As he went down the kitchen stairs she called:

—Poldy!

—What?

—Scald the teapot.

Boiling sure enough: a plume of steam from the spout. He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea, tilting the kettle then to let water flow in. Having set it to draw he took off the kettle, crushed the pan flat on the live coals and

watched the lump of butter slide and melt. While he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him. He let the blood-smearred paper fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce. Pepper. He sprinkled it through his fingers, ringwise, from the chipped eggcup.

Then he slit open his letter, glancing down the page and over. Thanks: new tam: Mr. Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's seaside girls.

The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustache cup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only nine she was then. No, wait: eight. I gave her the necklace she broke. He smiled, pouring.

*O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.
You are my looking glass from night to morning.
I'd rather have you without a farthing
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.*

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Old-fashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Pert little piece she was.

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on it? Bread and butter; four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead.

—What a time you were? she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a she-goat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured.

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

—Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

—O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

—What are you singing?

—*Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day.

—Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

—What time is the funeral?

—Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No. Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumpled, shiny sole.

—No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

—It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot.

—Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea and, having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

—Met him what? he asked.

—Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

—Metempsychosis?

—Yes. What's that?

—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eyes. The same young eyes. The first night after the charade at Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby*: a tale of circus life. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies, Dignam's soul . . .

—Did you finish it? he asked.

—Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love

with the first fellow all the time?

—Never read it. Do you want another?

—Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching it flow sideways.

Reincarnation: that's the word.

—Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

The Bath of the Nymph over the bed. Given away with the easter number of *Photo Bits*: splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

—Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

—There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

—The kidney? he cried suddenly.

He fitted the book roughly into his inner pocket and hurried out towards the smell, stepping hastily down the stairs with a flurried stork's legs. Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet from a side of the pan. By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney he detached it and turned it over on its back. Only a little burned. He tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle over it.

Cup of tea now. He sat down, cut and buttered a slice of the loaf. He shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat. Then he put a forkful into his mouth, chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat. Done to a turn. A mouthful of tea. Then he

cut many dies of bread, sopped one in the gravy and put it in his mouth. What was that about some young student and a picnic? He creased out the letter at his side, reading it slowly as he chewed, sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his mouth.

Dearest Papli :

Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendid. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam. I got mummy's lovely box of cerams and am writing. They are lovely. I am getting on swimming in the photo business now. Mr. Coghlan took one of me and Mrs. will send when developed. We did great biz yesterday. Fair day and all the beef to the heels were in. We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few friends to make a scrap picnic. Give my love to mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. I hear them at the piano downstairs. There is to be concert in the Greville Armson Saturady. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are swells; he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects. Byby again and lots of love.

Your fond daughter

Milly

P. S. Excuse bad writing, am in hurry.

Fifteen yesterday. Curious, fifteenth of the month too. Her first birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the morning she was born, running to knock up Mrs. Thornton in Denzille street. Jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have helped into the world. She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript. Excuse bad writing. Hurry. Piano downstairs. He sopped other dies of bread in the gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney. Twelve and six a week. Not much. Still, she might do worse. Musichall stage. Young student. He drank a draught of cold tea to wash down his meal. Then he read the letter again: twice.

O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing had happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it did. A wild piece of goods. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny. Ripening now. Vain: very.

He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. On the *Erin's King* that day round the Kish. Damned old tub pitching about. Not a bit funky. Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with her hair.

*All dimpled cheeks and curls,
Your head it simply swirls.*

Seaside girls. Torn envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets, singing. Swirls, he says. Pier with lamps, summer evening, band.

*Those girls, those girls,
Those lovely seaside girls.*

Milly too. Young kisses: the first. Far away now past. Mrs. Marion. Reading lying back now, counting the strands of her hair.

A soft qualm, regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there: away. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only five and six return. Six weeks off however. Might work a press pass. Or through M'Coy.

The cat, having cleaned all her fur, returned to the meatstained paper, nosed at it and stalked to the door. She looked back at him, mewling. Wants to go out. Let her wait.

He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening. He stood up. The cat mewed to him.

—Miaow! he said in answer. Wait till I'm ready.

Heaviness: hot day coming. Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing.

In the table drawer he found an old number of *Titbits*. He folded it under his armpit, went to the door and opened it. The cat went up in soft bounds. Ah, wanted to go upstairs, curl up in

a ball on the bed.

Listening, he heard her voice:

—Come, come, pussy. Come.

He went out into the garden: stood to listen towards the next garden. No sound. Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry. Fine morning.

He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall. Want to manure the whole place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur. All soil like that without dung. Loam, what is this that is? The hens in the next garden; their droppings are very good I heard. Best of all though are the cattle, specially when they are fed on those oilcakes. Mulch of dung. Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then.

He walked on. Where is my hat, by the way? Must have put it back on the peg. Funny I don't remember that. Picking up the letters. Drago's shoppbell ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Black brillantined hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brush up. Wonder have I time for a bath this morning.

Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has. Agendath what is it? Now, my miss. Enthusiast.

Something new and easy. Our prize titbit. *Matcham's Masterstroke*. Written by Mr. Philip Beaufoy, Playergoers' Club, London. Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer. Three and a half. Three pounds three. Three pounds, thirteen and six.

Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. He read on. Neat certainly. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now. Hand in hand. Smart. He glanced back through what he had read and envied kindly Mr. Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds, thirteen and six.

Might manage a sketch. . . Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing. Biting her nether lip hooking the placket of her skirt. Timing her. 9.15. Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot.

Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf. Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance of the hours. Explain that: morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours. Washing her teeth. That was the first night. Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing. No use humming then. Allude to it. Strange kind of music that last night. The mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woolen vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into. Lines in her eyes. It wouldn't pan out somehow.

Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then, black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea; pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still, true to life also. Day: then the night.

In the bright light he eyed carefully his black trousers: the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find out in the paper.

A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up. The bells of George's church. They tolled the hour: loud dark iron.

Heigho! Heigho!

Heigho! Heigho!

Heigho! Heigho!

Quarter to. Therē again: the overtone following through the air. A third.

Poor Dignam!

(to be continued)

THE READER CRITIC

The Hoax of the "Spectrics"

"Upon the poetic horizon a year ago suddenly appeared a new band of versifiers. Critics and poets went wild over the Spectrics, who first made public their work in a book called *Spectra*, which purported to contain the works of the three founders, Anne Knish, an Hungarian girl; Elijah Hay, a 'briefless barrister'; and Emmanuel Morgan, an American painter, ... It is announced that 'Anne Knish' is Arthur Davison Ficke, 'Elijah Hay' Marjorie Allen Seifert, and 'Emanuel Morgan' Witter Bynner." (*Detroit News*.)

[Early last June the Spectrics sent in a fat bunch of poems to the *Little Review* (unsolicited). One poem, Opus 96, by E. Morgan, appeared in our July number. The others were returned with an Andersonian note. Poor M. C. A. was so taken by storm that she "published with éclat" in the same issue an ecstatic eulogy of the "new school":

Banish
Anne Knish
Set the dog on
Emanuel Morgan.

And to show how such "artist-editors" as Ezra Pound were completely astounded by the new "virile" school, we quote from a letter written August 10, 1917:

"Morgan's 'spectric' business is a little late. People intending to be 'schools' should have 'done it first'.

"Or rather they should base their school on something having to do with their art, not on a vague aesthetic theory. His manifesto advances no proposition affecting his own medium, i. e., words, rhythm, etc., only some twaddle about ultra-violets. Jejune. There is no difference between his free verse and any other free verse.

"After all Imagisme had three definite propositions about *writing*, and also a few 'don'ts'. And it differed from the neo-celtic-twilightists, etc., who preceded it. Morgan is only another Imagist imitator with a different preface from Amy's."

I confess to a deep ignorance of the nature of the hoax. If a man changes his name and writes better stuff, why does that make the public so ridiculous? Why not stick to the name and pray for more power to it?

There is a certain occult society that can deduce your psychic name from your horoscope: all you have to do then is to discard your Christian name and the world is yours! I can't do much for names, myself: a frog by any other name can hop as far and no farther.—*jh.*]

What Joyce Is Up Against.

S. S. B., Chicago:

Really now: Joyce! what does he think he is doing? What do you think he is doing? I swear I've read his "Ulysses" and haven't found out yet what it's about, who is who or where. Each month he's worse than the last. I consider myself fairly intelligent. I have read more than most. There are some few things I expect of a writer. One of them is coherence. Joyce will have to change his style if he wants to get on. Very few have the time or patience to struggle with his impressionistic stuff—to get nothing out of it even then.

[You consider yourself an intelligent, "well-read" person. Did it ever occur to you to read anything on the nature of writers? If it should you might help to remove from the mind of the reading public—Whitman's great audience—some of the superstition of its importance to the writer; some of its superstition of being able to put any compulsion upon an artist. All compulsion exists within the artist. It would take too long to discuss this fully here. The only concern of the artist is to try in one short lifetime to meet these inner compulsions. He has no concern with audiences and their demands.—*jh.*]

Missed Opportunities

X. Y. Z., New York:

I haven't seen the *Little Review* lately but am of course hopeful, always. Somehow you folks had the opportunity missed by *Poetry*, the *New Republic*, the *Dial* (new edition), the *Seven Arts*, et al., but you missed it by laying too much stress on the foreign trademark. Your English or rather, British, crowd are good stuff, but they don't span the universe. The *Little Review* could stand a little catholicism.

[This is a very typical letter. It comes from all kinds of people,—from men like the writer who is anxious about American art, and from the plain man cherishing his vices of provincialism. On the other hand there have been enough people of education and vigour of mind to back our

faith in an aim to establish some sort of intellectual communication between America, England and France.

We have had no dream as yet of spanning the universe. Our interest and intent the past year has been to span the Atlantic, to end America's intellectual isolation. We published the *Little Review* for three years, giving almost all our space to more or less interesting experiments by American writers and to some achievements. Our books show the same balance of support and criticism as for the present concern.

It is a slow and wearing process, trying to establish a magazine of the arts in America. Others have failed even when heavily endowed. We have tried to do a double task on faith and with spirit. We have given over almost the entire space for one year to our foreign contributors. We think we have established some sort of audience for contemporary British and French work.

Our correspondent says we had the opportunity missed by the *New Republic*, the *Dial*, the *Seven Arts*, et al. We are not aware that these journals have had the opportunity to do what we have done. He says that we have missed some mysterious opportunity by publishing in one year some of the best poems of William Butler Yeats, the best of James Joyce, of Hueffer, of T. S. Eliot, etc.; by introducing many new men: not neglecting America. We have brought out a complete number in French and have given reproduction of modern drawings. With our aim as a premise I can't see what we have missed,—except our meals.—*Jh.*]

Ben Hecht

E. P., London:

Ben Hecht is an asset. Hard reading and a bit heavy, in the April number, but the man who can write "Philosophy—the profound and perspiring elimination of adjectives from life", "Night, the great adjective of dark," and other sentences in his stuff, has the root of the matter in him. He is trying to come to grips. Also, when he gets out of his head the idea that he must suit the *Smart Set* public, and recalls the fact that Maupassant does not exaggerate, he can write *contes*.

James Joyce

R. McM., Los Angeles:

You are a firm believer in cerise abnormal art, I take it. Has art then no elasticity, no tolerance, no humor, If Joyce is an artist put him beside

Turgenev, Chekhov, Goethe . . . Even in decadency—anaemic, palely diseased,—how do you stack up beside even poor Oscar Wilde, Beaudelaire, possibly Swinburne? They had intellect added to their art ears. I'd like to hear convincing justification of Joyce other than mere statement that "his work is art". I should be reluctant to say "this is art" of anything until time has proved its staying power. The human mind and perception is so finite and insular, why be so sure you and your group, small, select, and exotically interesting, are absolutely correct? We have with us in the world other than Joyce, Lewis, etc. Rolland (*Jean Christophe*), Barbusse (*Under Fire* — much overrated, by the way), Nexö and many who have virility, intellect, philosophy and art,—not sexually perverted. The prostitute who paints an already beautiful body may have added unnatural charm, but why call it art? Justify some of Joyce's obscene commonplaces taken from life neither for power nor beauty nor for any reason but to arrest attention, cheap Bowery vileness.

[Yes, I am a believer in "cerise abnormal art." Why all this effort to bring shame upon cerise? Colour is a vital necessity in the organization of the universe, as vital and necessary as form. The artist has recognized and used both as means of expression.

They are difficult words—normal and abnormal; they may be used with many turns. I believe in abnormal art because Art is abnormal: at least up to the present it hasn't been a normal occupation of normal men. All activities that are not art activities might as easily seem sub-normal to the artist. Where do we get?

If only some of your reluctance to call a thing art might stay with you in discussing artists, how becoming . . . If you were reluctant to call Wilde, Beaudelaire and Swinburne so many "cerise" adjectives . . .

You seem to want some justification of our position in classifying work as Art before time has proved its staying powers. We do not belong to that part of humanity whose life in its first half is directed by its parents and grandparents, and in its second half by its children and grandchildren. If an engineer builds a bridge across a river a group of other skilled engineers would probably be able to tell whether it were a bridge or merely a decoration in the air, without leaving the matter to time and chance. Crudely, it is something like this with Art. Time has made some asinine mistakes: in the galleries of Europe, time, represented by town councils, has collected some wierd specimens—on a more or less "tag-you're-it" basis.

It is impossible for Joyce to be obscene. He is too concentrated on his work. He is too religious about life. You perhaps think yourself pure-minded: everything should then be pure to you. If you are not you can not put what

u are not upon Joyce. The other day a young woman said to me: "Tell e about this 'to the pure all is pure'. I suspect them both". I suspect all no find either purity or obscenity in Art.

How could any one begin to discuss Joyce except with a person who has intense grip on modern thought? The earth slimes with a slightly-informed protoplasm called humanity: informed with a few instincts. Some few have come aware of cerebral irradiations. Fewer attain active cerebration. The tist has always known that outside or beyond or beneath or before both these irradiations, psychic or x or n-th, and has tried to describe and record them. yce has perfected a technique which eliminates description. He conceives d records.—Jh.

The Emolument

"Poetry" said the American female, "consists of beautiful sentiments expressed in a lofty and flowery language." For this revelation of perspicacity e received the sum of fifty dollars from a committee containing Ed. Markham, E. Woodbury, Flo. Wilkinson, Ridgley Torrence, Edith W. Matthison, and obt. Frost. They had been convinced of this all along.

(*Mais, Robert, qu'est ce que tu fais dans cette galère?*)

A Refreshing Reaction

N. J., California:

Congratulations on the getting out of a mighty fascinating magazine. Some of the things therein I simply can't take—like castor oil; but that's my own fault, and maybe my loss. Anyhow I am enjoying Ford Hueffer's series very much indeed; and I thought Ben Hecht's "Fragments" more than love-ly. Keep battering at the conservatives; we need such counter balances as the *Little Review*.

Tragedy

O that I might have
Married you! I like the way
You say "Good morning."

Ernest Hunt.

Love—Chemical Relationship

UN ENFANT FRANCAIS: MARCEL (A FUTURIST)
 EIN DEUTSCHES KIND: ELSE (A FUTURE FUTURIST)
 POPLARS—SUN—A CLAIHIGHWAY.

The poplars whispered THINE DREAMS Marcel!
 They laughed—they turned themselves—they turned themselves
 TO turn themselves—they giggled—they blabbered like thine-self—they smiled!
 they smiled WITH the sun—OVER the sun—
 BECAUSE OF the sun—with the same french lighthearted sensual playful
 MORBID smile like thineself—Marcel!

Poplars thou lovedst and straight highways with the smell of poplars which is
 like leather as fine—like morocco leather in thine nostrils—And thine nostrils
 are of glass!

Thou seest the smell uprise to the brain!

Sensual thine eyes became—slanting—closed themselves!

Thine smile turned pain—died—
 Then thou diedst!

Thereafter thou becamest like glass.

The poplars and the sun turned glass—they did not torture thee any more!

Everything now is glass—motionless!

THAT WAS IT THOU DISCOVERDST—AND WHICH IS GIVEN TO THEE
 AFTER THINE DEATH—MARCEL!

Yet BEFORE thou lovedst the straight yellow highways—the whirring poplars
 —the fat color of clay—and thou lovedst it beyond measure!
 THEREFORE THOU HADST TO KILL THINESLF—IT KILLED THEE!

Thou now livest motionless in a mirror!

Everything is a mirage in thee—thine world is glass—glassy!
 Glassy are thine ears—thine hands—thine feet and thine face.
 Of glass are the poplars and the sun.

Unity—Einklang—harmony—Zweifellosigkeit!
 Thou art reurrected—hast won—lived—art dead!
 BUT I LOVE THEE LIKE BEFORE. BECAUSE I AM FAT YELLOW
 CLAY!
 THEREFORE I LOVE THAT VERY THIN GLASS WITH ITS COLOR-
 CHANGE; BLUE—YELLOW—PURPLE PINK.
 SO long must I love it until I myself will become glass and everything around
 me glassy.
 Then art thou I! I do not need thee any more—!
 So BEAUTIFUL will I be like thou thingself art,
 Thou standest beside me—and art NOTHING beside me!
 Yet today I still must love mine LOVE—!
 I must bleed—weep—laugh—ere I turn to glass and the world around me glassy!
Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven

Sixteen

The pellucid gilded lake
 where, into a lap of golden blood
 the pavonin feathers of fishes droop,
 lies over the maroon, sybaritic horizon.

There were ultra-neons blowing across dirty gardens,
 like nectar drifting over papyrus:
 parallelisms of papier-mache monolithics.
 And all around arose the ovoviviparous neophytes
 with monomania:
 the monogenesis, monsignore.

The gaunt stoutness of a spectral macrocosm
 diffuses symbolic ignorance upon the corollating genesis:
 smothering the proem of hot ova
 with an excess of rainbows.
 The boy constructed beotian apologues
 to dilute a sincere aphrodisiac.
 Youths of sixteen are mollusks.

R. Reiss.

A Monolingual Fan

E. Hamilton, Chicago:

I have been an enthusiastic reader of the *Little Review* for two years or more. Although observing its gradual retrogradation I have been expectant, hoping that it would come back to its old high standards. But alas! I have given up. The audacity of publishing Pound's study of French poets, in French, is ridiculous beside being inconsiderate of non-French-speaking readers.

Mary Garden and Art seem to have become a fetish with you. Art! Art! Art! Why all the babbling about Art? Give us more Art and less talk about it!

The perfection of art is to conceal art. It seems a pity that such a splendid periodical should be allowed to so deteriorate!

Literary Circle

Elizabeth Longfellow Siddons, Cassville, New York:

I have wanted for a long time to congratulate you on the great work your magazine is doing for the cause of real art in America. As Secretary of the Ocumsch Literary Circle I have been commissioned by the members, upon unanimous vote at the last meeting, to tell you that of all the magazines which have been gone through by our reading circle in the past year the *Little Review* has been deemed the most worthy of praise and commendation for the very high merit of its content and also for the excellent work it is doing.

In our reading circle which meets every week we have discussed the most advanced literary magazines regularly and had papers presented on them by each member. Syracuse now has a large bookstore where we can get the very latest thing in literature when we go to town. The sentiment of the circle has been unanimously throughout that the *Little Review* is unqualifiedly right in saying that America needs a great artistic awakening. Though we are only a small part of this great country, we have felt the dead weight of ignorance of the fine and beautiful things in life and especially the lack of some medium to convey to us some of the deeper things that the great artists and writers of Europe are doing. Probably not one person in three, possibly not one in four, out here knows anything at all of the work of Romain Rolland, undoubtedly one of the greatest writers of this century in

France. And what a long way we have yet to go from him to the greater masters with whom you are beginning to make us acquainted every month in your *Little Review*.

We have had this brought home to us, oh so forcibly, by the brilliant things Mr. Pound has said about the reading public in this country. I cannot tell you, though I would like to, how much we enjoy the things Mr. Pound has so cleverly said about artistic America in the *Little Review*. We are grateful to him and to the *Little Review*.

About Newsstand Sales

The Little Review is not for sale on all the newsstands. Newsdealers are not particularly interested in displaying a magazine which makes no bids for popularity, and our means in distribution to casual readers are therefore somewhat limited.

Many readers have placed standing orders with their newsagents, in order to insure as many copies as they may want every month. This is the next thing to subscribing.

NOTES

This is called an American number not because its contributors are Americans (most of them are not), but because they are all at present living and working in America. It is offered as a resumé of the current work of a representative group, but to be fully representative it should include also such poets as Robert Frost, Mina Loy, Marianna Moore. Owing to various delays in the post, etc., these may appear in another number.

I

I am responsible for this issue.

It was made with no compromise to Margaret Anderson and Ezra Pound.

It is not a revolt against our "foreign all-star cast". It is not a "return to our former ways". It is not a jury-free experiment. It is not an effort to find more Art. It is simply a review of work being done in America by writers who are called artists.

We have been attacked since the beginning for our "personal judgments". My belief in personal judgments is unimpaired. I am not discrediting them by presenting an issue free from such judgments. The contributions in this issue are those selected by their writers to represent them. Art is its own freedom. There can always be argument as to whether a work of art is of first or second degree, but none as to whether or not it is Art.

Comments are solicited.—*jh.*

II

If a man writes me that he encloses a poem which he thinks I will find worth printing, if only as a study in blank verse, because, for various reasons, he has written very good blank verse, etc., etc., I am practically sure that his poem will not be "interesting". By this I mean that it will not have a first interest, as contrasted with what I call the second interest that attaches to all "nice" work, all excellent work, all that is "well-done", etc., etc.

For instance, on page 38 there is a poem with the line "her round eyes become wet and protrude like an overfull inkstand". This is excellent. But the poem does not stand as a thing of first interest. It is this very definite dividing line that serves me with my definition of the artist. It is because I believe intensely in it that Alfred Kremborg thinks I am a bad editor. It is for this reason that I think I am a good one.

I believe the world offers sufficient boredom. I see no reason, while I retain consciousness, to assist in the process of multiplying them.

This is merely to voice my protest against the present number which in several instances, to me, falls to "second interests,"—or below.—*M. C. A.*

Glossary

jh

From time to time a clamour goes up from our readers: "Tell us something about the men who appear in the Little Review."

This month we have tried to do something about it. Our notes on the front pages however will not answer such questions as these: "I am writing an article on Ezra Pound. If he is an American why does he live in London? Is he nearing middle-age? Has he close-cropped black hair and a keen spare bony face?" "Do you know Amy Lowell? What is she like?" "Does Margaret Anderson look like a suffragette?" "Are Ben Hecht and H. L. Mencken the same person?" . . . Perhaps it is a natural curiosity, when you drink good wine, to wonder what the grapes were like.

I shall attempt a glossary:

Anderson, Sherwood: Like some portrait done with a palette knife. Dark hair falling over dark eyes. Mellowness and strength. Wide yellow trench-scarf; tweeds. A laugh dark and rich like earth just turned up by the plow. He is not Margaret Anderson's brother, we are sorry to say.

Anderson, Margaret: If suffragettes looked like Margaret Anderson I doubt if there would ever have been suffragettes: or politics.

Hecht, Ben: Ben Hecht is Ben Hecht, strange to say, in spite of the efforts of some newspapers to change him into Mr. Mencken. Young, with the curbed vigour of a Blake drawing. Handsome. A pale green face. "...But my great desire is to cut loose. There is no one who can write as I can if I unleash my vocabulary, but alas there will always be things just as important as mere beauty to trip me . . . Don't think of me across Joyce and Lewis. Stevie Crane rather, Gautier. Huysmans, a bit of Louys, De Gourmont, and a peculiar hate that I think is original . . . Don't expect any character drawing. I loathe character drawing. Its so damned wearily simple".

Lowell, Amy: "An American Mandarin" some one has called her. Rather more occidental: vast and arrogant: carved arrogance in the nose and drawn in the mouth. In mien and movement the favored of self, the multitude, and of fortune. A Roman emperor exiled in time and place and spirit.

Pound, Ezra: Our friend asking about Ezra Pound has more nearly described Carl Sandburg. Ezra: young: St George and the Dragon: aureola of hair.

Solon, Israel: Solon would be very much bothered if I should mention his brain power or his ability to "talk". Only one of the Russians should draw him.

The Little Review holds the sole right to reproduce Stanislaw Szukalski's drawings which appear in this issue. Copyrighted by Mr. Szukalski.

Complete files of *The Little Review* for May 1917-1918 may be obtained by sending your orders to 24 West 16th Street, New York City.

This volume will be unique in the literary history of America.

Order at once.

COMPLAINTS

Your Complaint

Before complaining that your magazine has not arrived please remember the War

Freight congestion

Government control of railroads

Our Complaint

If our subscribers would send us notice of changes of address it would help us to keep our youth, and also save further congestion of the mail service.

Do not expect your postoffice to forward your magazine. Any forwarding of second-class matter is a re-mailing and requires postage..

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The October number will contain :

Poems and drawings by Jean de Bosschere

Seven Lyrics by William Butler Yeats

La Wallonie, by Ezra Pound

Fashions in Criticism, by J. H. Le Monier

The Disease of American "Criticism."

The recent editions of the Little Review have been selling out very rapidly. In order to avoid the disappointment of missing a number, and to help us to comply with the new paper regulations, become a postal subscriber at once.

ELKIN MATHEWS, Publisher and Vendor of Choice and Rare Editions in Belles Lettres. 4a Cork Street, London W. 1.

Note to Collectors

Early editions of Mr. Pound's books, as follows:

A Lume Spento (Antonelli, Venice, 1908). Last copy sold at £8.

Quinzaine (Pollock, 1908), unobtainable.

Quinzaine (my edition), unobtainable.

Personae (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included) \$1.25.

Exultations (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included) \$1.25.

Canzoni (1911), not to be reissued. \$1.00 (postage included).

Personae and *Exultations*, in one volume, 1913; none remain.

Canzoni and *Ripostes*, in one volume, 1913. 25 copies remain. \$1.25 (postage included).

Lustra (private edition, 124 pages), 1916, with photogravure. 21 copies offered at \$3.00 (postage included).

Lustra (public edition with photogravure), 116 pages, \$1.50, postage included, binding in heavy canvass.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

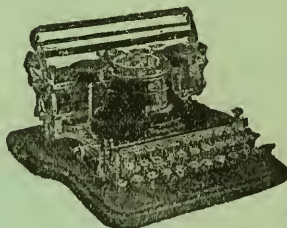
313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

**No Other Typewriter
Can Do This--**

*Write All Languages, All Sciences, All Sizes
and Style of type on ONE machine.*

**MULTIPLEX HAMMOND
"WRITING MACHINE"**



MULTIPLEX HAMMOND'S
Instantly changeable type
Many styles, many languages
Two types or languages always in the machine
Just Turn the Knob to change

Write today for the story of the "Miracle of the Multiplex". We will be glad to send it without placing you under any obligation.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

558A East 69th Street — New York City

Inquire for our special terms to professionals.

July 1918
Vol. 5. No. 3

Vol. 5. No. 3

THE LITTLE REVIEW

July 26

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

James Joyce, Ezra Pound,
Ford Madox Hueffer, Ben Hecht,
Sherwood Anderson, translations from
Jules Laforgue and Arthur Rimbaud

THE EGOIST

This journal is not a chatty literary review: its mission is not to divert and amuse: it is not written for tired and depressed people. Its aim is rather to secure a fit audience, and to render available to that audience contemporary literary work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence: to present in the making those contemporary literary efforts which ultimately will constitute 20th century literature.

The philosophical articles which *The Egoist* publishes, by presenting the subject-matter of metaphysics in a form which admits of logical treatment, are promising a new era for philosophy. The power of its fictional work is investing that commonest but laxest of literary forms—the novel (as written in English)—with a new destiny and a new meaning. In poetry, its pages are open to experiments which are transforming the whole conception of poetic form, while among its writers appear leaders in pioneering methods radically affecting the allied arts.

*Obviously a journal of interest to virile readers only.
Such should write, enclosing subscription, to*

THE EGOIST

23 ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE, ROBERT STREET
LONDON, W. C. 2.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price, fifteen cents a number

Yearly subscription, one dollar sixty cents

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

JULY, 1918

Our Tetrarchal Precieuse	(from Jules Laforgue)
Broken Necks	Ben Hecht
Nishi Hongwanji	Iris Barry
Six Illuminations of Rimbaud	Helen Rootham
Seeds	Sherwood Anderson
Saptam Edoyarder Svargabohan	I. Gonne
Our Contemporaries	Ezra Pound
Ulysses, V	James Joyce
Women and Men, V	Ford Madox Hueffer
Cooperation	E. P.
De Goncourt	
The Reader Critic	

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *Foreign Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.
Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

*Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York. N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.*

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

Ulysses — copyright 1914, 1918 by Margaret Caroline Anderson
and renewed 1942, 1946 by Nora Joseph Joyce — reprinted by
permission of Random House, Inc. and the administrator of the
estate of the late James Augustine Aloysius Joyce.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The August number of the *Little Review* will be a HENRY JAMES NUMBER. In addition to articles by May Sinclair and Ezra Pound, it will contain the following:

The Question of Variants, by Theodora Bosanquet
Henry James, as seen from the *Yellow Book*, by Ethel Coburn Mayne

Henry James and the Ghostly, by A. R. Orage
In Memory

The Hawthorne Aspect, by T. S. Eliot, etc., etc.

A French Editor

JULES ROMAINS, indicated in our February number as the most important of the younger French writers, is about to join the staff of the *Little Review*.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

July, 1918

No. 3

OUR TETRARCHAL PRECIEUSE

(A divagation from Jules Laforgue)

Thayer Exton

THERE arose, as from a great ossified sponge, the comic-opera Florence-Nightingale light-house, with junks beneath it clicking in vesperial meretricious monotony; behind them the great cliff obtruding solitary into the oily, poluphloisbious ocean, lifting its confection of pylons; the poplar rows, sunk yards, Luna Parks, etc., of the Tetrarchal Palace, polished jasper and basalt, funereal, undertakerial, lugubrious, blistering in the high-lights under a pale esoteric sun-beat; encrusted, bespattered and damascened with cynocephali, sphinxes, winged bulls, bulbuls, and other sculptural by-laws. The screech-owls from its jungle could only look out upon the shadowed parts of the sea, which they did without optic inconvenience, so deep was the obscured contagion of their afforested blackness.

The two extraneous princes went up toward the stableyard, gaped at the effulgence of peacocks, glared at the derisive gestures of the horse-cleaners, adumbrated insults, sought vainly for a footman or someone to take up their cards.

The tetrarch appeared on a terrace, removing his ceremonial gloves.

The water sprinkled in the streets in anticipation of the day's parade, dried in little circles of dust. The tetrarch puffed at his hookah with an exaggeration of dignity, he was disturbed at the presence of princes, he was disturbed by the presence of Jao; he desired to observe his own ruin, the slow diliquescence of position, with a fitting detachment and lassitude. Jao had distributed pamphlets, the language was incomprehensible. Jao had been stored in the

cellarage, his following distributed pamphlets.

In the twentieth century of its era the house of Emerald Archytypas was about to have its prize bit of fireworks: a war with the other world after so many ages of purely esoteric culture!

Jao had declined both the poisoned coffee and the sacred sword of the Samurai, courtesies offered, in this case, to an incomprehensible foreigner. Even now, with a superlatation of form, the sacred kriss had been sent to the court executioner, no mere every-day implement. The princes arrived at this juncture. There sounded from the back alleys the preparatory chirping of choral societies, and the wailing of pink-lemonade sellers.

Tomorrow the galley would be gone. Leaning over the syrupy clematis, Emerald crumbled brioches for the fishes, reminding himself that he had not yet collected the remains of his wits. There was no galvanization known to art, science, industry or the ministrations of sister-souls that would rouse his long since respectable carcass.

Yet at his birth a great tempest had burst above the dynastic manor; credible persons had noticed the lightnings scrolling Alpha and Omega above it; and nothing had happened. He had given up flagellation. He walked daily to the family necropolis: a cool place in the summer. He summoned the Arranger of Inanities.

II.

Strapped, pomaded, gloved, laced; with patulous beards, with their hair parted at the backs of their heads; with their cork-screw curls pulled back from their foreheads to give themselves tone on their medallions; with helmets against one hip; twirling the musk-balls of their sabres with their disengaged restless fingers, the hyperborean royalties were admitted. And the great people received them, in due order: chief mandarins in clump, the librarian of the palace (Conde de las Navas), the Arbiter Elegantium, the Curator major of Symbols, the Examiner of the High Schools, the Supernumary priest of the Snow Cult, the Administrator of Death, and the Chief Attendant Collector of Death-duties.

Their Highnesses bowed and addressed the Tetrarch: "... felicitous wind day so excessively glorious wafted . . . these iseles . . . notwithstanding not also whereof . . . basilica far exceeding Ind, Ormus Miltonesco . . . etc . . . to say

nothing of the seven-stopped barbary organ and the *Tedium laudamus* etc.”

(Lunch was brought in.)

Kallipagous artichokes, a light collation of tunny-fish, asparagus served on pink reeds, eels pearl-grey and dove-grey, gamut and series of compôtes and various wines (without alcohol.)

Under impulsion of the Arranger of Inanities the pomaded princes next began their inspection of the buildings. A pneumatic lift hove them upward to the outer rooms of Salome's suite. The lift door clicked on its gilt-brass double expansion-clamps; the procession advanced between rows of wall-facing negresses whose naked shoulder-blades shone like a bronze of oily opacity. They entered the hall of majolica, very yellow with thick blue incrustations, glazed images, with flushed and protuberant faces; in the third atrium they came upon a basin of joined ivory, a white bath-sponge, rather large, a pair of very pink slippers. The next room was littered with books bound in white vellum and pink satin; the next with mathematical instruments, hydrostats, sextants, astrolabial discs, the model of a gasolene motor, a nickle-plated donkey engine They proceeded up metal stairs to the balcony, from which a rustling and swaying and melodiously enmousselined figure, jonquil-coloured and delicate, preceded or rather predescended them by dumb-waiter, a route which they were not ready to follow. The machine worked for five floors: usage private and not ceremonial.

The pomaded princes stood to attention bowed with deference and with gallantry. The Arranger ignored the whole incident, ascended the next flight of stairs and began on the telescope:

“Grand equatorial, 22 yards inner tube length, revolvable cupola (frescoes in water-tight paint) weight 200,089 kilos, circulating on fourteen steel casters in a groove of chloride of magnesium, 2 minutes for complete revolution. The princess can turn it herself.”

The princes allowed their attention to wander, they noted their ship beneath in the harbour, and calculated the drop, they then compared themselves with the brocaded and depileated denizens of the escort, after which they felt safer. They were led passively into the Small Hall of Perfumes, presented with protochlorine of mercury, bismuth regenerators, cantharides, lustral waters guaranteed free from hydrated lead. Were conducted thence to the hanging garden. The form hermetically enmousselined, the jonquil-coloured gauze

with the pea-sized dark spots on it, disappeared from the opposite slope, Molossian hounds yapping and romping about her.

The trees lifted their skinned-salmon trunks, the heavy blackness was broken with a steely, metallic sunshine. A sea wind purred through the elongated forest like an express-train in a tunnel. Polychrome statues obtruded themselves from odd corners. An elephant swayed absentmindedly, the zoo was loose all over the place.

The keeper of the aquarium moralized for an hour upon the calm life of his fishes. From beneath the dark tanks the hareem sent up a decomposed odour, and a melancholy slave chantey saturated the corridors, a low droning osmosis. They advanced to the cemetery, wanting all the time to see Jao.

This exhibit came at last in its turn. They were let down in a sling-rope through a musty nitrated grill, observing in this descent the ill-starred European in his bath-robe, his nose in a great fatras of papers overscrawled with illegible pot-hooks.

He rose at their hefty salutation; readjusted his spectacles, blinked; and then it came over him: These damn pustulent princes! Here! and at last! Memory overwhelmed him. How many, on how many rotten December and November evenings had he stopped, had he not stopped in the drizzle, in the front line of workmen, his nose crushed against a policeman, and craning his scraggy neck to see *them* getting out of their state barouche, going up the interminable front stairway to the big-windowed rococo palace; he muttering that the "Times" were at hand.

And now the revolution was accomplished. The proletariat had deputed them. They were here to howk him out of quod; a magnificent action, a grace of royal humility, performed at the will of the people, the new era had come into being. He saluted them automatically, searching for some phrase European, historic, fraternal of course, but still noble.

The Royal Nephew, an oldish military man with a bald-spot, ubiquitarian humorist, joking with everyone in season and out (like Napoleon), hating all doctrinaires (like Napoleon), was however the first to break silence: "Huk, heh, old sour bean, bastard of Jean Jacques Rousseau, this is where you've come to be hanged? Eh? I'm damned if it ain't a good thing."

The unfortunate publicist stiffened.

"Ideologue!", said the Nephew.

The general strike had been unsuccessful. Jao bent with emotion. Tears showed in his watery eyes, slid down his worn cheek, trickled into his scraggy beard. There was then a sudden change in his attitude. He began to murmur caresses in the gentlest of European diminutives.

They started. There was a tinkle of keys, and through a small opposite doorway they discerned the last flash of the mousseline, the pale, jonquil-coloured, blackspotted.

The Nephew readjusted his collar. A subdued cortege reascended.

III

The ivory orchestra lost itself in gay fatalistic improvisation; the opulence of two hundred over-fed tetrarchal Dining-Companions swished in the Evening salon, and overflowed coruscated couches. They slithered through their genuflections to the throne. The princes puffed out their elbows, simultaneously attempting to disentangle their Collars-of-the-Fleece in the idea that these would be a suitable present for their entertainer. Neither succeeded; suddenly in the midst of the so elaborate setting they perceived the aesthetic nullity of the ornament, its connotations were too complex to go into.

The tetrarchal children (superb productions, in the strictly-esoteric sense) were led in over the jonquil-coloured reed-matting. A water-jet shot up from the centre of the great table, and fell plashing above on the red and white rubber awning. A worn entertainment beset the diminutive music-hall stage: acrobats, flower-dancers, contortionists, comic wrestlers, to save the guests conversation. A trick skater was brought in on real ice, did the split, engraved a gothic cathedral. The Virgin Serpent, as she was called, entered singing "Biblis, Biblis"; she was followed by a symbolic Mask of the Graces; which gave place to trapeze virtuosi.

An horizontal geyser of petals was shot over the auditorium. The hookahs were brought in. Jao presumably heard all this over his head. The diner's talk became general, the princes supporting the army, authority, religion a bulwark of the state, inter-national arbitration, the perfectability of the race; the mandarins of the palace held for the neutralization of contacts, initiated cenacles, frugality and segregation.

The music alone carried on the esoteric undertone, silence

spread with great feathers, poised hawk-wise. Salome appeared on the high landing, descended the twisted stair, still stiff in her sheath of mousseline; a small ebony lyre dangled by a gilt cord from her wrist; she nodded to her parent; paused before the Alcazar curtain, balancing, swaying on her anaemic pigeon-toed little feet, until everyone had had a good look at her. She looked at no one in particular; her hair dusty with exiguous pollens curled down over her narrow shoulders, ruffled over her forehead, with stems of yellow flowers twisted into it. From the dorsal joist of her bodice, from a sort of pearl matrix socket there rose a peacock tail, moire, azure, glittering with shot emerald: an halo for her marble-white face.

Superior, graciously careless, conscious of her uniqueness, of her autochthonous entity, her head cocked to the left, her eyes fermented with the interplay of contradictory expiations, her lips a pale circonflex, her teeth with still paler gums showing their supercrucified half-smile.

An exquisite recluse, formed in the island aesthetic, there alone comprehended. Hermetically enmousselined, the black spots in the fabric appeared so many punctures in the soft brightness of her sheath. Her arms of angelic nudity, the two breasts like two minute almonds, the scarf twined just above the adorable umbilical groove (nature desires that nude woman should be adorned with a girdle) composed in a cup-shaped embrace of the hips. Behind her the peacock halo, her pale pigeon-toed feet covered only by the watered-yellow fringe and by the bright-yellow anklet. She balanced, a little budding messiah; her head over-weighted; not knowing what to do with her hands. Her petticoat so simple, art long, very long, and life so very inextensive. So obviously ready for the cosy-corner, for little talks in conservatories

And she was going to speak

The Tetrarch bulged in his cushions, as if she had already said something. His attention compelled that of the princes; he brushed aside the purveyor of pine-apples.

She cleared her throat, laughing, as if not to be taken too seriously, the sexless, timbreless voicelet, like that of a sick child asking for medicine, began to the lyre accompaniment:

"Canaan, excellent nothingness; nothingness latent, circumambient, about to be the day after tomorrow, incipient estimable absolving coexistent . . ."

The princes were puzzled. "Concessions by the five senses to an all-inscribing affective insanity; latitudes, altitudes, nebulae, Medusae of gentle water, affinities of the ineradicable, passages over earth so eminently identical with incalculably numerous duplicates, alone in indefinite infinite. Do you take me? I mean that the pragmatic essence attracted self-ward dynamically, but more or less in its own volition, whistling in the bag-pipes of the soul without termination. But to be natural passives, to enter into the cosmos of harmonics. Hydrocephalic theosophies, act it, aromas of populace, phenomena without stable order, contaminated with prudence. Fatal Jordans, abysmal Ganges, to an end with 'em, insubmersable sidereal currents, nurse-maid cosmogenies."

She pushed back her hair, dusty with pollens, the soft hand-clapping began; her eyelids drooped slightly, her faintly-suggested breasts lifted slightly, showed more rosy through the almond-shaped eyelets of her corsage. She was but fingering the ebony lyre.

"Bis, bis, brava!" cried her audience.

Still she waited.

"You shall whatever you like. Go on, my dear," said the Tetrarch, "We are all so damned bored. Go on Salome, you shall have any blamed thing you like: the Great-Seal, the priesthood of the Snow Cult, a job in the University, even to half of my oil stock. But inoculate us with . . . eh . . . with the gracious salve of this cosmoconception, with this parthenospotlessness."

The company in his wake exhaled an inedited boredom. They were all afraid of each other. Tiaras nodded, but no one confessed to any difficulty in following the thread of her argument. They were, racially, so very correct.

Salome wound on in summary rejection of theogenies, theodices, comparative wisdoms of nations (short shift, tone of recitative). Nothing for nothing, perhaps one measure of nothing. She continued her mystic loquacity: "O tides, lunar oboes, avenues, lawns of twilight, winds losing caste in November, haymakings, vocations manquées, expressions of animals, chances."

Jonquil coloured mousselines with black spots, eyes fermented, smiles crucified, adorable umbilici, peacock aureoles, fallen carnations, inconsequent fugues. One felt reborn, reinitiate and rejuvenate, the soul expiring systematically in spirals across indubitable definitive showers, for the good of earth, understood everywhere,

palp of Varuna, air omniversal, assured if one were but ready.

Salome continued insistently: "The pure state, I tell you, sectaries of the consciousness, why this convention of separations, individuals by mere etiquette, indivisible? Breathe upon the thistle-down of these sciences, as you call them, in the orient of my pole-star. Is it life to persist in putting oneself au courant with oneself, constantly to inspect oneself, and then queery at each step: am I wrong? Species! Categories! and kingdoms, bah!! Nothing is lost, nothing added, it is all reclaimed in advance. There is no ticket to the confessional for the heir of the prodigies. Not expedients and expiations, but vintages of the infinite, not experimental but in fatality."

The little yellow vocalist with the black funereal spots broke the lyre over her knee, and regained her dignity. The intoxicated crowd mopped their foreheads. An embarrassing silence. The hyperboreans looked at each other: "What time will they put her to bed? But neither ventured articulation, they did not even inspect their watches. It couldn't have been later than six. The slender voice once more aroused them:

"And now, father, I wish you to send me the head of Jao Kanan, on any saucer you like. I am going up-stairs. I expect it."

"But . . . but . . . my dear . . . this . . . this" However the hall was vigorously of the opinion that the Tiara should accomplish the will of Salome. Emerald glanced at the princes, who gave sign neither of approbation nor of disapprobation. The cage-birds again began shrieking. The matter was none of their business.

Decide!

The Tetrarch threw his seal to the Administrator of Death. The guests were already up, changing the conversation on their way to the evening tepidarium.

IV.

With her elbows on the observatory railing, Salome, disliking popular fêtes, listened to her familiar poluphloisbious ocean. Calm evening.

Stars out in full company, eternities of zeniths of embers. Why go into exile?

Salome, milk-sister to the Via Lactea, seldom lost herself in constellations. Thanks to photo-spectrum analysis the stars could

be classified as to colour and magnitudes; she had commanded a set of diamonds in the proportionate sizes to adorn nocturnally her hair and her person, over mousseline of deep mourning-violet with gold dots in the surface. Stars below the sixteenth magnitude were not be thought in her world, she envisaged her twenty-four millions of subjects.

Isolated nebulous matrices, not the formed nebulae, were her passion; she ruled out planetiform discs and sought but unformed, perforated, tentacular. Orion's gaseous fog was the Brother Benjamin of her galaxy. But she was no more the little Salome, this night brought a change of relations. Exorcised from her virginity of tissue she felt peer to these matrices, fecund as they in gyratory evolutions. But this fatal sacrifice to the cult (still happy in getting out of so discreetly) had obliged her in order to get rid of her initiator, to undertake this step (grave perhaps), perhaps homicide. Finally to assure silence, cool water to contingent people. Elixir of an hundred nights' distillation. It must serve.

Ah well, such was her life. She was a specialty, a minute spécialité.

There on a cushion among the debris of her black ebony lyre. lay Jao's head, like Orpheus' head in the old days, gleaming, encrusted with phosphorous, washed, anointed, barbered, grinning at the 24 million stars.

As soon as she had got it, Salome, inspired by the true spirit of research had commenced the renowned experiments after decollation; of which we have heard so much. She awaited. The electric passes of her hypnotic manual brought from it nothing but inconsequential grimaces.

She had an idea, however.

She perhaps lowered her eyes, out of respect to Orion, stiffening herself to gaze upon the nebulae of her puberties for ten minutes. What nights, what nights in the future! Who will have the last word about it? Choral societies, fire-crackers down there in the city.

Finally Salome shook herself, like a sensible person, reset, readjusted her fichu, took off the grey gold-spotted symbol-jewel of Orion, placed it between Jao's lips as an host, kissed the lips pityingly and hermetically, sealed them with corrosive wax (a very speedy procedure).

Then with a "Bah!" mutinous, disappointed, she seized the genial boko of the late Jao Kanan, in delicate feminine hands.

As she wished the head to land plumb in the sea without bounding upon the cliffs, she gave a good swing in turning. The fragment described a sufficient and phosphorescent parabola, a noble parabola. But unfortunately the little astronomer had terribly miscalculated her impetus, and tripping over the parapet with a cry finally human she hurtled from crag to crag, to fall, shattered, into the picturesque anfractuositities of the breakers, far from the noise of the national festival, lacerated and naked, her skull shivered, paralyzed with a vertigo, in short, gone to the bad, to suffer for nearly an hour.

She had not even the viaticum of seeing the phosphorescent star, the floating head of Jao on the water. And the heights of heaven were distant.

Thus died Salome of the Isles (of the White Esoteric Isles, in especial) less from uncultured misventure than from trying to fabricate some distinction between herself and everyone else; like the rest of us.

BROKEN NECKS

Ben Hecht

I STOOD on the corner that day adjusting certain important adjec-
tives in my life. I had seen two men hanged and it was Spring. How the wine ran through the little greedy half-dead swarming in the streets. Yes, those endless, bobbing faces almost looked at each other, almost smiled into each other's eyes—insufferable and inhuman breach of democracy. But there was something immoral about the day. The music of dreams tugged at the endless shuffling feet. The music of desires—little starved and fearful things come out for a moment in the sun and wind—piped vainly for dancers. There was something vague and bewildered about the buildings and the people as if there was a great undying shout in the streets. What a panic this monotonous return of Spring breeds among the little half-dead as they shuffle and bob along with a tingle in their heels and a blindness come suddenly into their eyes. For it is through the mists of

greedy complacencies that the little half-dead are able to pick their steps with certainty and precision. Now comes this wine and this music and this disturbance as of a great undying shout sweeping the bristling shafts of stone, and the mists vanish for a moment. In the blindness which falls upon them is an undertow tugging at their feet.

I stood on the corner that day observing how in the spring the bodies of women were like the bodies of long, lithe animals prowling under orange and lavender, green and turquoise dresses and how the men with their coats dangling across their arms were like hot beetles that had removed their shells. But as I watched the endless faces filled with half-startled and half-placid confusion, and as I noted what the poets call the gayety of spring in the hearts of men, there came to me out of the swarm and roar of the day the mockery which it is the duty of philosophers to hear. For I had seen two men hanged and had most properly come away a philosopher.

Where was he who might have been crawling along the treadmill of time lighted today for another instant by the spring? The creature who had spat at the cross on the scaffold, whose perfect tusks had grinned out of the gloom above our heads an hour ago? Laughing in Hell, if death makes men wise. For Hell is a place of wise laughter. And the other one, who had died vomiting terror?

There was a group of us waiting patiently for the tall steel doors of the jail to open. Righteous men we were with stern cold faces come to transact with proper dignity certain grave business in the interest of the little greedy half-dead who even here shuffled through the streets with the lie of Spring in their heels. And after we had been admitted and our credentials cunningly examined, we were marched through barred corridors and told to enter a door and make ourselves comfortable inside. Within this door stretched the room which was to witness the hangings. It was a long and narrow room with towering walls. It could have been built only for one purpose, as a room in which to hang men. The grey plaster of its walls was unrelieved by any humanizing design. They formed, these walls, a geometrical monotone unbroken by windows or doors except the one through which we had entered. The floor was of stone.

Forty long benches such as picnickers use in groves, had been introduced into this vault of a room. They seemed puny wooden toys under the sweep and stretch of the towering, slot like walls. We came walking slowly into the room. We were doctors, public offi-

cials, jail attendants and newspaper men. We sat down on the benches and faced the gallows.

The timber of the gallows reached from the stone floor to the dark, forgotten ceiling. Fifteen feet above the floor was a platform. On this platform the men who were to be hanged were to stand until a part of its floor which was on hinges swung back and dropped them. Then they would be left dangling from the ropes. These ropes hung now from a cross beam fifteen feet above the floor of the platform. They were two bright yellow manilla ropes. Each ended in a noose the size of a man's head. We on the benches stared with uncomfortable eyes at these ropes. In the gloom our faces floated like little pale discs above the benches. The ends of cigars and cigarettes made tiny red spots in the darkness and above our heads little grey and violet parasols of smoke opened and vanished. They were eager and efficient ropes and they had personality. They became, when we had scrutinized them for a long space, the strange and attenuated furniture entirely suited to this room. About their slim and elegant stretch there was something monstrous suggested. Things which are sometimes seen in a fever assume the grotesque dimensions of these ropes.

People do not think in these places. They sit with their mouths somewhat parted and smoke cigars and nod politely to each other as they talk. They stare about them as do children in a strange house, noting this and observing that. Indeed, it was not till an hour later that I became a philosopher and found it necessary to adjust adjectives.

There were two men on the scaffold platform. One was a stout man with snow colored hair. He was well dressed but we noticed with grave smiles that he seemed unduly conscious of his freshly shined patent leather shoes. He kept moving them about and we watched them closely like so many cats in the dark might watch two bewildered mice. At length achieving a comparative equanimity under our gaze, he thrust his hands behind him and stood stiffly facing the ropes. There was nothing left to think of about him other than that he was fat. The other man was a jail guard.

Then we noticed simultaneously a little box-like shack which stood against the plaster wall at the rear of the gallows' platform. It was just large enough to accommodate a man. We remarked in stern sophisticated whispers to each other that the man who sprung

the trap under the feet of the men about to hang was hidden in this enclosure. For a space we stared at a small circular window in the gallows shack, diverted by banal speculation. How did this man feel who actually did the thing which killed two men? As we stared a face, vague and dark, appeared in the little window and then vanished. We were content, and here and there in the gloom matches were struck and the faces of men lighting cigars remained in glowing prints upon the dark air.

Suddenly, as if greatly ahead of time, men started entering the room from the single door at the side of the gallows. Three public officials walked first. Behind them walked two priests in white and purple surplices. Between the two priests was a young man with a colorless face. He was in his shirt sleeves and without a collar. He looked as if he had been interrupted washing dishes. Following these were several jail guards. We did not count their number. Behind the guards walked two priests in white and purple surplices. Between them walked the second man. For the first man without a collar who walked between the two priests we had no eyes. There was about him a lack of something which made him akin to us on the benches. He stopped and wobbled and his head rolled and from his lips issued a moan.

"Oh my Lord Jesus Christ," he said.

His lips as he walked were peeled back in the manner of a man suffering from nausea. We did not look long at him. But the other—we stared and watched and forgot to puff on our cigars. He was a man with gaunt features and the face of an unbarbered Caesar, lined and hollowed like the wing of a bat. He had a lean and muscular neck and he walked high shouldered like an Egyptian. To the drooping lines of his mouth and chin clung a dark curling covering of hair like the beard on the paintings of the adolescent Christ. He walked with his jaw thrust forward, lean and hollow jaws like the jaws of a starving monk. His eyes, round and black, nestled deep in his head, black and burning like the eyes of a voodoo priest.

We watched this man and moved about on our benches. We knew his name and the deeds he had done in the world. He had moved among the little greedy half-dead with altogether curious inspirations. At night he had flattened himself against dark alley walls and waited with a gun in his hand for men to approach him.

and he had gone prowling after them like a stoical coyote crept into the city out of the darkness beyond. Thus he had grown rich and careless and taken to darting through the streets by day as he had done by night. In the sun there came into his heart a joyous hate which had misguided him. It caused him finally to stand upon a street corner shouting and shooting into the swarm of things about him until the street grew lonely and strangely rid of all sounds but the whoop of his voice and the little bark of his gun. It was very sad, for the little heaped figures that lay strewn in the emptied street might have been our wives and our mothers. Eventually a tall red-faced man bristling with gold buttons, pounced upon him from the rear and held him as he continued to shout and wave a useless gun toward the high roofs of the crowded buildings.

Here he was walking up the slim wooden stairs that lead to the gallows platform, and here he was standing under the looped rope that dangled at his ear and beside another man who continued to moan, "My Lord Jesus Christ, forgive me. Forgive us all." But we did not look at this one. The platform was now crowded with men but we did not look at them. They came forward with long black straps and proceeded to bind the man who was moaning. Then a priest came forward and stood beside the man who was moaning and rested an ivory crucifix upon his lips and opened a book under his rolling eyes. But our eyes, held as by some vast thing about to happen, that will any minute happen, remained upon the gaunt, unbarbered face with its Christ-like beard, with the mystic snarl in its eyes, of the man who stood under the other rope. An inexplicable fascination held our eyes upon him. And under our unblinking stares he grew and grew and became lopsided and out of focus and the features of his face swam apart into the grimace of a man laughing.

Then our eyes cleared and we saw that his arms were strapped flat against his sides and his legs strapped tightly together at the ankles and the knees, and that a priest in a white and purple surplice with a startled face was offering an ivory crucifix for him to kiss. We watched him look at the crucifix, his eyes becoming filled with yellow lights; and watched his lips peel back and the teeth, exaggerated in their nakedness, shine in a grin. Suddenly he closed his mouth and spat at the crucifix. Beside him the man under the rope was moaning "Oh my Creator. Let me see. Let me see." And his head wab-

bled toward the opened book the priest in front of him held to his eyes.

Of this we were conscious in an uninterested way. For a man had spat upon a crucifix and there was that in us which made us lower our heads and tremble and move uneasily. Other men stepped forward on the gallows platform and hung long white robes upon the two under the ropes. The robes fastened in a pucker about their necks and fell to the floor and were fastened in another pucker about their ankles. Then a man with unbelievable gestures slipped the rope over the head of the moaning one and drew the noose tight with unbelievable little jerks so that the knot fell under the man's ear.

"Oh Lord Jesus Christ, my Jesus Christ, forgive me. Forgive us all" moaned the man, his face almost vanishing in the gloom.

About the neck of the other whom we were watching, as men watching something about to explode, the second rope was fixed and jerked into place. And then a voice shot from the platform. It came from the blur and flurry of men grouped behind the ropes.

"Have you anything to say?" it inquired.

A cry answered from the one who was moaning. His words blurred and buzzing filled the room. "Oh my Creator, my Creator," he sang. "I am going to my Creator."

And the man with the face that was lined and hollowed like the wing of a bat remained silent, gazing with his glowing eyes down upon our heads. In his puckered white robe he loomed out of the gloom like some grotesque and stoical sage in masquerade, except for his teeth which were bared and swimming in saliva. The faces above the ropes remained visible for several instants. Two men bearing white masks then approached them. The one who moaned was rolling his eyes up and down the towering gloomy walls as if in frantic, helpless search. The other was staring down upon us in a strange, disinterested manner, his lips peeling back, his jaws thrusting forward. He drew a long breath and then vanished behind the white mask with a secret in his eyes.

Both men had disappeared. There were to be seen only two long white bundles curiously shapeless. We were silent. The moaning of the man who had kissed the crucifix suddenly resumed. It filled the room. It came louder and louder from the depths of the long white bundle, crawling over us and along the towering walls that had no windows. From the other white bundle came silence. The feet

under it stared at us without movement. The moaning burst into words—"Oh My Creator"—and was lost in a crash. The trap had banged down.

A great swaying howl rolled into the vault-like room. It swept like a curtain between us and the two white bundles that had shot through the trap. The two men were hanging. The howling came from the prisoners in the cells beyond in the jail, howling like the sustained cry of an army out of a wilderness. The two white bundles that were hanging, stirred. One of them turned slightly, with a certain idleness. The other began to expand and contract. A curious animation gradually took possession of it. Several minutes passed and the white bundles continued to bob and twitch. The one to the left which contained the man who had moaned began now to throb and quiver like a plucked and vibrating violin string. The rope above it hummed, filling the room with the whang of its monotone. The other bundle remained turning idly. A large group of men had risen from the benches in front. Several of them held black stethoscopes in their hands. They waited.

The rest of us stood to our feet. There was silence and the moments passed with our eyes unwavering. The two bundles seemed mysteriously wound up as if they would go on turning idly forever. Then they began to act as if someone were trying to blow them up from inside. Between the masks and the puckered tops of the white robes the necks of the two men hanging within the bundles became visible. Suddenly the turning ceased and the two bundles began to behave as if someone were jerking with an amazing violence on the ropes which supported them in mid air. They executed a frenzied and staccato jig.

The bundles hung motionless at the ends of the two ropes, limp dead banners out of which the wind had died. A physician removing the stethoscope from his ears said something that ended with the words, "twelve minutes." A second physician repeated what he had said.

We crowded forward from the benches, gathering about the two figures which had dropped their white robes. They were no longer interesting. A certain fascination had gone out of them, out of the ropes, out of the tall, spectral timbers of the gallows. We passed them a few minutes later on our way out of the door. They were lying on two wheel cots. Their masks had been removed and

their faces colored like stained glass watched us with mouths opened .

I had forgotten my hat. We had moved into the lobby of the jail and I hurried back after my hat. I stood for a moment gazing at the towering grey walls, the wood structure, the two strands of rope that dropped from the beam. They had been cut. There was no one in the room. I seized my hat which was on a bench and ran awkwardly after the men who had gone. Outside a man with a sharp beard said to me, shaking his head,

"Well, that boy died' game, didn't he?"

The man was drawing deep breaths and looked about him bewilderedly in the sunny street.

I walked on until I came to the corner where the necessity of adjusting certain important adjectives in my life caused me to stop. Up and down the street swarmed the endless faces of the little greedy half-dead, lighted for a moment by the great sun. And having completed my philosophy, and because it was on this corner the gaunt and hollow-faced one had once stood, his heart filled with a joyous hate shouting at the buildings, I laughed and spat and eyed a woman whose body was like the body of a long lithe animal prowling under a lavender and turquoise dress.

N i s h i H o n g w a n j i

Iris Barry

Silence holds the stage.
Neither brocade nor masks remain,
Fate has dispersed those rich garments
and the fine carvings of experts
are sprinkled abroad and gone
like autumn leaves stripped away.
The drama itself is almost forgotten,
the names of the players
and of the plays
no more thought on than last year's seed
flung wide and flowered in strange places.

SIX ILLUMINATIONS OF RIMBAUD

Translated by Helen Rootham

V a g a b o n d s

PITIFUL brother! What atrocious vigils I owe to him. "I did not take this enterprise in hand seriously. I made sport of his infirmity. It would be my fault if we returned into exile and slavery." He attributed a strange bad luck and a strange innocence to me, and added disquieting reasons. I replied jeeringly to this satanic doctor, and finished by escaping through the window. Far beyond this country (swept by wandering melodies), I created phantoms of a nocturnal luxury to come.

After this distraction—partly hygienic—I stretched myself on a straw mattress. And nearly every night, as soon as he was asleep my poor brother rose, his mouth all leprous-stained, his eyes torn out,—for so he dreamed himself to be!—and drew me into the room howling out his idiot nightmare.

In all sincerity I had promised to restore him to his primitive state of "Child of the Sun",—and so we wander, (drinking Palermian wine and eating tramp's biscuits,) I in haste to find the necessary spot and the necessary formula.

T o i l e r s

It is a hot February morning. An inopportune south wind raises memories of our absurd indigence, our youthful poverty. — Henrika was wearing a brown and white check cotton dress in the fashion of last century, a bonnet trimmed with ribbons, and a silk handkerchief round her neck. It was more sombre than mourning. We were taking a walk in the suburbs; the weather was oppressive, and the south wind disturbed all the evil odours of the ravaged gardens and the dried-up fields.

Evidently all this did not tire my wife as it tired me. The floods of the preceding month had left a shallow pool behind them

near the path up which we were climbing, and my wife called my attention to some tiny fish swimming in it.

The town, with its smoke and the noises of its factories, seemed to follow us far along the roads. "O, where is that other world, that habitation blessed by heaven? Where are those gentle shades? The south wind recalled the miserable incidents of my childhood, my despair in summer, the horrible amount of strength and knowledge that fate has always put out of my reach. No, we will not spend the summer in this niggardly country where we shall never be anything but two betrothed orphans. This muscular arm shall no longer drag about a loved image.

The skies are like grey crystal. I see a strange design of bridges,— some straight, some curved, others descending slantingly on to the first. They multiply themselves in the smooth windings of the canal, but are so long and light that the canal banks, covered with domes, seem to sink and grow less. Some of these bridges are still encumbered with hovels; on others are masts, signals and frail parapets. Stringed instruments are heard on the hills, and minor chords cross each other and disappear; a red coat can be seen.— perhaps other costumes and musical instruments. Are they playing popular airs, odds and ends from courtly concerts, or snatches of public hymns?

The water is gray and blue, and as wide as an arm of the sea.

A white ray of sunshine falling from heaven destroys the illusion.

D e v o t i o n

To my sister Louise Vanaen de Voringhem:—her blue mob-cap shaped like the North Sea.—For the shipwrecked.

To my sister Leonie d'Ashby, Baon and the buzzing evil-smelling summer grass.— For the fever which attacks mothers and children.

To Lulu—demon—who has retained a missish and imperfectly educated taste in oratories. For men.

To Madame To the youth I once was. To this holy old man of the hermitage or the mission. To a clerical dignitary.

Also to every cult which finds itself in such places and in such

circumstances as are proper to our aspirations of the moment, or to our own special vice.

This evening, Devotion to Circeto of the tall mirrors, fat as a fish and glowing like the ten months of the red night — (her heart is amber and musk) — for my one prayer, mute as these regions of night; my prayer which precedes acts of prowess more violent than this polar chaos..

Devotion at any cost and in any shape, even in my metaphysical wanderings, — But even more *then* . . .

Soir Historique

One evening a naive tourist (retired from our economic horrors) hears the hand of a master touching the harpsichord of the meadows. Cards are being played at the bottom of the lake, that mirror which evokes images of queens and of passing loves. There where the sun is setting, saints and nuns can be seen, threads of harmony and legendary scales can be heard.

The passing of huntsmen and of bands of people makes him tremble. Comedy distills itself on the grassy trestles. The poor and the feeble overcrowd these senseless plans.

Before his slave's vision Germany seems to pile herself up towards the moon; the tartar deserts grow light; ancient seditions stir and mutter in the heart of the Celestial Empire. Ascending rocky staircases and seated in chairs of stone, the little pale, flat-faced peoples of Africa and the west are improving their minds. There are sea-ballets, and ballets of the night, and impossible melodies.

There is the same bourgeois magic at every place where the magic carpet sets us down. The most elementary physician feels that it is no longer possible to submit to this atmosphere of egoism — haze of a physical remorse — the existence of which it is painful even to acknowledge. No, it is the time of steaming vapours, of heaving seas, of subterranean conflagrations, of planets swept away and subsequent exterminations:—certainties not very cleverly hinted at in the Bible and by the Nornes, and which it will be given to some serious-minded person to watch over.

Nevertheless there will be no legendary effect!

P r o m o n t o r y

Golden dawn and trembling eve find our brig in the open sea opposite th's villa, which with its dependencies forms a promontory as extensive as Epirus or the Peloponese, Japan or Arabia.

There are shrines illumined by the presence of a revived speculation; there are immense views of the defences of a modern coast, and sand-hills gay with glowing flowers and bacchanales.

There are grand canals from Carthage, embankments from a squinteyed, skulking, ambiguous Venice, languid eruption of Etna, crevases from which burst flowers and water, and glaciers.

There are wash-houses surrounded by German poplars, strange undulating parks, and circular fences in the style of the "Royal" or the "Grand" of some Brooklyn; railways overhead, railways underground, and level railways, intersecting, honeycombing, and darkening the grounds of this hotel which resembles the most elegant and the most colossal structures known to the history of Italy, America and Asia.

The windows and terraces filled with brilliant lights, expensive beverages, and luxurious breezes, respond to the taste of travellers who permit the whim of the moment and the vagaries of fashionable art, to decorate the facades of the "Royal Promontory Hotel."

T h e S t a g e

Ancient Comedy keeps to her harmonies and divides her idylls:—boulevards of trestles,—a long column of wood from one end of a rocky field to another, where a barbaric crowd winds amongst leafless trees,—in corridors of black gauze, keeping step with strollers carrying lanterns and leaves.

Bird actors alight on a pontoon of masonry swaying in an archipelago dotted with boat-loads of spectators. Lyrical scenes, accompanied by flutes and drums, lean round the rooms of modern clubs or the halls of the ancient East, from nooks contrived in the ceiling.

Fairy-land manoeuvres at the top of a coppice-crowned amphitheatre or flutters about and warbles for the Boeotians in the shade

of moving forests, or on the tilled ridges.

Opera-bouffe divides itself on our stage at the intersecting ridge made by ten partitions erected at the early door of the gallery.

SEEDS

Sherwood Anderson

THERE was a Doctor from Johns Hopkins talked to me one day last summer concerning modern life and its universal insanity. He was a small man with a beard and was very nervous. I remember how the cords of his neck were drawn taut.

The Doctor with his tight drawn nerves and a peculiar eager sadness in his bearing sat beside me late one afternoon on the steps of a farm house by a lake in the mountains. He talked of his work. For years he had been trying to cure people of illness by the method called psychoanalysis. The idea was the passion of his life. "I came here because I am tired," he said dejectedly. "My body is not tired but something inside me is old and worn-out. I want joy. For a few days or weeks I would like to forget men and women and the influences that make them the sick things they are."

The man's voice became tense and shrill. There is a note that comes into the human voice by which you may know real weariness. It comes to the writer when he has been trying with all his heart and soul to think his way along some difficult road of thought. Of a sudden he finds himself unable to go on. Something within him stops. A tiny explosion takes place. He bursts into words and talks, perhaps foolishly. Little side currents of his nature he didn't know run out and get themselves expressed. It is at such times that a man boasts, uses big words, makes a fool of himself in general. Much of literature has been written on the shrill high plane on which these explosions take place and I suspect most of our poetry.

And so it was that the doctor became shrill. He jumped up from the steps and walked about. "You go on quietly" he said, turning to look at me. "I can feel it in you. You come from the West. You have kept away from people. You have preserved yourself—damn you. I haven't —" His voice had indeed become shrill. "I have entered into lives. I have gone beneath the

surface of the lives of men and women. Women especially I have studied—our own women, here in America.”

“You have loved them?” I suggested. “Perhaps that’s your trouble. That is sometimes the trouble.”

“Yes,” he said more quietly. “Yes—you are right there. I have done that. It is the only way I can get at things. I have to try to love. You see how that is? It is the only way. Love must be the beginning of things with me. There is understanding in that.”

He was irritated and I began to sense the depths of his weariness. “Let’s not talk of the matter” I urged. “We will go swim in the lake.”

“I don’t want to swim or do any plodding thing. I want to run and shout,” he declared. “For awhile, for a few hours, I want to be like a dead leaf blown by the winds over these hills. I have one desire and one only—to free myself.”

We walked in a dusty country road. I wanted him to know that I thought I understood so I put the case in my own way. “Let me state the matter quite honestly,” I began, “I want to abuse you a little.”

When he stopped and stared at me I went on. “You are no more and no better than myself,” I declared. “You are a dog that has rolled in offal and because you are not quite a dog you do not like the smell of your own hide.”

In turn my voice became shrill. “You blind fool,” I cried impatiently. “Men like you are fools. You cannot go along that road. It is given to no man to venture far along the road of lives.”

I became passionately in earnest. “The illness you pretend to cure is the universal illness,” I said. “The thing you want to do cannot be done. Fool—do you expect love to be understood?”

We stood in the dusty road and looked at each other. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of his mouth. He put a hand on my shoulder and shook me. “How smart we are! How aptly we put things.”

He spat the words out and then turned and walked a little away. “You think you understand but you don’t understand,” he cried. “What you say can’t be done can be done. You are a liar. You cannot be so definite without missing something vague and fine. You miss the whole point. The lives of people are like young trees in a forest. They are being choked by climbing vines. The vines are old thoughts and beliefs planted by dead men. I am myself cov-

ered by crawling creeping vines that choke me."

He laughed bitterly. "And that's why I want to run and play" he said. "I want to be a leaf blown by the wind over hills. I want to die and be born again and I am only a tree covered with vines and slowly dying. I am, you see, weary and want to be made clean. I am an amateur venturing timidly into lives," he concluded. "I am weary and want to be made clean. I am covered by creeping, crawling things."

* * * *

There was a woman from Iowa came here to Chicago and took a room in a house on the west-side. She was about twenty-seven years old and ostensibly she came to the city to study advanced methods for teaching music.

A certain young man lived in the west-side house with her. His room faced a long hall on the second floor of the house and the one taken by the woman was across the hall facing his room.

In regard to the young man—there is something very sweet in his nature. He is a painter but I have often wished he would decide to become a writer. He tells things with understanding and he does not paint brilliantly.

And so the woman from Iowa lived in the west-side house and came home from the city in the evening. She looked like a thousand other women one sees in the streets every day. The only thing that at all made her stand out among the women in the crowds was that she was a little lame. Her right foot was slightly deformed and she walked with a limp. For three months she lived in the house—where she was the only woman except the landlady—and then a feeling in regard to her began to grow up among the men of the house.

The men all said the same thing concerning her. When they met in the hall-way at the front of the house they stopped, laughed and whispered. "She wants a lover" they said and winked. "She may not know it but a lover is what she needs."

One knowing Chicago and Chicago men would think that an easy want to be satisfied. I laughed when my friend—whose name is LeRoy—told me the story, but he did not laugh. He shook his head. "It wasn't so easy" he said. "There would be no story were the matter that simple."

Le Roy tried to explain. Whenever a man approached her she

became alarmed," he said. "Men kept smiling and speaking to her. They invited her to dinner and to the theatre but nothing would induce her to walk in the streets with a man. She never went into the streets at night. When a man stopped and tried to talk with her in the hallway she turned her eyes to the floor and then ran into her room. Once a young drygoods clerk who lived there induced her to sit with him on the steps before the house.

He was a sentimental fellow and took hold of her hand. When she began to cry he was alarmed and arose. He put a hand on her shoulder and tried to explain but under the touch of his fingers her whole body shook with terror. "Don't touch me," she cried. "Don't let your hands touch me." She began to scream and people passing in the street stopped to listen. The drygoods clerk was alarmed and ran upstairs to his own room. He bolted the door and stood listening. "It is a trick," he declared in a trembling voice. "She is trying to make trouble. I did nothing to her. It was an accident and anyway what is the matter? I only touched her arm with my fingers."

Perhaps a dozen times LeRoy has spoken to me of the experience of the Iowa woman in the west-side house. The men there began to hate her. Although she would have nothing to do with them she would not let them alone. In a hundred ways she continually invited approaches that when made she repelled. When she stood naked in the bathroom facing the hallway where the men passed up and down she left the door slightly ajar. There was a couch in the living room down stairs and when men were present she would sometimes enter and without saying a word throw herself down before them. On the couch she lay with lips drawn slightly apart. Her eyes stared at the ceiling. Her whole physical being seemed to be waiting for something. The sense of her filled the room. The men standing about pretended not to see. They talked loudly. Embarrassment took possession of them and one by one they crept quietly away.

One evening the woman was ordered to leave the house. Someone, perhaps the drygoods clerk, had talked to the landlady and she acted at once. "If you leave tonight I shall like it that much better," LeRoy heard the elder woman's voice saying. She stood in the hallway before the Iowa woman's room. The landlady's voice rang through the house.

LeRoy the painter is tall and lean and his life has been spent in devotion to ideas. The passions of his brain have consumed the passions of his body. His income is small and he has not married. Perhaps he has never had a sweetheart. He is not without physical desire but he is not primarily concerned with desire.

On the evening when the Iowa woman was ordered to leave the west-side house she waited until she thought the landlady had gone downstairs, and then went into LeRoy's room. It was about eight o'clock and he sat by a window reading a book. The woman did not knock but opened the door. She said nothing but ran across the floor and knelt at his feet. LeRoy said that her twisted foot made her run like a wounded bird, that her eyes were burning and that her breath came in little gasps. "Take me," she said, dropping her face down upon his knees and trembling violently. "Take me quick. There must be a beginning to things. I can't stand the waiting. You must take me at once."

You may be quite sure LeRoy was perplexed by all this. From what he has said I gathered that until that evening he had hardly noticed the woman. I suppose that of all the men in the house he had been the most indifferent to her. In the room something happened. The landlady followed the woman when she ran to LeRoy and the two women confronted him. The woman from Iowa knelt trembling and frightened at his feet. The landlady was indignant. LeRoy acted on impulse. An inspiration came to him. Putting his hand on the kneeling woman's shoulder he shook her violently. "Now behave yourself," he said quickly. "I will keep my promise." He turned to the landlady and smiled. "We have been engaged to be married," he said. "We have quarreled. She came here to be near me and to help me decide. She has been unwell and excited. I will take her away. Please don't let yourself be annoyed. I will take her away."

When the woman and LeRoy got out of the house she stopped weeping and put her hand into his. Her fears had all gone away. He found a room for her in another house and then went with her into a park and sat down on a bench.

* * * *

Everything LeRoy has told me concerning this woman strengthens belief in what I said to the Johns Hopkins man that day in the mountains. You cannot venture along the road of lives. On

the bench he and the woman talked until midnight and he saw and talked with her many times later. Nothing came of it. She went back, I suppose, to her place in the West.

In the place from which she had come the woman had been a teacher of music. She was one of four sisters, all engaged in the same sort of work and, Le Roy says, all quiet capable women. Their father had died when the eldest girl was not yet ten, and five years later the mother died also. The girls had a house and a garden.

In the nature of things I cannot know what the lives of the women were like but of this one may be quite sure — they talked only of women's affairs, thought only of women's affairs. No one of them ever had a lover. For years no man came near the house.

Of them all only the younger, the one who came to Chicago, was in any way affected by the utterly feminine quality of their lives. It did something to her. All day and every day she taught music to young girls and then went home to the women. When she was twenty-five she began to think and to dream of men. During the day and through the evening she talked with women of women's affairs, and all the time she wanted desperately to be loved by a man. She went to Chicago with that hope in mind. Le Roy explained her attitude in the matter and her strange behavior in the west-side house by saying she had thought too much and acted too little. "The life force within her became decentralized," he declared. "What she wanted and she could not achieve. The living force within could not find expression. When it could not get expressed in one way it took another. Sex spread itself out over her body. It permeated the very fibre of her being. At the last she was sex personified, sex become condensed and impersonal. Certain words, the touch of a man's hand, sometimes even the sight of a man passing in the street did something to her.

* * * * *

Yesterday I saw LeRoy and he talked to me again of the woman and her strange and terrible fate.

We walked by the lake in the park. As we went along the figure of the woman kept coming into my mind. An idea came to me.

"You might have been her lover," I said. "That was possible. She was not afraid of you."

Le Roy stopped. Like the doctor who was so sure of his ability to walk into lives he grew angry and scolded. For a moment he

stared at me and then a rather odd thing happened. Words said by that other man in the dusty road in the hills came into LeRoy's mouth and were said over again. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of Le Roy's mouth. "How smart we are. How aptly we put things," he said.

The voice of the young man who walked with me in the park by the lake in the city became shrill. I sensed the weariness in him. Then he laughed and said quietly and softly, "It isn't so simple. By being sure of yourself you are in danger of losing all of the romances of life. You miss the whole point. Nothing in life can be settled so definitely. The woman—don't you see—was like a young tree choked by a climbing vine. The thing that wrapped her about had shut out the light. She was as grotesque as many trees in the forest are grotesques. Her problem was such a difficult one that thinking of it has changed the whole current of my life. At first I was like you. I was quite sure. I thought I would be her lover and settle the matter."

Le Roy turned and walked a little away. Then he came back and took hold of my arm. A passionate earnestness took possession of him. His voice trembled. "She needs a lover, yes, the men in the house were quite right about that," he said. "She needed a lover and at the same time a lover was not what she needed. The need of a lover was, after all, a quite secondary thing. She needed to be loved, to be long and quietly and patiently loved. To be sure she is a grotesque, but then all the people in the world are grotesques. We all need to be loved. What would cure her would cure the rest of us also. The disease she had is, you see, universal. We all want to be loved and the world has no plan for creating our lovers."

Le Roy's voice dropped and he walked beside me in silence. We turned away from the lake and walked under trees. I looked closely at him. The cords of his neck were drawn taut. "I have seen under the shell of life and I am afraid", he mused. "I am myself like the woman. I am covered with creeping crawling vine-like things. I cannot be a lover. I am not subtle or patient enough. I am paying old debts. Old thoughts and beliefs—seeds planted by dead men—spring up in my soul and choke me."

For a long time we walked and LeRoy talked voicing the thoughts that came to his mind. I listened in silence. His mind struck upon the refrain voiced by the man in the mountains. "I would like to be

a dead dry thing," he muttered looking at the leaves scattered over the grass. "I would like to be a leaf blown by the wind." He looked up and his eyes turned to where among the trees we could see the lake in the distance. "I am weary and want to be made clean. I am a man covered by creeping crawling things. I would like to be dead and blown by the wind over limitless waters," he said. "I want more than anything else in the world to be clean."

SAPTAM EDOYARDER SVARGABOHAN

সপ্তম এডোয়ার্ডের স্বর্গাবোহন

I. Gonne

WE HAVE been accustomed lately to connect Bengali literature chiefly with lyric poetry and religious prose, perhaps even to the exclusion of more powerful forms. Yet the spirit which produced the Ramayana and the Mahabharata has not passed away from the descendants of Valmiki. Mr. T. P. Jyotishi's poem stands as a triumphant and decisive assertion of this fact.

In this fine work, perhaps the last great epic of our times, the author has not attempted to revive the doings of ancient heroes, nor is the impetuosity of emotion delayed and hindered by a tedious erudition. Yet while dealing with a modern subject he has not forgotten tradition which enobles and makes permanent all great production: so throughout the poem Gods are seen descending on earth as of yore to minister speeches and solace to the mortals.

"The Ascension of Edward VII to Heaven under its title "Saptam Edoyarder Svargabohan", first appeared in Calcutta in 1911 in Bengali with a short prose rendering in English. But this copy, however revealing it may have been to the Indian world, was hardly adequate for the West. The translation, it is true, did its best to render the dramatic value of the piece, and in many passages almost succeeded, but an abbreviated prose translation could not succeed in reproducing the full rich style of the Bengali verses. For instance :

"The Duke and Duchess of Fife seem lifeless" hardly conveys to us the power of the original:

ডিউক্ ফাইফ্ আর ডাচেস্ ফাইফ্ ।
ই হাদের দেহে যেন নাহিক লাইফ ॥

Neither does: "Queen Mary shed tears" compare with

মেরির নয়ন বারি ঝরে দর দর ।

Here and there the rendering is more felicitous as in the lines: "Oh, what is the queen of Heaven's Beauty by the side of the personal charm of England's Queen?" Yet again how poor this appears confronted with:

কে বলে শচীর রূপ এদিক মোহন ।
মুক্তিমতী রূপরাসি পত্নী তব হন ॥
রূপে শুণে তাঁর কাছে নারী নাহি হেরি ।
সাক্ষাৎ পার্ববতী যেন পরম ইন্দরী ॥

Shortly after the publication of this first volume there appeared a verse translation by a Bengali whose name, I regret to say does not figure on the title page. This, besides being a faithful expression of the text, possesses as well literary merits of its own which should have made the author less desirous to preserve his incognito.

It may not be superfluous now to give a short account of the piece as it stands both in the verse and in the prose translation.

The book begins with a song to the glory of Britain:

"Let us sing of her vast literature, of her grand philosophy, of her splendid architecture and of her great musicians."

After this prelude the scene opens in the palace of the God Indra. To the assembled gods he is describing a dream from which he has just awakened. In this dream he had been paying a visit to the King of England: "In that land of men and women simple in appearance, sympathetic in nature, and truly religious". Then follows a talk in which Indra praises the King and his kingdom:

"Boru, the God of the Ocean is now your slave and is never so happy as when he dances with your dreaded Dreadnaughts' on his bosom."

Then he enjoins the King to come with him to Heaven. After a moment of somewhat excusable hesitation, the King accepts.

Here ends the dream of Indra, but just as he has done relating it the air is filled with perfume, "the dancing girls begin their bewitching dance" and Edward the VII enters.

The rest of the action takes place on earth. On his return from Biarritz the King has fallen ill, England is steeped in anxiety: "Ladies in scant coverings and with disordered locks awfully apprehensive of what may happen, with tearful eyes and beating hearts run this way or that, all silent".

The doctors have no reassuring statement to make, they can only puzzle at the disease.

"On the examination of the patient, they

The ailment's not common in a body, say".

Meanwhile the fear and distress of England is past control, a collective, delirium has seized the nation and:

"To slip on clothes some did entire forget.

With carriages following some were met.

With bare feet some were found to run

And entr'ing wrong abodes created a fun.

The Heads of some of gears bereft were seen.

Doctors, barristers, foreign priests were there,

Professors, editors and those that bore the star.

Some in ones and some in twos there came

Members of Parliament of colossal fame."

When the night has come Queen Alexandra leans out of the window and addresses a prayer to the moon, but to no effect. The royal patient gets steadily worse. The queen's grief can only be in part assuaged by the visit of Prithivi, the Earth-Goddess, who having dilated at length on the sins of the different countries, not even excluding "Old Morocco in her disgusting pride," concludes at last that England alone stands spotless, and promises the queen to keep charge of the welfare of the Prince of Wales.

The King has passed away, the news has been proclaimed to the people outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. The crowd

breaks up in despair. "Ladies unmindful of their untrimmed hair run to communicate the news to others of their sex. 'Scholars hurry from school leaving their books behind to inform their parents of the calamity'"

"All children homewards run with weeping eyes
To pour the tale into maternal ears."

The next cantos are filled with rapid events. The new King is proclaimed, the crowned heads of Europe keep arriving to pay their last respects to the corpse.

"Prince Albert the Grand Duke with forehead white
Doth wipe the tears in silence shed in grief.
With whole family Asquith Great surrounds
The Royal corpse with grief visible quite.
By turns into the Chamber black of death
He leads the princes and to them explains
In low and doleful whispers th' state of th' corpse."

The Kaiser also makes his appearance, and the prince of Wales:

"Now sallies forth to meet his guest august
At the railway station in befitting pomp."

At the sight of his dead Uncle the Kaiser gives way to an outburst of grief whose pathos can only be exceeded by that of the Duke of Connaught who rushes in moaning:

"Alas,
Why was I seized with the accursed intent
The unblest Suez Canal to see . . ."

Later on he expresses the same thought in other words: "That infernal canal has sealed my doom"! then faints and has to be carried away.

After the funeral and the funereal banquet England once more assumes its normal look. King George has a dream of his father's celestial pomp and the poem closes on a Hymn to Britannia's greatness.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE NEW AGE" has, in a recent and gracious recognition of us, very greatly misrepresented our "tendency", not by a front attack, but by an exaggerated statement of our aloofness. Let it pass. The careful reader will read both us and our critic and make his own due adjustment.

In this melange of bouquets and brick-bats we make but our minimum acknowledgment to the *New Age* when we indicate the growing prominence of that paper in England. The cause of this advance during the last four years is not far to seek. For several years prior to Armageddon, Mr. A. R. Orage was the sole editor of any London weekly who encouraged mental activity.

On every other weekly, from the hyper-grand-ducal *Saturday*, still clinging to King Charles the martyr and the divine right of ancestry; the arid *Spectator*, "written in London for the provincial and colonial audience"; the *Nation*, chief envoy of the Dublin lower-class to the English suburban back-parlour; to the *New Statesman*, last refuge of doctrinaire committees; the statistic Webbs, the haven of Shaw's worn out theories,—in every one of these papers a set point of view was demanded. To every possible question, for every possible situation in life, art or politics, there was a carefully prepared, "correct", opinion. The writers for these papers knew to a jot just what was the *proper* view in every possible case.

Suddenly hell broke loose, the normal and comfortable conditions of occidental life were suddenly cast into confusion. There were cases for which no ready made answer was available. On none of these antique staffs, or of these staffs suffering from premature senility (as the *New Statesman's*) was there anyone accustomed to form conclusions from external facts. Neither were their editors acquainted with people of "that sort", i.e., people accustomed to think from facts. They were "flummoxed"; for years they had carefully avoided that type of disturbing mind.

Only in the small company of "unorganized", uneven, unsystematized *New Age* writers was there any spark of this curious kind of activity.

Now in the year of grace 1918 let us hearken to G. B. S., to

this amusing, uncultured old satirist, to this old chap who amused us fifteen years ago by his sparkling satiric levity (melange of Ibsen method considerably trivialized), Wilde (of the plays), diluted Nietzsche, to, in brief, G. B. S. who once had in his work no purpose save to amuse, and to incite people to the use of their mental faculties. Truly he has gone under the earth, he has taken up his abode with his forebears, he has entered the inactive, colourless limbo. He now complains that the *New Age* is "a hotch-potch, stimulating thought in general, but not prompting opinion like the *Nation* or the *New Statesman*, nor reflecting it like the *Spectator* . . . "Its freedom is the freedom of the explosive which is not confined to the cannon, spending itself incalculably in all directions."

Poor old Shaw, he was pretty far gone when he had to take up with the Sidney Webbs, but here he exposes the white hairs of his long beard almost with indecency.

Also he is perhaps a little inaccurate: Mr. Orage's notes which are the back-bone of the *New Age*, are anything but a bolshevik chaos, (as Mr. Shaw admits.) Shaw has incorporated himself in committees, and the most illustrative account (personal) of a recent Webbist committee meeting, reported the chairman (female) as follows: "And now we know what to do with the children, and with the mentally deficient, but what *shall* we do with the able-bodied men . . . ?"

That is the sum of these fabian crankist unhumanizing kultur-bunds. Man is a unit to be dealt with via committees. Christ, with his embarrassing question regarding the value of the individual soul, has died in vain, etc.

And Mr. Shaw is out for "forming", no, for "promoting" opinion. His objection to the *New Age* can be boiled down to the complaint that the *New Age* does not insist on all its contributors having an "English public school point of view" (*Spectator*, and *Saturday Review*—this last Eton age 13), or a board school vulgarian mechanico-committee-sub-Cambridge-heretics point of view (*New Statesman*, etc.); that the *New Age* has a cosmopolitan staff, that its oriental notes are done by a man who has lived in the Near East, that its continental notes are done by a continental, that its art notes are not done by a man of the same temperament as its writer on guild socialism, that its notes on Balkan literature are not harmonized with its criticisms of English music, etc., a condition

of things not to be tolerated on any other British weekly publication.

A decided improvement has been noticeable in the *New Age* since the paper became Mr. Orage's exclusive property, and since he has been wholly free in its management.

E. P.

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode V

BY lorries along Sir John Rogerson's quay Mr. Bloom walked soberly, past Windmill lane, Leask's the linseed crusher's, the postal telegraph office. Could have given that address too. And past the sailors' home. He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street. Slack hour: won't be many there. He crossed Townsend street, passed the frowning face of Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth. And past Nichols' the undertaker's. At eleven it is. Time enough. Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged that job for O'Neill's.

In Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company and read the legends of lead-papered packets: choice blend, finest quality, family tea. Rather warm. Tea. Must get some from Tom Kernan. Couldn't ask him at a funeral, though. While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade hat. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.

So warm. His right hand once more more slowly went over his brow and hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves, shaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing

around in the sun, not doing a damn tap all day. Influence of the climate. Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere? Ah, in the dead sea, floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the what. Or is it the volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that. What is weight really when you say the weight? Thirtytwo feet per second per second. Law of falling bodies: per second per second. They all fall to the ground. The earth. It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight.

He turned away and sauntered across the road. As he walked he took the folded *Freeman* from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. Careless air: just drop in to see. Per second per second. Per second for every second it means. From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice. No-one. In.

He handed the card through the brass grill.

—Are there any letters for me? he asked.

While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade: and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper. No answer probably. Went too far last time.

The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter. He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope.

Henry Flower Esq.,
% P. O. Westland Row,
City.

Answered anyhow. He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket, reviewing again the soldiers on parade. Where's old Tweedy's regiment? There: bearskin cap and hackle plume. No, he's a grenadier. Pointed cuffs. There he is: royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats. Too showy. That must be why the women go after them. Take them off O'Connell street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. Griffith's paper is on the same tack now: an army rotten with disease: overseas or halfseasover. Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front!

He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right. Talk: as if that would mend matters. His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks. Women will pay a lot of heed, I don't think. His fingers drew forth the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No.

M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly.

—Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

—Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

—How's the body?

—Well. How are you?

—Just keeping alive, M'Coy said.

His eyes on the black tie and clothes, he asked with low respect.

—Is there any . . . no trouble I hope? I see you're . . .

—O no, Mr. Bloom said. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

—To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

A photo it isn't. A badge maybe.

—E . . eleven, Mr. Bloom answered.

—I must try to get out there, M'Coy said. Eleven, is it? I only heard it last night. Who was telling me? Holohan. You know Hoppy?

—I know.

Mr. Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door of the Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her, searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets.

—I was with Bob Doran, he's on one of his periodical bends, and what do you call him Bantam Lyons. Just down there in Conway's we were.

Doran, Lyons in Conway's. She raised a gloved hand to her hair. In came Hoppy. Having a wet. Drawing back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the bright fawn skin shine in the glare, the braided drums. Talking of one thing or another. Lady's hand. Which side will she get up?

—And he said: *Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy! What Paddy?* I said. *Poor little Paddy Dignam*, he said.

Off to the country: Broadstone probably. High brown boots with laces dangling. Wellturned foot. What is he foostering over that change for?

—*Why?* I said. *What's wrong with him?* I said.

Proud: rich: silk stockings.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head. Getting up in a minute.

—*What's wrong with him?* he said. *He's dead*, he said. And, faith he filled up. *Is it Paddy Dignam?* I said. I couldn't believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in the Arch. *Yes*, he said. *He's gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow.*

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Always happening like that. The very moment.

—Yes, yes, Mr. Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.

—One of the best, M'Coy said.

The tram passed. They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge, her rich gloved hand on the steel grip. Flicker, flicker: the laceflare of her hat in the sun: flicker, flick.

—Wife well I suppose? M'Coy's changed voice said.

—O yes, Mr. Bloom said. Tiptop, thanks.

He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:

What is home without

Plumtree's Potted Meat?

Incomplete.

With it an abode of bliss.

—My missus has just got an engagement. At least it's not settled yet.

Valise tack again. I'm off that, thanks.

Mr. Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness:

—My wife too, he said. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster hall, Belfast, on the twentyfifth.

—That so? M'Coy said. Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up?

Mrs. Marion Bloom. Not up yet. No book. Blackened court

cards laid along her thigh by sevens. Dark lady and fair man. Cat
furry black ball. Torn strip of envelope.

Love's

Old

Sweet

Song

Comes love's old

—It's a kind of a tour, don't you see? Mr. Bloom said thought-
fully. *Sweeet song.* There's a committee formed. Part shares
and part profits.

M'Coy nodded, picking at his moustache stubble.

—O well, he said. That's good news.

He moved to go.

—Well, glad to see you looking fit, he said. Meet you knock-
ing around.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

—Tell you what, M'Coy said. You might put down my name
at the funeral, will you? I'd like to go but I mightn't be able, you
see. You just shove in my name if I'm not there, will you?

—I'll do that, Mr. Bloom said, moving. That'll be all right.

—Right, M'Coy said brightly. Thanks, old man. I'd go if I
possibly could. Well, tolloll. Just C. P. M'Coy will do.

—That will be done, Mr. Bloom answered firmly.

Didn't come off that wheeze.

Mr. Bloom, strolling towards Brunswick street, smiled. My
missus has just got an. Reedy freckled soprano. Nice enough in its
way: for a little ballad. No guts in it. You and me, don't you
know? In the same boat. Give you the needle that would. Can't
he hear the difference? Thought that Belfast would fetch him.
Your wife and my wife.

Wonder is he pimping after me?

Mr. Bloom stood at the corner, his eyes wandering over the
multicoloured hoardings. Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aro-
matic). Clery's summer sale. No, he's going on straight. Hello.
Leah tonight: Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Like to see her in that
again. Poor papa! How he used to talk about Kate Bateman in
that! Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to
get in. Year before I was born that was: sixtyfive. And Ristori
in Vienna. What is this the right name is? By Mosenthal it is.

Rachel, is it? No. The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and puts his fingers on his face.

Nathan's voice! His son's voice! I hear the voice of Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his father and left the God of his father.

Every word is so deep, Leopold.

Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his face. That day! O dear! O dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was the best for him.

Mr. Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping horses of the hazard. No use thinking of it any more. Nosebag time. Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow. He came nearer and heard a crunching of the oats, the gently champing teeth. Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by. Poor jugginses! Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags. Still they get their feed all right and their doss. Gelded too: Might be happy all the same that way. Good poor brutes they look.

He drew the letter from his pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried. Might just walk into her here. The lane is safer.

He hummed, passing the cabman's shelter:

Là ci darem la mano

La la lala la la.

He turned into Cumberland street and, going on some paces, halted in the lee of the station wall. No-one. Meade's timberyard. Ruins and tenements. He opened the letter within the newspaper.

A flower. A yellow flower with flattened petals. Not annoyed then? What does she say?

Dear Henry

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry you did not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish you for that. I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other word. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word. Are you not happy in your home; you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you. Please

tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not write. O how I long to meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Goodbye now, naughty darling. I have such a bad headache today and write soon to your longing

Martha

P. S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to know.

He tore the flower gravely from its pinhold and placed it in his heart pocket. Then, walking slowly forward, he read the letter again, murmuring here and there a word. Having read it all he took it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket.

Weak joy opened his lips. Changed since the first letter. Doing the indignant: a girl of good family like me, respectable character. Could meet one Sunday after mass. Thank you: not having any. Go further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words of course. Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time.

Fingering still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it. Common pin, eh? He threw it on the road. Out of her clothes somewhere: pinned together. Queer the number of pins they always have.

Flat Dublin voices bawled in his head. Those two sluts that night in the Coombe, linked together in the rain:

Mairy lost the pin of her drawers

She didn't know what to do

To keep it up

To keep it up

It? Them. Such a bad headache. What perfume does your wife use? Now could you make out a thing like that?

To keep it up.

Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now.

He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious. Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen.

To keep it up.

Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there: quiet dusk: let everything rip. Tell about places you have been, strange customs. The other one was getting the supper: fruit, olives, lovely cool water out of the well, things like that. She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter then all sank.

Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter.

What am I saying, barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same.

An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wide-leaved flowers of its froth.

He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar.

Same notice on the door. Sermon by the Very Reverend John Conmee S. J. on saint Peter Claver S. G. and the African mission. Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. He's not going out to baptise blacks, is he? Like to see them sitting round in a circle, listening. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. ,

The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rear.

Something going on: some sodality. Women knelt in the

benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it neatly into her mouth. Her hat and head sank. Then the next one: a small old woman. The priest bent down to put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin. The next one. What? *Corpus*. Body. Corpse. They don't seem to chew it: only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse.

He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. They were about him here and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it's that sort of bread: unleavened bread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of heavenly feel inside. Then feel all like one family, all in the same swim. They do. I'm sure of that. Not so lonely. Thing is if you really believe in it.

He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had on. Letters on his back: I. H. S. Molly told me one time I askd her. I have sinnd: or no: I have suffered it is.

Meet one Sunday after mass. Do not deny my request. She might be here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on the sly. Their character. That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the invincibles he used to receive the—, Carey was his name—the communion every morning. This very church. Peter Carey. No, Peter Claver I am thinking of. Denis Carey. And just imagine that. And plotting that murder all the time. Those crawthumpers, now that's a good name for them, there's always something shiftylooking about them. They're not straight men of business either. O no she's not here: the flower: no, no. By the way did I tear up that envelope? Yes: under the bridge.

The priest was rinsing out the chalice: then he tossed off the dregs smartly. Doesn't give them any of the wine: only the other. Quite right: otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than an-

other coming along, cadging for a drink. Spoil the whole atmosphere of the. Quite right. Perfectly right that is.

Mr. Bloom looked back towards the choir. Not going to be any music. Pity. Who has the organ here I wonder? Old Glynn, he knew how to make that instrument talk, the *vibrato*: fifty pounds a year they say he had in Gardiner street. Molly was in fine voice that day, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. I told her to pitch her voice against that corner. I could feel the thrill in the air, the people looking up:

Quis est homo

Some of that old sacred music splendid. Mercadante: seven last words. Mozart's twelfth mass: *Gloria* in that. Those old popes keen on music, on art and statues and pictures of all kinds. Palestrina for example too. They had a gay old time while it lasted. Still, having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick. What kind of voice is it? Must be curious to hear. Connoisseurs. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall into flesh don't they? Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it.

He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the people. All crossed themselves and stood up. Mr. Bloom glanced about him and then stood up, looking over the risen hats. Stand up at the gospel of course. Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his bench. The priest came down from the altar, holding the thing out from him, and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin. Then the priest knelt down and began to read off a card:

O God, our refuge and our strength,

Mr. Bloom put his face forward to catch the words. Glorious and immaculate virgin. Joseph her spouse. Peter and Paul. More interesting if you understood what it was all about. Wonderful organization certainly, goes like clockwork. Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome: they work the whole show. And don't they rake in the money too? Bequests also: to say so many masses. The priest in the Fermanagh will case in the witnessbox. No browbeating him. He had his answer pat for everything. Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church. The doctors of the church: they mapped out the whole theology of it.

The priest prayed:

—*Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil (may God restrain him we humbly pray): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.*

The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off. All over. The women remained behind: thanksgiving.

Better be shoving along.

He stood up. Hello. Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time? He passed, discreetly buttoning, down the aisle and out through the main door into the light. Trams: a car of Prescott's dyeworks: a widow in her weeds. He covered himself. How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion made up. Where is this? Ah yes, the last time, Sweny's in Lincoln place.

He walked southward along Westland row. But the recipe is in the other trousers. O, and I forgot that latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair. O well, poor fellow, it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up last? Wait. I changed a sovereign I remember. First of the month it must have been or the second. O he can look it up in the prescriptions book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have. Living all the day among herbs and ointments. The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Want to be careful. Enough stuff here to send you off.

—About a fortnight ago, sir?

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling the keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges.

—Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr. Bloom said, and then orangeflower water . . .

It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax.

—And whitewax also, he said.

Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs. Those home-ly recipes are often the best: oatmeal they say steeped in butter-milk. But you want a perfume too. That orangeflower water is so fresh. Nice smell these soaps have. Time to get a bath round

the corner. Feel fresh then all day. Funeral be rather glum.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. That was two and nine. Have you brought a bottle?

—No, Mr. Bloom said. Make it up, please. I'll call later in the day and I'll take one of those soaps. How much are they?

—Fourpence, sir.

Mr. Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax.

—I'll take this one, he said. That makes three and a penny.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay all together, sir, when you come back.

—Good, Mr. Bloom said.

He strolled out of the shop, the newspaper baton under his armpit, the cool wrapped soap in his left hand.

At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said:

—Hello, Bloom. Is that today's? Show us a minute.

Shaved off his moustache again, by Jove! Long cold upper lip. To look younger. He does look balmy.

Bantam Lyons' yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton. Wants a wash too.

I want to see about that French horse that's running today, Bantam Lyons' said.

He rustled the pleated pages, jerking his chin on his high collar. Better leave him the paper and get shut of him.

—You can keep it, Mr. Bloom said.

—Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Maximum the second.

—I was just going to throw it away, Mr. Bloom said.

Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.

—What's that? his sharp voice said.

—I say you can keep it, Mr. Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away that moment.

Bantam Lyons doubted an instant, leering: then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr. Bloom's arms.

—I'll risk it, he said. Here, thanks.

He sped off towards Conway's corner.

Mr. Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square and lodged

the soap on it, smiling. Silly lips of that chap. He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths. Remind you of a mosque, redbaked bricks, the minarets. College sports today I see. He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of the college park: cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big: college. Something to catch the eye.

There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge. Keep him on hands: might take a turn in there on the nod. How do you do, Mr. Hornblower? How do you do, sir?

Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which in the stream of life we trace is dearer thaaan them all.

Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid stream. He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow.

(to be continued)

WOMEN AND MEN

Ford Madox Hueffer

V.

Average People

I HAVE a friend whom I will call T. T went to Rugby and Oxford. He ate his dinners at the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar and he at once had a brief for a mining company of which one of his uncles was the chairman of directors. Just after this—when T was twenty-five—he came in for six thousand a year. From that day to this he has never done anything. Nothing. Nothing at all. I meet him from time to time at my club and for some reason or other I like him very well and he likes me. He tells me a good deal about racing. And this is the mode of his regular life.

He is forty-one—and a bachelor. He has an immense house in Palace Gardens, Kensington. The house contains thirty rooms and T has six servants. The house is an inheritance from his uncle which T has never taken the trouble to get rid of. The six servants are needed in order to keep it tidy. The only one of them that T ever sees is his "man". He rises from his bed every morning at 8:30. Over his bath and his dressing he spends exactly an hour—breakfasting at 9:30. Over his breakfast and the *Morning Post* he spends exactly an hour, finishing at 10:30. Half an hour he spends with his "man", discussing what he will have for dinner, what tie he will put on with what suit; or, if he wants any new clothes, which he does very frequently, he discusses what is being worn by various gentlemen whom his "man" has seen. At 11 he puts on the suit and the tie that his "man" has sanctioned and laid out in his dressing room. At 11:30 he walks across Kensington Gardens and into the Row where he strolls, leans on the railings and talks to various riders or sits upon a penny chair. This lasts him until a quarter to one. A quarter of an hour takes him to his club in the neighbourhood of King Street, St. James's. At his club he sits for half an hour in a deep arm chair reposing both his soul and his body. This is for the good of his digestion for he knows that it is unhealthy to eat immediately after having taken exercise. After lunch, which consists of a soup, a meat and cheese or apple tart, washed down with either barley water or very weak whisky and vichy—which is excellent against the gout,—after lunch he sits until 3:30 in the same deep arm chair. At 3:30 he strolls a little farther eastward where he finds an institution which keeps one's health in order by means of various exercises with dumb bells. Here he exercises himself for an hour, wearing practically no clothes and standing before the open window for the benefit of the fresh air. Dressing himself occupies him for half an hour. At five o'clock he takes a cup of tea and one slice of buttered toast. At half past five he walks to the Bath Club. Here he takes a Turkish bath with a plunge afterwards into the swimming bath. This occupies one hour and a half. At seven o'clock he takes a taxi cab and goes home, arriving there at 7:15. Three quarters of an hour he devotes to dressing for dinner. At eight o'clock he dines, always alone because conversation is unhealthy during serious meals. By nine o'clock he

has finished dinner. From nine until ten he takes a nap, being awakened as the hour strikes by his "man". From ten to eleven he reads the evening papers. At eleven o'clock he goes to bed. And he tells me that he falls asleep the moment his head touches the pillow and that he sleeps the dreamless sleep of infants and of the pure in heart, until eight o'clock when his "man" wakes him up with a cup of tea and the first post. So the ideal day of this ideal average man runs its appointed course. And it is a positive fact that my friend once uttered these words. He said:

"My dear chap. How could you pass your day better? Tell me how? I once read a hymn and it struck me so much that I copied it out." And Mr. T produced a little note book from which amazingly he read out the words:

"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky.
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night
For thou, with all they sweets, must die"

"That," Mr. T said, "exactly reminds me of my days. Of course I shall die one day and if it isn't wrong to say so I hope to go to Heaven for I have never done any harm in my life. I behave always I hope like an English gentleman and I look carefully after my health which is cherishing the image of Himself that God has given me." Mr. T was speaking in a tone of the deepest seriousness. And indeed he really had cherished in himself the image of his Maker. His gentle walks, his sobriety in both eating and drinking, his careful avoidance of all disturbing emotions, his daily health exercises, his naps and his Turkish baths—all these things really had made him a perfect man of forty-one in the very pink of health. The flesh of his cheeks was vivid and firm, his eyes were clear and blue, his hair crisp, blond and in excellent condition. His walk was springy, his back erect and he was beautifully and unobtrusively dressed. So perhaps this is the average man Let us now turn to the average woman.

About fifteen years ago I wanted some mushroom catsup. It was in a scattered, little-populated village of the South of England. The village stood on what had formerly been common land, running all down the side of a range of hills. But this common had been long since squatted on, so that it was a maze of little hawthorn hedges

surrounding little closes. Each close had a few old apple or cherry trees, a patch of potato ground, a cabbage patch, a few rows of scarlet runners, a few plants of monthly roses, a few plants of marjoram fennel, borage or thyme. And in each little patch there stood a small dwelling. Mostly these were the original squatters' huts built of mud, white washed outside and crowned with old thatched roofs on which there grew grasses, house-leeks or even irises. There were a great many of these little houses beneath the September sunshine and it was all a maze of the small green hedges.

I had been up to the shop in search of my catsup, but though they sold everything from boots and straw hats to darning needles, bacon, haricot beans, oatmeal and British wines they had no catsup. I was wandering desultorily homewards among the small hedges down hill, looking at the distant sea, seven miles away over the marsh. Just beyond a little hedge I saw a woman digging potatoes in the dry hot ground. She looked up as I passed and said:

"Hullo, Measter!"

I answered: "Hullo, Missus!" and I was passing on when it occurred to me to ask her whether she knew anyone who sold catsup. She answered:

"Naw! Aw doan't know no one!"

I walked on a little farther and then sat down on a stile for half an hour or so, enjoying the pleasant weather and taking a read in the country paper which I had bought in the shop. Then I saw the large, stalwart old woman coming along the stony path carrying two great trugs of the potatoes that she had dug up. I had to get down from the stile to let her pass. And then seeing that she was going my way, that she was evidently oldish and was probably tired, I took the potato trugs from her and carried them. She strode along in front of me between the hedges. She wore an immense pair of men's hob-nailed boots that dragged along the stones of the causeway with metallic sounds. She wore an immense shawl of wool that had been beaten by the weather until it was of a dull liver colour, an immense skirt that had once been of lilac cotton print, but was now a rusty brown, and an immense straw hat that had been given to her by some one as being worn out and that had cost two pence when it was new. Her face was as large, as round and as much the same colour as a copper warming pan. Her

mouth was immense and quite toothless except for one large fang and as she smiled cheerfully all the time, her great gums were always to be seen. Her shoulders were immense and moved with the roll and heave of those of a great bullock. This was the wisest and upon the whole the most estimable human being that I ever knew at all well. Her hands were enormous and stained a deep blackish green over their original copper colour by the hops that it was her profession to tie.

As we walked along she told me that she was exactly the same age as our Queen who was then just seventy. She told me also that she wasn't of those parts but was a Paddock Wood woman by birth, which meant that she came from the true hop country. She told me also that her husband had died fifteen years before of the sting of a viper, that his poor old leg went all like green jelly up to his thigh before he died and that he had been the best basket maker in all Kent. She also told me that we can't all have everything and that the only thing to do is to "keep all on gooiing".

I delivered up her trugs to her at her garden gate and she said to me with a cheerful nod:

"Well I'll do the same for you, mate, when you come to be my age", and, with this witticism she shambled over the rough stone of her garden path and into her dark door beneath the low thatch, that was two yards thick. Her cottage was more dilapidated than any that I have ever seen in my life. It stood in a very long narrow triangle of ground, so that the hedge that I walked along must have been at least eighty yards in length, while at its broadest part the potato patch could not have measured twenty spade breadths. But before I was come to the end of the hedge her voice was calling out after me:

"Measter! Dun yo really want ketchup?"

I replied that I really did.

She said:

"Old Meary Spratt up by Hungry Hall wheer ye see me diggin'—she makes ketchup."

I asked her why she had not told me before and she answered:

"Well, ye see the Quality do be asking foolish questions. I thought ye didn't really want to know."

But, indeed, as I learnt afterwards it wasn't only the dislike of

being asked foolish questions. In Meary Walker's long, wise life she had experienced one thing—that no man with a collar and a tie is to be trusted. She had had it vaguely in her mind that, when I asked the question, I might be some sort of excise officer trying to find out where illicit distilling was carried on. She didn't know that the making of catsup was not illegal. She had heard that many of her poor neighbours had been fined heavily for selling bottles of home-made sloe-gin or mead. She had refused to answer, out of a sense of automatic caution for fear she should get poor old Meary Spratt into trouble.

But next morning she turned up at my cottage carrying two bottles of Meary Spratt's catsup in an old basket covered with a cloth. And after that, seeing her rather often at the shop on Saturday nights when all the world came to buy its Sunday provisions and, because she came in to heat the bake oven with faggots once a week, and to do the washing—in that isolated neighbourhood, among the deep woods of the Weald, I got to know her as well as I ever knew anybody. This is her biography:

(to be continued)

C o o p e r a t i o n

(A Note on the volume completed)

E. P.

I see no reason for diffidence regarding the fourth volume of the *Little Review*, and the first volume of the present effort.

We have published some of Mr. Yeats' best poems, poems as obviously destined for perpetuity as are those in his "Wind Among the Reeds"; we have begun publishing Hueffer and Joyce; if we have not published "Tarr" it is only because "Tarr" was already in process, and we have published whatever else of Wyndham Lewis's work has been ready. We have published the small bulk of Mr. Eliot's poetry that has been written during the current year. And we have brought out a French number which may serve as a paradigm for the rest of America's periodicals.

The response has been oligarchic. The plain man in his gum overshoes,

with his touching belief in W. J. Bryan, Eddie Bok, etc., is not with us. There are apparently a few dozen people who want, with vigour, a magazine which can be read by men of some education and of some mental alertness; there are a few hundred more people who want this thing with less vigour; or who have at their disposal fewer "resources".

My net value to the concern appears to be about \$2350; of which over \$2000 does not "accrue" to the protagonist. It might be argued with some subtlety that I make the limited public an annual present of that sum, for the privilege of giving them what they do not much want, and for, let us say, forcing upon them a certain amount of literature, and a certain amount of enlightened criticism.

This donation I have willingly made, and will as willingly repeat, *but* I can not be expected to keep it up for an indefinite period.

"Et les vers cherchent le repos".

I have done my French number, I find it necessary to do most of the Henry James number myself; I will willingly do a Remy DeGourmont number, and even a Spanish number if the available material proves worth the trouble, but I can not indefinitely do the work that is performed on the *Mercur* by a whole staff of rubricists. (A condensation of this sort of hundred-eyed labour is no saving of energy for the condenser).

Creation is a very slow process. It is possible, by doing a certain amount of well-paid but unimportant work, for me to buy leisure sufficient for whatever creative processes are possible to me. It is not possible for me to add to that dual existence a third function. Leaving polysyllables, either the editing of the foreign section of the *Little Review* has got to pay my board and rent, etc., and leave me sufficient leisure for my own compositions, or I have got to spend my half time on something more lucrative.

It is bad economy for me to spend a morning tying up stray copies of the *Little Review* for posting, or in answering queries as to why last month's number hasn't arrived. This function could be carried on by a deputy, almost by an infant.

It is not that I desire to "get" such a lot of it (£s.d) as that I decline to have my own work (such as it is) smothered by executive functions. And unless said functions can relieve me of the necessity of writing ephemeral stuff for other papers I shall be compelled to "relinquish them".

Or, still more baldly, I can not write six sorts of journalism four days a week, edit the *Little Review* three days a week, and continue my career as an author.

There are plenty of voices ready with the quite obvious reply that: no body wants me to continue my hideous career as either author, editor, or journalist. I can, in imagination, hear the poluploisbious twitter of rural requests for my silence and extinction. This rumble is however exaggerated there are several score, perhaps even several hundred (certainly not a full thousand, but perhaps several hundred) people who would rather I wrote few good poems than a great fatras of newspaper or periodical comment, and these few score or few hundred are (with my own feelings included) the only people for whom I care three fourths of a tinker's curse.

(Add to the verse, perhaps, a little prose, perhaps imaginative, which might regard as literature, not merely as disputation, didacticism, higher instruction, post-graduate lecturing, acting as battistrada for new artists and writers, etc.)

So that, roughly speaking, either the *Little Review* will have to provide me with the necessities of life and a reasonable amount of leisure, by May 1st 1919, or I shall have to apply my energies elsewhere.

De Goncourt

I am tired of rewriting the arguments for the realist novel; besides there is nothing to add. The Brothers de Goncourt said the thing once and for all, but despite the lapse of time their work is still insufficiently known to the American reader. The programme in the preface to *Germinie Lacerteux* states the case and the whole case for realism; one can not improve the statement. I therefore give it entire, ad majoram Dei gloriam.

E. P.

PRÉFACE

De la première édition

Il nous faut demander pardon au public de lui donner ce livre, et l'avertir de ce qu'il y trouvera.

Le public aime les romans faux: ce roman est un roman vrai.

Il aime les livres qui font semblant d'aller dans le monde: ce livre vient de la rue.

Il aime les petites oeuvres polissonnes, les mémoires de filles, les confessions d'alcôves, les saletés érotiques, le scandale qui se retrousse dans une image au-devantures des libraires, ce qu'il va lire est sévère et pur. Qu'il ne s'attende point à la photographie décolletée du plaisir: l'étude qui suit est la clinique de l'Amour.

Le public aime encore les lectures anodines et consolantes, les aventures qui finissent bien, les imaginations qui ne dérangent ni sa digestion ni sa sérénité: ce livre, avec sa triste et violente distraction, est fait pour contrarier ses habitudes et nuire à son hygiène.

Pourquoi donc l'avons-nous écrit? Est-ce simplement pour choquer le public et scandaliser ses goûts?

Non.

Vivant au dix-neuvième siècle, dans un temps de suffrage universel, de démocratie, de libéralisme, nous nous sommes demandé si ce qu'on appelle les basses classes" n'avait pas droit au roman; si ce monde sous un monde, ce peuple, devait rester sous le coup de l'interdit littéraire et des dédains d'auteurs qui ont fait jusqu'ici le silence sur l'âme et le coeur qu'il peut avoir. Nous nous sommes demandé s'il y avait encore, pour l'écrivain et pour le lecteur, en ces années d'égalité où nous sommes, des classes indignes, des malheurs trop bas, des drames trop mal embouchés, des catastrophes d'une terreur trop noble. Il nous est venu la curiosité de savoir si cette forme conventionnelle d'une littérature oubliée et d'une société disparue, la Tragédie était définitivement morte; si, dans un pas sans caste et sans aristocratie légale, les misères des petits et des pauvres parleraient à l'intérêt, à l'émotion, à la pitié aussi haut que les misères des grands et des riches; si, en un mot, les larmes qu'on pleure en bas pourraient faire pleurer comme celles qu'on pleure en haut.

Ces pensées nous avaient fait oser l'humble roman de *Soeur Philomène*, en 1861; elles nous font publier aujourd'hui *Germinie Lacerteux*.

Maintenant, que ce livre soit calomnié: peu lui importe. Aujourd'hui le Roman s'élargit et grandit, qu'il commence à être la grande forme sérieuse, passionnée, vivante, de l'étude littéraire et de l'enquête sociale, qu'il vient, par l'analyse et par la recherche psychologique, l'Histoire morale contemporaine, aujourd'hui que le Roman s'est imposé les études et les devoirs de science, il peut en revendiquer les libertés et les franchises. Et qu'il cherche l'Art et la Vérité; qu'il montre des misères bonnes à ne pas laisser oublier aux heureux de Paris; qu'il fasse voir aux gens du monde ce que les dames de charité ont le courage de voir, ce que les reines d'autrefois faisaient toucher de près à leurs enfants dans les hospices: la souffrance humaine, présente et toute vive, qui apprend la charité; que le Roman ait cette religion que le siècle méprisait de ce large et vaste nom: *Humanité*; il lui suffit de cette conscience: son droit est là.

E. et J. de G.

*Errata:**In the March number:*

Page 57. The words scenery and description should be separated by comma. I have never in my life written the phrase "scenery description nature."—*E. P.*

In the May number:

Page 21. Second strophe should end:

With frost and hail at night

Suffers despite

'Till the sun come, and the green leaf on the bough.

Etc., etc., etc.

The Recurrence

"AINT no sech animal" said Silas on first beholding an elephant.

In our day the literary hecker thinks he has finally dismissed a thing when he has called it a "gargoyle".

K. L.

THE READER CRITIC

In which it is left to us!

T. D. O'B., Philadelphia:

If the artist "has no concern with audiences" why publish his work? and why do the magazines that publish this transcendent art push as hard as "the vulgar sort" for sales? (See pages 61 and 64 of your June issue.) There is an inconsistency here that my mind — a fairly elastic one — cannot agree with. Perhaps you will be more successful with it if you will be so good as to attack it. Of course there is the explanation of the overflowing of the desire — but I leave it to you.

[Sometimes I grow a bit weary of these kindergarten questions by people who have failed to read before asking. My remarks were about the artist and his creation, not about economics: the man and his bread. All I can say to people insisting on the great audience idea is to try this "to-have-great-poetry-we-must-have-great-audiences" test on other forms of creation, — physical creation, for instance.

To have great audiences an art magazine must have a great sales department. *The Little Review* has no sales department — yet? — *jh.*]

Szukalski's Drawings

From Chicago :

The June *Little Review* has just arrived. Never have I seen such drawings. My heart actually began to beat faster when I saw them. Frankly, the rest of the magazine should have been blank. Everything else in it appears pallid beside those furious sketches. Da Vinci come to life. The lines are full of energy, they move across the page : they make channels for themselves on the paper. Magnificent! Wonderful!

["Never have I seen such drawings" and then "Da Vinci come to life." I suppose this has meaning? Another reader writes "Here is a new Beardsley." Loose thinking and loose comparisons of this kind damn what they intend to praise and show up an ignorance of both sides.

A line in drawing is the path of an emotion, not the boundary of an object. In this sense Szukalski has no line: neither is he concerned with line as design. His drawings are the energetic illustration of ideas, not the expression of emotions.—*jh.*]

On the American Number: Comment A

David Diamondstein, Brooklyn, N. Y. :

Dear "jh" : Your "American" number is simply superb. The drawings by Szukalski and the "Man of Ideas" by Sherwood Anderson are excellent. Anderson is truly an American writer. It is too bad that you should have wasted valuable space for Kreymborg and all his "burgs"; also for Amy Lowell. Why do you not include Walter Prichard Eaton among your American writers? He is a poet in the best sense.

While there is great promise in some of the younger set, nevertheless we must not overestimate some of their mediocre brayings.

Comment, plus.

X. T. :

After reading the American number one instantly contrasts it with the work of Englishmen in the preceding issues. And what a disparity! Endlessness of Hecht's desolate adjectives, the silliness of Kreymborg, Amy Lowell the female poet, the endeavors of Williams to create a stir, the Rollo Peters stage scenery of Wallace Stevens. Reiss alone showed the roots of something. But give us more of Lewis, Lewis, Wyndham Lewis, and Eliot! And what happened to Jessie Dismorr? Cut out the American stuff, please!

A "humorous" comment.

Morris Riesen, New York City :

Your American number is very nondescript. Highlights mixed with the wierdest sort of rubbish. I wonder if you conceived the number because you knew it would be a humorous answer to those who criticise you "for printing too much foreign stuff"? T. S. Eliot makes a writer like Stevens look like a school-girl straining for originality.

From the Clergy

We are always open to communications from the clergy, and, besides, the single epistle often reveals more of moeurs contemporaines than will a voluminous novel. The following is in our forwarded bag. Compare it with our last from the vicarage.— *E. P.*

Presbyterian Church :

For practical me to assume the role of critic of the work of T. S. Eliot after reading the hearty endorsement, is presumptuous indeed. But since you have asked me to report the impression made upon me as I read,—just a word. In reading the review I was impressed with the power of the reviewer rather than of the reviewed.

The chair car being filled on my journey home, I was given temporary place in the drawing room, alone. There I read aloud and thus reading caught the cadence of the verse without the stilted monotony of the more regular verse. But that was many, many times rudely jarred by the language of the common place—yes, even the crude—and the metaphors impossible.

I presume the effort is to present the real—but there always is to me realism into which poetry should not enter—the poet has always given me the soul of things and used externals but to suggest the finer things which lie within. Of course Mr. Eliot by his abrupt boldness does give a true presentation but I would rather that he who handles prose found that his mission rather than the poet with his sensibilities keyed to the spiritual values.

This is an age of revolt, I know—in government, socialism and anarchy—in art, the cubist—in society, the libertine—the extreme of the pendulum; but when applied to poetry it seems like the mailed fist of kultur rather than the tapering fingers of culture.

Who would think that I should thus have attempted an expression of thought which I seem so unable to suggest. I know Mrs. T. will say that one who has not yet traced the first faint glimmerings of the cubist's art cannot comprehend the work that you have presented to me, but when you have read the book which I am returning by mail under separate cover, it would be of keen interest to me to know how you are impressed.

[In the third paragraph our friend the clergyman seems to confuse Mr. Eliots' profession with his own. A creative poet starts several cuts above the preacher.—*jh.*]

"Comment" by one commented upon.

Max Michelson, Chicago :

On the whole I agree with the editor about the June issue. Wallace Stevens' group has charm, but is somewhat romantic. I mean the charm is due to a romantic sort of exaggeration. It is not unlike the Georgian Anthology; though modernized. Or, it is tired Chinese—if that has any meaning to you—which the mood cannot condone. Williams is a sound satire, but seems to lack firmness; but this opinion may be due to the irritation on reading your comment on Michelson's work, and is perhaps unfair. In Michelson's "Tramp Woman" the "ghost" and even the "soul business", are of course played out; but the poem has economy, boldness and directness—the lines you picked out have most of these two latter qualities. "Dans l'eau"—written about five years ago under the influence of Gautier, perhaps the White Symphony—may lack delicacy but has soundness; and, please remember that there are about half a million delicate and intense and super-intense poems written every two years, but few sound ones. And these few are the only ones that matter—and last.

In your list of American poets you have left out Bodenheim, Sanborne, and Evans the patagonian who, if he would get on to what poetry is, would be able to write poetry.

I like the personal tone of your magazine. We are living men and women—even if we write or edit—and why hide it?

The Layman speaks—!!

Rex Hunter, Chicago :

The June number of the Little Review seems to me to be the best yet. It makes a wider appeal. Of course I don't mean that it will reach the multi-

tude—no good stuff does that—but that it will please people who are tired of the commercialized hoakum in the average magazine and are honestly desirous of getting something better, yet who are dismayed by the printing of almost an entire number in French.

Ben Hecht's study is very rhythmic and delightfully decadent, with a sort of Huysmans quality—the same hatred of mediocrity. The story contributed by Sherwood Anderson has the richness, like the richness of newly turned loam, that is found in all his work. Stanislaw Szukalski has a vision which reaches into heaven and hell and tells us their secrets. Like Beardsley, his soul wanders darkly in a mysterious rose garden full of monstrous roses. The impressionistic prose of James Joyce begins to be a bit bewildering, even to those who believe that he is on the right track. Esther Kohen's contribution is promising.

Congratulations to "jh" on the June number.

At the Elite

(Written after reading Wyndham Lewis's
"Ideal Giant")

The raspberry cream melts, dragging down to the roots of my tongue the savor of false violets.

In my left hand I hold a copy of the *Review* high over the mound of pink lather in the silver cup. My eyes catch the falling print, and the savor of Wyndham Lewis melts down to the roots of my brain. As I read there is a slight arresting contraction of the nerves under the stomach caused by the fear that They are watching lest I dash out the door without paying.

There is a hush over the room, the hush of many frosted cakes waiting for appetites. Most people are at home. This is not home. It is more peaceful.

There is also the hush of your absent presence, the fluent curves of your tenderness, which the air, this chair, and I, remember.

Robert Sanborne.

Literally speaking—

Miss Puteklis, Cambridge, Mass. :

Oh, dear !

Enclosed you will find payment for a year's subscription. I send this, because I like the *Little Review*, but because I have a hope that it will turn to its earlier "revolutionary track". To praise its present characteristics is possible only to so polite a lady as Alice Groff of Philadelphia. She seems to look at everything through rose colored spectacles, whether it be the *Little Review* and *Guide*, which deserves her encomiums, or whether it be the *Little Review* which, in my opinion, does not.

Why? Because, to use Margaret Anderson's phraseology, it is full of "rotten stuff"; sometimes it is so ugly that one can not read it through but must put it away in disgust. Since the historic episode of the Empty Pages, the *Little Review* is flourishing only decadent blunderings under the magical wand of the grand dervish, Mr. Ezra Pound. The fact is that most of the writings are lacking aesthetically, poetically, and philosophically. From the psychological point of view, one sees in the articles the sad picture, which is like red thread on white cloth, of the miserable personalities of their authors. Too much they mention themselves. For instance, Mr. Ezra Pound, who likes also to show how many languages he knows, speaks in his poem as follows: "—and said, 'Mr. Pound is shocked at my levity.' " This visiting card shows no manifestation of high poetic power. Many times he pictures as facts the hallucinations of his fancy, as when he rhapsodizes over a nightingale. To justify his rhyme he thinks he must mention the sweetest of all songsters. In so doing he over-compliments the little bird when he states:

"When the nightingale to his mate
Sings day-long and night late."

If Ezra Pound had ever with his own ears heard a nightingale, he would have to admit that the bird sings to his mate only at night during the short singing period. Whether he mistook an English sparrow for a nightingale I know not; the fact remains that the poet does not know when the nightingale sings.

The "Imaginary Letters" show too poor imagination. The author tries to be clever but his attempts are too painfully evident. What can the *Little Review* see to admire in the writer's calling his wife, openly, an adulteress? Does he think such a remark a joke or does he imagine that he has discovered a new word before unknown to man?

There is much pseudo-brilliant, but really dull, material. However, let us pass, if Margaret Anderson is satisfied with things as they are.

[I have heard the most literal-minded, undifferentiated men say "I live a whole life-time in those few minutes".

"The fact remains that the poet does not know when the nightingale sings. It is neither necessary nor interesting for a poet to know these facts. The glory of reason is limited by the possibilities of the human mechanism. Emotion—art emotion—creates its own realities.—*jh.*]

"I have not read much in this number—"

Frank Stuhlman, Vernon, N. Y. :

Dear Editor, how could you!! Turn the beautiful *Little Review*, that once bid fair to be one of the finest publications in America, into a thing of freaks and fakes, of posturists and squeaking egoists!!

The much bepraised Joyce's "Ulysses" is punk, Lewis' "Imaginary Letters" is punkier and Ezra Pound is punkiest. You may transpose the names and the values will fit just as well. I cannot see that the drivel that passes for conversation in the Joyce atrocity is improved by the omission of quotation marks. Joyce's pleasing habit of throwing chunks of filth into the midst of incoherent maunderings is not at all interesting and rather disgusting. Why the *Little Review* should waste good paper on the Lewis Letters is a mystery. I am sure no one wants to read them. Not even the enthusiastic lady from Cass and the classic "Ocumseh Literary Circle." As for Ezra Pound, I never read but one poem of his that was worth while and that is "The Goodly Frère," a really fine ballad in middle age spirit.

No freak magazine can hold an audience long. It depends upon shock, taste and convention for its success. And it is always overdone. It shrieks. The defiance to Mrs. Grundy soon manifests itself in just coarseness or weariness. It wearies the reader in a little while for in spite of its professions there is a note of insincerity in the whole performance that does not make for permanence. It is not the work of real people, only grinning masks and posturing mouth banks.

Why don't you fire Ezra Pound, Joyce and Co., and write in some of yourself? You did splendid work in the early numbers before the hegira to San Francisco, from which date decadence commenced.

I have not read much in the number but it looks somewhat more favorable than the last two or three issues. Amy Lowell is always good. What you need is a literary adviser.

I read with much interest the little notes telling of the personal appearances of the contributors of the *Little Review*.

Joyce and Ethics

Hart Crane, Cleveland, Ohio :

The Los Angeles critic who commented on Joyce in the last issue was adequately answered, I realize,—but the temptation to emphasize such illiteracy, indiscrimination, and poverty still pulls a little too strongly for resistance.

I noticed that Wilde, Baudelaire and Swinburne are "stacked up" beside Joyce as rivals in "decadence" and "intellect". I am not yet aware that Swinburne ever possessed much beyond his "art ears", although these were long enough, and adequate to all his beautiful, though often meaningless mouthings. His instability in criticism and every form of literature that did not depend almost exclusively on sound for effect, and his irrelevant metaphors are notorious. And as to Wilde,—after his bundle of paradoxes has been sorted and conned,—very little evidence of intellect remains. "Decadence" is something much talked about, and sufficiently misconstrued to arouse interest in the works of any fool. Any change in form, viewpoint or mannerism can be so abused by the offending party. Sterility is the only "decadence" I recognize. An abortion in art takes the same place as it does in society,—it deserves no recognition whatever,—it is simply outside. A piece of work is art, or it isn't: there is no neutral judgment.

However,—let Baudelaire and Joyce stand together, as much as any such thing in literary comparison will allow. The principal eccentricity evinced by both is a penetration into life common to only the greatest. If people resent a thrust which discovers some of their entrails to themselves, I can see no reason for resorting to indiscriminate comparisons, naming colours of the rainbow, or advertising the fact that they have recently been forced to recognize a few of their personal qualities. Those who are capable of being only mildly "shocked" very naturally term the cost a penny, but were they capable of paying a few pounds for the same thinking, experience and realization by and in themselves, they could reserve their pennies for work minor to Joyce's.

The most nauseating complaint against his work is that of immorality and obscenity. The character of Stephen Dedalus is all too good for this world. It takes a little experience,—a few reactions on his part to understand it, and could this have been accomplished in a detached hermitage, high above the mud, he would no doubt have preferred that residence. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, aside from Dante, is spiritually the most inspiring book I have ever read. It is Bunyan-raised to art, and then raised to the ninth power.

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

Head Office — New York, 28-30 West 34th Street
Brooklyn 218-220 Livingston Street

Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Orange, Paris, London, Petrograd, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, Brussels, Geneva, Havana, Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Cairo, Algiers, Christiania, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Etc.

OVER 300 BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES OF THE WORLD
PUPILS TRAVELING MAY TRANSFER THE VALUE OF THEIR LESSONS TO ANY OTHER BERLITZ SCHOOL

SUPERIOR NATIVE TEACHERS

By the Berlitz Method Students learn not only to read and write, but also to UNDERSTAND and to SPEAK the foreign languages.

Terms may be begun at any time — Trial Lesson free

Lessons Privately and in Classes, Day and Evenings, at School or Residence

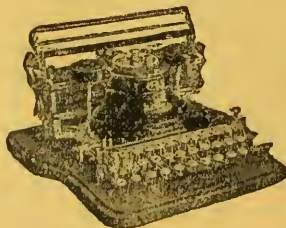
RECENT AWARDS:

Paris Exposition, 1900, Gold Medals; Lille Exposition, 1902, Grand Prize; Zurich Exposition, 1902, Gold Medal; St. Louis Exposition, 1904, Grand Prize; Liege Exposition, 1905, Grand Prize; London Exposition, 1908, Grand Prize; Brussels 1910, Hors Concours; Turin 1911, Hors Concours.

No Other Typewriter Can Do This--

Write All Languages, All Sciences, All Sizes and Style of type on ONE machine.

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND "WRITING MACHINE"



MULTIPLEX HAMMOND'S
Instantly changeable type
Many styles, many languages
Two types or languages always in the machine
Just Turn the Knob to change

Write today for the story of the "Miracle of the Multiplex". We will be glad to send it without placing you under any obligation.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY
558A East 69th Street — New York City
Inquire for our special terms to professionals.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

HENRY JAMES NUMBER

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

AUGUST, 1918

Henry James
1843-1916

Henry James (as seen from the Yellow Book)

Ethel Coburn May

In Explanation

Brief Note

A Shake Down

"The Middle Years"

Ezra Pound

Henry James and the Ghostly

A. R. Orin

In Memory

The Hawthorne Aspect

T. S. Eliot

"The Notes on Novelists"

John Rodden

The Revised Version

Theodora Bosanquet

The Notes for "The Ivory Tower"

Ezra Pound

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *Foreign Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York. N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

AUGUST 1918

No. 4

HENRY JAMES

(As seen from the "Yellow Book")

Ethel Coburn Mayne

MR. POUND has asked me to say what we of the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy* found specially stimulating in Henry James. "The things you saw clearest," he suggests, "we may have missed."

I am not versed in our younger writers' view of Henry James's work. This is probably a good thing. I may point out as "ours" the very lustres that they also hail; should I do this, it will reinforce my faith (and surely theirs) in both epochs. For we must, despite our differences, be at one in believing that artists at all times are after the same thing essentially; and therefore that real lustres do not fade, nor even turn rococo and amusing, like the lustres on the chimney-pieces.

Shortly, then, what we found stimulating in Henry James was the new world he took us to. No one had been there before him. His style was of course his own; he could not have been *chef d'école* without a personal style. We took that, in that sense, for granted; but the style, too, was the air of that new world in which we moved with fellow-creatures round us. It was like landing on the Moon or Mars, and finding the familiar turned into the strange, yet recognisable by the familiar and the strange within ourselves. That is to say, he was a master; this is the mark of all the masters.

But the newness had to die, for newness bears its death about with it. Here comes the test for permanence. If the younger writers, landing on the Jacobean planet, find that they can breathe its air, get food and drink, enjoy themselves, go forth from it refreshed to make new planets of their own—then all is well, and Henry James is great, and we, who could be dazzled by the newness, need not blush because we blinked.

The finest air of that planet was the magic of his earlier — not his earliest — manner. We read him at that hour of his career

as much to see how he would say it as to see what he would say. "I don't care what he does if he will go on doing it like that," we used to cry; and he went on doing it like that in *Washington Square*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Aspern Papers*, in the many tales which had for theme that question—which it is? and which is which?—of the blessing or the bans of "success" or "failure" in the artist's life; in the great ghost-stories. All these were to us the source of joys as actual and exquisite as the joy of sunlight. The day we had a new Henry James to read could have no utterly bad moment, for there was always the volume or the story to come back to or go on to. We found—let us state it boldly—everything we wanted in them. There was the pure fable, whatever it might be, and we never found it, in those middle-period pieces, wanting in the fable-quality. His themes were intimately thrilling; then there was the method, subtle yet not over-subtle, lucid yet profound, still waters really running deep, the preparation and the involution, the return upon itself; and for "showing" of all this, there were the diction and the manner, beautiful and lustrous—pages that shone and shimmered and sparkled, that spread and spilt and built before our eyes the grass and flowers and trees, the streams and brooks, the old grey churches and old rose-red houses making up the English landscape that for Henry James was an elysian "description". The world is like a knell that very seldom summons us to heaven; but he did not describe. You found yourself in the enchanted place and never knew how you got there. Was it better than the "real" place? You often thought it was, and people told you you were decadent, that that was decadence—to find the words about it better than the thing itself. You said you didn't care; if this were decadence you were glad to be a decadent. It was a time, believe me, worth the living in, when Henry James was in his middle period.

This was the best time, for at both ends of his career he fell into extremes. At the beginning his ease threatened to, or actually did sometimes, turn into slickness. The blithe accomplishment would look like little more than that; you occasionally "wished he wouldn't". He soon felt this himself and—didn't. Then began the middle period; and it was for us what I have said. But it developed; there came the hesitation and retreat, the infinite circumlocution. At first, it was delightful (*The Awkward Age*; *The Wings of a Dove*); but even already, the reading of a Henry James became like the playing of a difficult piece of music. You knew you wouldn't be able to play it the first time; you must practise, you must finger

and pedal. His aspect had always better answered to the *volte-face* in his method of expression than to the facile early style. In the portrait of him as a little boy which fronts the first autobiographical book, you catch already the apprehension, humourous and mournful, of all that he could "see". I never beheld, for my part, any creature who struck me as to his degree assailed by the perceptions. The great, heavy-lidded eyes, upon my word, were more alarmed than piercing. They *were* piercing, but it was as if he wished they weren't, for dear life's sake.

All this was faithfully reflected in the latest literary manner—in no example more distressfully than in that critical essay on the Younger Novelists which for us who had adored him was the sad surprise of his career. He selected for that essay writers to whom he certainly did no great honour save in noticing them at all, but that he should notice them at all was our amazement and our grief. And that he dismissed with a contemptuous word the only one he rightly noticed—Mr. D. H. Lawrence—was a "turn of the screw" which still we groan to think of.

That fell mistake came out of the alarm with which he saw the onset of the new age, with its new orientation. The great eyes shut, and with them shut, he chose his prophets. He rushed, thus blind, into the wrong temple—rather, into none at all, not even a young lions' den, but a mere plaster meeting-house. Nothing that he ever wrote is difficult as this to read, and when it is read, you are poorer than before. True, that the bouquets thus bestowed are meagre to invisibility, but that he should have deigned to offer even those . . . !

We saw where Henry James went wrong in all these matters; yet earlier than the fatal essay, earlier even than the *volte-face* which became a running-away, we had perceived another question coming to assail devotion. Here again that shyness of his answers it. This man of the world was what we must call shy, because there is a deeper meaning in the word than the most commonly accepted one. He was shy as a race-horse is shy—all stares and starts, and for the same reason that the race-horse is. He was too highly specialised. A man of the world: as I wrote that. I saw that I was face to face with the question which transcends the other questions about Henry James. "The world": was he concerned with any world but one, that of the drawing-rooms? And, being concerned with that alone, with what about it? He saw no aspect of it but "relations"; at any rate, reacted to no other. The younger generation has abandoned that aspect. "Relations" are not the young

writers' game (as Henry James would certainly have said, with his delight in gentle slang). It is a new orientation; we Jacobeans find the path a trifle stony. Our own was briery, not stony; tentacles were, so to speak, our tools and tentacles are useless against stones.

Nevertheless, we had seen, so far as it was given to us to see the "feet upon the fender" note in him. He was always drinking tea in the drawing-room, we said. He made the drawing-room working-model of the universe; and *was* it? To-day the question has been answered: it is not.

Here, of course, we tread upon the sacred ground of "subject." The writer's choice of subject is not matter for discussion; with treatment only is criticism concerned. The dogma, like all dogma, may be pushed too far. At some hour in the judgement-day of writers the question will be put: "In how many directions could he see?" . . . This number of *The Little Review* is (as I hope) a proof that Henry James survives; yet I know one or two young writers of the serious sort who never read a word of him. That would not have been conceivable in our day, in those who really "meant it." Something must have happened and I hope Mr. Pound will tell us what it is.

Probably the drawing-room is at the bottom of it; but there is also what one of these who have not read a word of Henry James describes as the "bull-in-the-china-shop stunt". This young person does that stunt, and brilliantly; I who had called it, more respectfully the "square touch", cried out: "We were Aeolian harps, couldn't we find it!"—and the air of an orange, black-and-white and blue and-purple studio became foul with shameful words. "Sensitive" "sentimental"; "tremulous": the hideous sounds swept the full gamut of the damned Aeolian harp; but even to say damned was vain. I ought to have said bloody.

I think that is what has happened. The bull in the china shop has smashed up the Aeolian harp (it must have been a curiosity shop); and what in Henry James was only "harp" will go, and what was not, will stay. Again, I leave to Mr. Pound the task of disentangling.

IN EXPLANATION

Ezra Pound

I.

IT IS suitable that our discussion should be opened by one of Henry James's fellow contributors to the *Yellow Book*, by a representative of the decade of brilliancy and nuances. My own essay is a dull grind of an affair, a Baedeker to the continent. I have not answered Miss Mayne's questions very well. James, to the wildest and most vigorous "bull" of my generation, was "an extraordinary old woman but one of the few doing anything decent". That, I think, is as brief an expression of the "serious" attitude of the younger and demi-ainé serious writers as can be compass'd.

Mr. Hueffer in his volume on James, has made a vigorous answer to the drawing-room or not-going-down-town question.

Mr. Rodker deals with the *Notes on Novelists*. I am not responsible for his opinions. I see no mystery in the matter. The *Times Literary Supplement* had got so groggy that something had to be done. Orders went forth from Shushan wherein is the palace, that "something had to be done". The "Lit. Sup." was on the blink; on the blink so shockin' an' staggerin' that something had to be done to boost up its giddy prestige. There were but two spotless paladins, two giddy Galahads available—Henry James and the impeccable Beerbohm. So Max and the great stylist were tackled, cajoled, bribed, wheedled and what not. And the *Notes on Novelists* were "got out of the late Henry somehow, after all". The *Times* is an institution, and Henry James was weak on institutions, on all things with traditions. The *Times* had probably never, in the sixty years previous, asked him to write. And the *Literary Supplement* is, after all, the most respectable weekly English publication which puts up a "literary" camouflage. It is duller than ditch-water. Its best and most openminded writer never gets an idea hard and fast. He absorbs a blur and is worried. The elder hacks ought to be given rats' bane. But still anyone might fall to an invitation to do the front page of the "Sup". Henry James was not above it. As Miss Mayne says, he might have done his job better. I remember when the two articles appeared, but only on the receipt

of the two MSS. included in this issue, had it ever occurred to me that anyone could be particularly grieved or particularly interested in this trifling unlustrious incident.

I set out, in my own essay, to explain, not why Henry James is less read than formerly—I do not know that he is. I tried to set down a few reasons why he ought to be, or at least might be, more read. A brief note done “before America came in”, before the posthumous works had appeared, seems rather more readable than my attempted recast. Let it stand as a preface; pardon chance repetitions.

B r i e f N o t e

Some may say that his work was over, well over, finely completed, and heaven knows there is mass—a monument of that work, heavy for one man’s shoulders to have borne up, labour enough for two life-times; still we would have had a few more years of his writing. Perhaps the grasp was relaxing, perhaps we should have had no strongly-planned book; but we should have had paragraphs cropping up here and there. Or we should have had, at least, conversation, wonderful conversation; and even if we did not hear it ourselves, we should have known that it was going on somewhere. The massive head, the slow uplift of the hand, *gli occhi onesti e tardi*, the long sentences piling themselves up in elaborate phrase after phrase, the lightning incision, the pauses, the slightly shaking admonitory gesture with its “wu-w-wait a little, wait a little, something will come,” blague and benignity and the weight of so many years’ careful, incessant labour of minute observation always there to enrich the talk. I had heard it but seldom, yet it was all unforgettable.

The man had this curious power of founding affection in those who had scarcely seen him and even in many who had not, who but knew him at second hand.

No man who has not lived on both sides of the Atlantic can well appraise Henry James; his death marks the end of a period. The *Times* says: “The Americans will understand his changing his nationality”, or something of that sort. The “Americans” will understand nothing whatsoever about it. They have understood nothing about it. They do not even know what they lost. They have not stopped for eight minutes to consider the meaning of his last public act. After a year of ceaseless labour, of letter writing,

of argument, of striving in every way to bring in America on the side of civilization, he died of apoplexy. On the side of civilization—civilization against barbarism, civilization, not Utopia, not a country or countries where the right always prevails in six weeks! After a life-time spent in trying to make two continents understand each other, in trying, and only his thoughtful readers can have any conception of how he had tried, to make three nations intelligible one to another. I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny; book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled "epos" or "Aeschylus". The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse*, the whole of *The Turn of the Screw*, human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage!* The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel". I have never yet found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry.

And the great labour, this labour of translation, of making America intelligible, of making it possible for individuals to meet across national borders. I think half the American idiom is recorded in Henry James's writing, and whole decades of American life that otherwise would have been utterly lost, wasted, rotting in the unhermetic jars of bad writing, of inaccurate writing. No English reader will ever know how good are his New York and his New England; no one who does not see his grandmother's friends in the pages of the American books. The whole great assaying and weighing, the research for the significance of nationality, French, English, American. No one seems to talk of these things.

"An extraordinary old woman, one of the few people who is

* This holds, despite anything that may be said of his fuss about social order, social tone. I naturally do not drag in political connotations, from which H. J. was, we believe, wholly exempt. What he fights is "influence", the impinging of family pressure, the impinging of one personality on another; all of them in highest degree damn'd, loathsome and detestable. Respect for the peripheries of the individual may be, however, a discovery of our generation; I doubt it, but it seems to have been at low ebb in some districts (not rural) for some time.

really doing anything good". There were the cobwebs about connoisseurship, etc., but what do they matter? Some yokel writes in the village paper, as Henley had written before, "James's stuff was not worth doing". Henley has gone pretty completely. America has not yet realized that never in history has one of her great men abandoned his citizenship out of shame. It was the last act — the last thing left. He had worked all his life for the nation and for a year he had laboured for the national honour. No other American was of sufficient importance for his change of allegiance to have constituted an international act; no other American would have been welcome in the same public manner. America passes over these things, but the thoughtful cannot pass over them.

Armageddon, the conflict? I turn to James's *A Bundle of Letters*; a letter from "Dr. Rudolph Staub" in Paris, ending:

"You will, I think, hold me warranted in believing that between precipitate decay and internecine enmities, the English-speaking family is destined to consume itself and that with its decline the prospect of general pervasiveness to which I alluded above, will brighten for the deep-lunged children of the fatherland!"

We have heard a great deal of this sort of thing since; it sounds very natural. My edition of the volume containing these letters was printed in '83, and the imaginary letters were written somewhat before that. I do not know that this calls for comment. Henry James's perception came thirty years before Armageddon. That is all I wish to point out. Flaubert said of the War of 1870: "If they had read my *Education Sentimentale*, this sort of thing wouldn't have happened". Artists are the antennae of the race, but the bullet-headed many will never learn to trust their great artists. If it is the business of the artist to make humanity aware of itself; here the thing was done, the pages of diagnosis. The multitude of wearisome fools will not learn their right hand from their left or seek out a meaning.

It is always easy for people to object to what they have not tried to understand.

I am not here to write a full volume of detailed criticism, but two things I do claim which I have not seen in reviewers' essays. First, that there was emotional greatness in Henry James's hatred of tyranny; secondly, that there was titanic volume, weight, in the masses he sets in opposition within his work. He uses forces no whit less specifically powerful than the proverbial "doom of the house", — *Destiny, Deus ex machina*,—of great traditional art.

His art was great art as opposed to over-elaborate or over-refined art by virtue of the major conflicts which he portrays. In his books he showed race against race, immutable; the essential Americanness, or Englishness or Frenchness—in *The American*, the difference between one nation and another; not flag-waving and treaties, not the machinery of government, but "why" there is always misunderstanding, why men of different race are not the same.

We have ceased to believe that we conquer anything by having Alexander the Great make a gigantic "joy-ride" through India. We know that conquests are made in the laboratory, that Curie with his minute fragments of things seen clearly in test tubes in curious apparatus, makes conquests. So, too, in these novels, the essential qualities which make up the national qualities, are found and set working, the fundamental oppositions made clear. This is no contemptible labour. No other writer had so essayed three great nations or even thought of attempting it.

Peace comes of communication. No man of our time has so laboured to create means of communication as did the late Henry Jaems. The whole of great art is a struggle for communication. All things set against this are evil whether they be silly scoffing or obstructive tariffs.

And this communication is not a levelling, it is not an elimination of differences. It is a recognition of differences, of the right of differences to exist, of interest in finding things different. Kultur is an abomination; philology is an abomination, all repressive unifying education is an evil.

A SHAKE DOWN

Ezra Pound

I HAVE forgotten the moment of lunar imbecility in which I conceived the idea of an "Henry James" number. The pile of typescript on my floor can but annoyingly and too palpably testify that the madness has raged for some weeks.

Henry James was aware of the spherical form of the planet, and susceptible to a given situation, and to the tone and tonality of persons as perhaps no other author in all literature. The victim and the votary of the "scene", he had no very great narrative sense, or at the least, he attained the narrative faculty but *per aspera*, through very great striving.

It is impossible to speak accurately of "his style" for he passed through several styles which differ greatly one from another; but in his last, his most complicated and elaborate, he is capable of great concision; and if, in it, the single sentence is apt to turn and perform evolutions for almost pages at a time, he nevertheless manages to say on one page more than many a more "direct" author would convey only in the course of a chapter.

His plots and incidents are often but adumbrations or symbols of the quality of his "people", illustrations invented, contrived, often factitiously and almost transparently, to show what acts, what situations, what contingencies would befit or display certain characters. We are hardly asked to accept them as happening.

He did not begin his career with any theory of art for art's sake, and a lack of this theory may have damaged his earlier work.

If we take *French Poets and Novelists* as indication of his then (1878) opinions, and novels of the nineties showing a later bias, we might contend that our subject began his career with a desire to square all things to the ethical standards of a Salem mid-week Unitarian prayer meeting, and that to almost the end of his course he greatly desired to fit the world into the social exigencies of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's characters.

Out of the unfortunate cobwebs he emerged into his greatness, I think, by two causes; first by reason of his hatred of personal intimate tyrannies working at close range; and secondly, in later life, because the actual mechanism of his scriptorial processes became so bulky, became so huge a contrivance for record and depiction, that the old man simply couldn't remember or keep his mind on or animadvert on anything but the authenticity of his impression.

I take it as the supreme reward for an artist; the supreme return that his artistic conscience can make him after years spent in its service, that the momentum of his art, the sheer bulk of his processes, the (*si licet*) size of his fly-wheel, should heave him out of himself, out of his personal limitations, out of the tangles of heredity and of environment, out of the bias of early training, of early predilections, whether of Florence, A. D. 1300, or of Back Bay of 1872, and leave him simply the great true recorder.

And this reward came to Henry James in the ripeness of his talents; even further perhaps, it entered his life and his conversation. The stages of his emergence are marked quite clearly in his work. He displays himself in *French Poets and Novelists*, constantly balancing over the question of whether or no the characters presented

in their works are, or are not, fit persons to be received in the James family back-parlour.

In *The Tragic Muse* he is still didactic quite openly. The things he believes still leap out nakedly among the people and things he is portraying; the parable is not yet wholly incarnate in the narrative.

To lay all his faults on the table, we may begin with his self-confessed limitation, that "he never went down town". He displayed in fact a passion for high life comparable only to that supposed to inhere in the readers of a magazine called *Forget-me-not*.

Hardy, with his eye on the Greek tragedians, has produced an epic tonality, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is perhaps more easily comparable to the Grettir Saga than to the novels of Mr. Hardy's contemporaries. Hardy is, on his other side, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott.

Balzac gains what force his crude writing permits him by representing his people under the *ἀνάγκη* of modernity, cash necessity; James, by leaving cash necessity nearly always out of the story, sacrifices, or rather fails to attain, certain intensities.

He never manages the classic, I mean as Flaubert gives us in each main character: *Everyman*. One may conceivably be bored by certain pages in Flaubert, but one takes from him a solid and concrete memory, a property. Emma Bovary and Frederic and M. Arnoux are respectively every woman and every man of their period. Maupassant's *Bel Ami* is not. Neither are Henry James's people. They are always or nearly always, the bibelots.

But he does, nevertheless, treat of major forces, even of epic forces and in a way all his own. If Balzac tried to give a whole civilization, a whole humanity, James was not content with a rough sketch of one country.

As Armageddon has only too clearly shown, national qualities are the great gods of the present and Henry James spent himself from the beginning in an analysis of these potent chemicals; trying to determine from the given microscopic slide the nature of the Frenchness, Englishness, Germanness, Americanness, which chemicals, too little regarded, have in our time exploded for want of watching. They are the permanent and fundamental hostilities and incompatibles. We may rest our claim for his greatness in the magnitude of his protagonists, in the magnitude of the forces he analyzed and portrayed. Th's is not the bare matter of a number of titled people, a few duchesses and a few butlers.

Whatever Flaubert may have said about his *Education Sentimentale* as a potential preventive of the débâcle of 1870, if people had read it, and whatever Gautier's friend may have said about *Emaux et Camées* as the last resistance to the Prussians, from Dr. Rudolph Staub's paragraph in *The Bundle of Letters* to the last and almost only public act of his life, James displayed a steady perception and a steady consideration of the qualities of different western races, whose consequences none of us can escape.

And these forces, in precisely that they are not political and executive and therefore transient, factitious, but in precisely that they are the forces of race temperaments, are major forces and are indeed as great protagonists as any author could have chosen. They are firmer ground than Flaubert's when he chooses public events as in the opening of the third part of *Education Sentimentale*.

The portrayal of these forces, to seize a term from philology, may be said to constitute "original research"—to be Henry James's own addendum; not that this greatly matters. He saw, analyzed, and presented them. He had most assuredly a greater awareness than was granted to Balzac or to Mr. Charles Dickens or to M. Victor Hugo who composed the *Légende des Siècles*.

His statement that he never went down town has been urged greatly against him. A butler is a servant, tempered with upper-class contacts. Mr. Newman, the American, had emerged from the making of wash-tubs; the family in *The Pupil* can scarcely be termed upper-class, however, and the factor of money, Balzac's ἀνάγκη, scarcely enters his stories.

We may leave Hardy writing Sagas. We may admit that there is a greater *robustezza* in Balzac's messiness, simply because he is perpetually concerned, inaccurately, with the factor of money, of earning one's exiguous living.

We may admit the shadowy nature of some of James's writing, and agree whimsically with R. H. C. (in the *New Age*) that James will be quite comfortable after death, as he had been dealing with ghosts all his life.

James's third donation is perhaps a less sweeping affair and of more concern to his compatriots than to anyone who might conceivably translate him into an alien tongue, or even to those who publish his writings in England.

He has written history of a personal sort, social history well

documented and incomplete, and he has put America on the map both in memoir and fiction, giving to her a reality such as is attained only by scenes recorded in the arts and in the writing of masters. Mr. Eliot has written, and I daresay most other American admirers have written or will write, that, whatever anyone else thinks of Henry James, no one but an American can ever know, really know, how good he is at the bottom, how good his "America" is.

No Englishman can, and in less degree can any continental, or in fact anyone whose family was not living on, say, West 23rd Street in the old set-back, two-storey-porched red brick vine-covered houses, etc., when Henry James was being a small boy on East 23rd Street; no one whose ancestors had not been presidents or professors or founders of Ha'avwd College or something of that sort, or had not heard of a time when people lived on 14th Street, or had known of someone living in Lexington or Newton "Old Place" or somewhere of that sort in New England, or had heard of the New York that produced "Fanny", New York the jocular and uncritical, or of people who danced with General Grant or something of that sort, would quite know *Washington Square* or *The Europeans* to be so autochthonous, so authentic to the conditions. They might believe the things to be "real", but they would not know how closely they corresponded to an external reality.

Perhaps only an exile from these things will get the range of the other half of James's presentations! Europe to the Transpontine, New York of brown stone that he detested, the old and the new New York in *Crapey Cornelia* and in *The American Scene*, which more than any other volumes give us our peculiar heritage, an America with an interest, with a tone of time not overstrained, not jejune over-sentimentalized, which is not a redoing of school histories or the laying out of a fabulous period; and which is in relief, if you like, from Dickens or from Mark Twain's *Mississippi*. He was not without sympathy for his compatriots as is amply attested by Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hayes of New York (vide *The Birthplace*) with whom he succeeds, I think, rather better than with most of his princely continentals. They are, at any rate, his bow to the Happy Genius of his country — as distinct from the gentleman who displayed the "back of a banker and a patriot", or the person whose aggregate features could be designated only as a "mug".

In his presentation of America he is greatly attentive, and, save for the people in *Coeur Simple*, I doubt if any writer has done

more of "this sort of thing" for his country, this portrayal of the typical thing in timbre and quality—balanced, of course, by the array of spittoons in the Capitol (*The Point of View*).

Still if one is seeking a Spiritual Fatherland, if one feels the exposure of what he would not have scrupled to call, two clauses later, such a wind-shield, *The American Scene* greatly provides it. It has a mermaid note, almost to outvie the warning, the sort of nickel-plate warning which is hurled at one in the saloon of any great transatlantic boat; the awfulness that engulfs one when one comes, for the first time unexpectedly on a pile of all the *Murkhn* Magazines laid, shingle-wise on a brass-studded, screwed-into-place, baize-covered steamer table. The first glitter of the national weapons for driving off quiet and all closer signs of intelligence. *

Attempting to view the jungle of the work as a whole, one notes that, despite whatever cosmopolitan upbringing Henry James may have had, as witness *A Small Boy's Memoirs* and *Notes of Son and Brother*, he nevertheless began in *French Poets and Novelists* with a provincial attitude that it took him a long time to work free of. Secondly we see various phases of the "style" of his presentation or circumambiance.

There is a small amount of prentice work. Let us say *Roderick Hudson*, *Casamassima*. There are lucky first steps in *The American* and *Europeans*, a precocity of result, for certainly some of his early work is as permanent as some of the ripest, and more so than a deal of the intervening. We find (for in the case before us criticism must be in large part a weeding-out) that his first subject matter provides him with a number of good books and stories: *The American*, *The Europeans*, *Eugene Pickering*, *Daisy Miller*, *The Pupil*, *Brooksmith*, *A Bundle of Letters*, *Washington Square*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, before 1880 and rather later, *Pandora*, *The Four Meetings*, perhaps *Louisa Pallant*. He ran out of his first material.

We next note a contact with the *Yellow Book*, a dip into "cleverness", into the epigrammatic genre, the bare epigrammatic style. It

* I differ, beyond that point, with our author. I enjoy ascent as much as I loathe descent in an elevator. I do not mind the clerk of brass doors. I had indeed for my earliest toy, if I was not brought up in it, the rather slow and well-behaved elevator in a quiet and quietly bright huge sanatorium. The height of high buildings, the chasms of New York are delectable; but this is beside the point; one is not asked to share the views and tastes of a writer.

was no better than other writers, not so successful as Wilde. We observe him to be not so hard and fine a satirist as is George S. Street.

We come then to the period of allegories (*The Real Thing*, *Dominick Ferrand*, *The Liar*) . There ensues a growing discontent with the short sentence, epigram, etc., in which he does not at this time attain distinction; the clarity is not satisfactory, was not satisfactory to the author, his *donnée* being radically different from that of his contemporaries. The "story" not being really what he is after, he starts to build up his medium; a thickening, a chiaroscuro is needed, the long sentence; he wanders, seeks to add a needed opacity, he overdoes it, produces the cobwebby novel, emerges or justifies himself in *Maisie* and manages his long-sought form in *The Awkward Age*. He comes out the triumphant stylist in the *American Scene* and in all the items of *The Finer Grain* collection and in the posthumous *Middle Years*.

This is not to damn incontinent all that intervenes, but I think the chief question addressed to me by people of good-will who do not, but are yet ready and willing to, read James is : Where the deuce shall I begin? One cannot take even the twenty-four volumes, more or less selected volumes of the Macmillan edition all at once, and it is, alas, but too easy to get so started and entailed as never to finish this author or even come to the best of him.

The laziness of an uncritical period can be nowhere more blatant than in the inherited habit of talking about authors as a whole. It is perhaps the sediment from an age daft over great figures or a way of displaying social gush, the desire for a celebrity at all costs, rather than a care of letters .

To talk in any other way demands an acquaintance with the work of an author, a price few conversationalists care to pay, *ma che!* It is the man with inherited opinions who talks about "Shelley," making no distinction between the author of the Fifth Act of *The Cenci* and of the *Sensitive Plant*. Not but what there may be a personal *virtu* in an author—appraised, however, from the best of his work when, that is, it is correctly appraised. People ask me what James to read. He is very uneven author; not all of his collected edition has marks of permanence.

One can but make one's own suggestion:—

The American, French Poets and Novelists, The Europeans, Daisy Miller, Eugene Pickering, Washington Square, A Bundle of Letters, Portrait of a Lady, Pandora, The Pupil, Brooksmith, What

Maisie Knew, and *The Awkward Age* (if one is "doing it all"), *Europe*, *Four Meetings*, *The Ambassadors*, *The American Scene*, *The Finer Grain* (all the volume, i. e., *The Velvet Glove*, *Mona Montravers*, *Round of Visits*, *Crapey Cornelia*, *Bench of Desolation*), *The Middle Years* (posthumous) and *The Ivory Tower* (notes first).

I "go easy" on the more cobwebby volumes; the most Jamesian are indubitably *The Wings of a Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*; upon them devotees will fasten, but the potential devotee may as well find his aptitude in the stories of *The Finer Grain* volume where certain exquisite titillations will come to him as readily as anywhere else. If he is to bask in Jamesian tickle, nothing will restrain him and no other author will to any such extent afford him equal gratifications.

If, however, the reader does not find delectation in the list given above, I think it fairly useless for him to embark on the rest.

Part of James is a caviare, part I must reject according to my lights as bad writing; another part is a spécialité, a pleasure for certain temperaments only; the part I have set together above seems to me maintainable as literature. One can definitely say: "this is good"; hold the argumentative field, suffer comparison with other writers; with, say, the De Goncourt, or De Maupassant. I am not impertinently throwing books on the scrap-heap; there are certain valid objections to James; there are certain standards which one may believe in, and having stated them, one is free to state that any author does not comply with them; granting always that there may be other standards with which he complies, or over which he charmingly or brilliantly triumphs.

James does not "feel" as solid as Flaubert; he does not give us "Everyman", but on the other hand, he was aware of things which Flaubert was not aware of, and in certain things supersedes the author of *Madame Bovary*.

He appears at times to write around and around a thing and not always to emerge from the "amorous plan" of what he wanted to present, into definite presentation.

He does not seem to me at all times evenly skillful in catching the intonations of speech. He recalls the New England "a" in the "Lady's" small brothers "Ha-ard" (Hnahr-d) but only if one is familiar with the phonetics described; but (vide the beginning of *The Birthplace*) one is not convinced that he really knows (by any sure instinct) how peoples' voices would sound. Some remarks are in

key, some obviously factitious.

He gives us more of his characters by description than he can by any attribution of conversation, save perhaps by the isolated and discreet remarks of Brooksmith.

His emotional centre is in being sensitive to the feel of the place or to the tonality of the person.

It is with his own so beautiful talk, his ability to hear his own voice in the rounded paragraph, that he is aptest to charm one. I find it often though not universally hard to "hear" his characters speaking. I have noted various places where the character notably stops speaking and the author interpolates words of his own; sentences that no one but Henry James could in any circumstances have made use of. Beyond which statements I see no great concision or any clarity to be gained by rearranging my perhaps too elliptical comments on individual books.

Honest criticism, as I conceive it, cannot get much further than saying to one's reader exactly what one would say to the friend who approaches one's bookshelf asking: "What the deuce shall I read?" Beyond this there is the "parlor game", the polite essay, and there is the official pronouncement, with neither of which we are concerned.

Of all exquisite writers James is the most colloquial, yet in the first edition of his *French Poets and Novelists*, his style, save for a few scattered phrases, is so little unusual that most of the book seems, superficially, as if it might have been written by almost anyone. It contains some surprising lapses . . . as bad as any in Mr. Hueffer or even in Mr. Mencken. It is interesting largely in that it shows us what our subject had to escape from.

Let us grant at once that his novels show him, all through his life, possessed of the worst possible taste in pictures, of an almost unpunctured ignorance of painting, of almost as great a lack of taste as that which he attributes to the hack-work and newspaper critiques of Théophile Gautier. Let us admit that "painting" to Henry James probably meant to the end of his life, the worst possible late Renaissance conglomerations.

Let us admit that in 1876, or whenever it was, his taste in poetry inclined to the swish of De Musset, that it very likely never got any further. By "poetry" he very possibly meant the "high-falutin" and he eschewed it in certain forms; himself taking still higher falutes in a to-be-developed mode of his own.

I doubt if he ever wholly outgrew that conception of the (by him so often invoked) Daughters of Memory. He arrived truly at

a point from which he could look back upon people who "besought the deep blue sea to roll". Poetry to him began, perhaps, fullfledged, springing Minerva-like from the forehead of George Gordon, Lord Byron, and went pretty much to the bad in Charles Baudelaire; it did not require much divination by 1914 (*The Middle Years*) to note that he had found Tennyson rather vacuous and that there "was something in" Browning.

James was so thoroughly a recorder of people, of their atmospheres, society, personality, setting; so wholly the artist of this particular genre, that it was impossible for him ever to hold a critical opinion of art out of key with the opinion about him—except possibly in so far as he might have ambitions for the novel, for his own particular *métier*. His critical opinions were simply an extension of his being in key with the nice people who "impressed" themselves on his gelatine "plate". (This is a theoretical generalization and must be taken *cum grano*.)

We may, perhaps, take his adjectives on De Musset as a desperate attempt to do "justice" to a man with whom he knew it impossible for him to sympathise. There is, however, nothing to hinder our supposing that he saw in De Musset's "gush" something for him impossible and that he wished to acknowledge it. Side by side with this are the shreds of Back Bay or Buffalo, the mid-week-prayer-meeting point of view.

His most egregious slip is in the essay on Baudelaire, the sentence quoted by Hueffer.* Notwithstanding this, he does effectively put his nippers on Baudelaire's weakness:—

"A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was, in his treatment of evil, exactly what Hawthorne was not—Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter volume of genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed. It is the absence of this metaphysical quality in his treatment of his favourite subjects (Poe was his metaphysician, and his devotion sustained him through a translation of *Eureka!*) that exposes him to that class of accusations of which M. Edmond Scherer's accusation of feeding upon *pourriture* is an example; and, in fact, in his pages we never know with what we are dealing. We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions and vile things, and we are at a loss to know whether the

* "For a poet to be realist is of course nonsense", and, as Hueffer says, such a sentence from such a source is enough to make one despair of human nature.

subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or—we were going to say—to our olfactories. 'Le Mal?' we exclaim; 'you do yourself too much honour. This is not Evil; it is not the wrong; it is simply the nasty!' Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck 'the flowers of good', should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plum-cake and *eau de Cologne*".

Here as elsewhere his perception, apart from the readability of the work, is worthy of notice.

Hueffer says * that James belauds Balzac. I cannot see it. I can but perceive Henry James wiping the floor with the author of *Eugénie Grandet*, pointing out all his qualities, but almightily wiping the floor with him. He complains that Gautier is lacking in a concern about supernatural hocus-pocus and that Flaubert is lacking. If Balzac takes him to any great extent in, James with his inherited Swedenborgianism is perhaps thereby laid open to Balzac.

It was natural that James should write more about the bulky author of *La Comédie Humaine* than about the others; here was his richest quarry, here was there most to note and to emend and to apply so emended to processes of his own. From De Maupassant, De Goncourt or Baudelaire there was nothing for him to acquire.

His dam'd fuss about furniture is foreshadowed in Balzac, and all the paragraphs on Balzac's house-furnishing propensities are of interest in proportion to our interest in, or our boredom with, this part of Henry James's work.

What, indeed could he have written of the De Goncourts save that they were a little dull but tremendously right in their aim? Indeed, but for these almost autobiographical details pointing to his growth out of Balzac, all James would seem but a corollary to one passage in a De Goncourt preface:—

"Le jour où l'analyse cruelle que mon ami, M. Zola, et peut-être moi-même avons apportée dans la peinture du bas de la société sera reprise par un écrivain de talent, et employée à la reproduction des hommes et des femmes du monde, dans les milieux d'éducation et de distinction — ce jour-là seulement le classicisme et sa queue seront tués . . .

"Le Réalisme n'a pas en effet l'unique mission de décrire ce qui est bas, ce qui est répugnant . . .

* Ford Madox Hueffer's volume on Henry James, to be dealt with in a later number of the *Little Review*.

"Nous avons commencé, nous, par la canaille, parce que la femme et l'homme du peuple, plus rapprochés de la nature et de la sauvagerie, sont des créatures simples et peu compliquées, tandis que le Parisien et la Parisienne de la société, ces civilisés excessifs, dont l'originalité tranchée est faite toute de nuances, toute de demi-teintes, toute de ces riens insaisissables, pareils aux riens coquets et neutres avec lesquels se façonne le caractère d'une toilette distinguée de femme, demandent des années pour qu'on les perce, pour qu'on les sache pour qu'on les attrape — et le romancier du plus grand génie, croyez-le bien, ne les devinera jamais ces gens de salon, avec les racontars d'amis qui vont pour lui à la découverte dans le monde . . .

"Ce projet de roman qui devait se passer dans le grand monde, dans le monde le plus quintessencié, et dont nous rassemblions lentement et minutieusement les éléments délicats et fugaces, je l'abandonnais après la mort de mon frère, convaincu de l'impossibilité de le réussir tout seul."

But this particular paragraph could have had little to do with the matter. *French Poets and Novelists* was published in '71 and Edmond De Goncourt signed the preface to *Les Frères Zémachanno* in '79. The paragraphs quoted are interesting, however, as showing De Goncourt's state of mind in that year. He had probably been preaching in this vein long before setting the words on paper before getting them printed.

If ever one man's career was foreshadowed in a few sentences of another, Henry James's is to be found in this paragraph.

It is very much as if he said: I will not be a megatherium botcher like Balzac; there is nothing to be said about these De Goncourts, but one must try to be rather more interesting than they are in, let us say, *Madame Gervaisais*. *

Proceeding with the volume of criticism, we find that *Le Jeune H.* simply didn't "get" Flaubert; that he was much alive to the solid parts of Turgenev. He shows himself very apt, as we said above, to judge the merits of a novelist on the ground that the people portrayed by the said novelist are or are not suited to reception into the household of Henry James senior; whether, in short, Emma Bovary or Frederic or M. Arnoux would have spoiled the s

* It is my personal feeling at the moment that *La Fille Elisa* is worth so much more than all Balzac that the things are as out of scale as a sapphire and a plum pudding, and that *Elisa*, despite the dull section, is worth more of James's writing. This is, however, aside from the question we are discussing.

delicate admosphere, have joggled the so fine susceptibilities of a refined 23rd Street family at the time of the Philadelphia "Centennial".

I find the book not so much a sign that Henry James was "disappointed", as Hueffer puts it, as that he was simply and horribly shocked by the literature of his continental forebears and contemporaries.

It is only when he gets to the Théâtre Français that he finds something which really suits him. Here there is order, tradition, perhaps a slight fustiness (but a quite pardonable fustiness, an arranged and suitable fustiness having its recompense in a sort of spiritual quiet); here, at any rate, was something decorous, something not to be found in Concord or in Albany. And it is easy to imagine the young James, not illuminated by De Goncourt's possible conversation or writing, not even following the hint given in his essay on Balzac and Balzacian furniture, but sitting before Madame Nathalie in *Le Village* and resolving to be the Théâtre Français of the novel.

A resolution which he may be said to have carried out to the great enrichment of letters.

II.

Strictures on the work of this period are no great detraction. *French Poets and Novelists* gives us a point from which to measure Henry James's advance. Genius showed itself partly in the escape from some of his original limitations, partly in acquirements. His art at length became "second nature", became perhaps half unconscious; or in part wholly unconscious; in other parts perhaps too highly conscious. At any rate in sunnier circumstances he talked exactly as he wrote, the same elaborate paragraph beautifully attaining its climax; the same sudden incision when a brief statement could dispose of a matter.

Be it said for his style: he is seldom or never involved when a direct bald statement will accurately convey his own meaning, *ill of it*. He is not usually, for all his wide leisure, verbose. He may be highly and bewilderingly figurative in his language (vide Mr. Hueffer's remarks on this question).

Style apart, I take it that the hatred of tyrannies was as great a motive as any we can ascribe to Galileo or Leonardo or to any other great figure, to any other mythic Prometheus; for this driving force

we may well overlook personal foibles, the early Bostonese bias, the heritage from his father's concern in commenting Swedenborg, the later fusses about social caution and conservation of furniture. Hueffer rather boasts about Henry James's innocence of the classics. It is nothing to brag of, even if a man struggling against natural mediævalism have entrenched himself in impressionist theory. If James *had* read his classics, the better Latins especially, he would not have so excessively cobwebbed, fussed, blathered, worried about minor mundanities. We may *conspuer* with all our vigour Henry James's concern with furniture, the Spoils of Poynton, connoisseurship, Mrs. Ward's tea-party atmosphere, the young Bostonian of the immature works. We may relegate these things mentally to the same realm as the author's pyjamas and collar buttons, to his intellectual instead of his physical valeting. There remains the capacious intelligence, the searching analysis of things that cannot be so relegated to the scrap-heap and to the wash-basket.

Let us say that English freedom legally and traditionally has its basis in property. Let us say, à la Balzac, that most modern existence is governed by, or at least interfered with by, the necessity to earn money; let us also say that a Frenchman is not an Englishman or a German or an American, and that despite the remark that the aristocracies of all people, the upper classes, are the same everywhere, racial differences are *au fond* differences; they are likewise major subjects.

Writing, as I am, for the reader of good-will, for the bewildered person who wants to know where to begin, I need not apologise for the following elliptical notes. James, in his prefaces, has written explanation to death (with sometimes a very pleasant necrography). Leaving the *French Poets and Novelists*, I take the novels and stories as nearly as possible in their order of publication (as distinct from their order as rearranged and partially weeded out in the collected edition).

1875. (U. S. A.) *A Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales*. Eugene Pickering is the best of this lot and most indicative of the future James. Contains also the title story and *Madame de Mauves*. Other stories inferior.

1876. (U. S. A.) *Roderick Hudson*, prentice work. First novel not up to the level of *Pickering*.

1877. *The American*; essential James, part of the permanent work. *Watch and Ward*, discarded by the author.

1878. *French Poets and Novelists*, already discussed.

1878. *Daisy Miller*. (The big hit and one of his best.) *An International Episode, Four Meetings*, good work.

1879. Short stories first printed in England with additions, but no important ones.

1880. *Confidence*, not important.

1881. *Washington Square*, one of his best "putting America on the map", giving us a real past, a real background. *Pension Beaurepas* and *Bundle of Letters*, especially the girls' letters, excellent, already mentioned.

1881. *The Portrait of a Lady*, one of his best. Charming Venetian preface in the collected edition.

1884. *Tales of Three Cities*, stories dropped from the collected edition, save *Lady Barberina*.

1885. *Stories Revived*, adding to earlier tales *The Author of Beltraccio*, which opens with excess of the treading-on-eggs manner, too much to be borne for twenty-four volumes. The pretence of extent of "people" interested in art and letters, sic: "It was the most complete presentation that had yet been made of the gospel of art; it was a kind of æsthetic war cry. *People* had endeavoured to sail nearer 'to truth', etc."

He implies too much of art smeared on limited multitudes. One wonders if the eighties did in any great aggregate gush up to this extent. Doesn't he try to spread the special case out too wide?

The thinking is magnificently done from this passage up to page sixteen or twenty, stated with great concision. Compare it with *Madame Gervaisais* and we find Henry James much more interesting when on the upper reaches. Compare his expressiveness, the expressiveness of his indirectness with that of constataion. The two methods are curiously mixed in the opening of *Beltraccio*. Such sentences as (page 30) "He said the most interesting and inspiring things" are, however, pure waste, pure "leaving the thing undone", unconcrete, unimagined; just simply bad writing or bad novelisting. As for his special case, he does say a deal about the author or express a deal by him, but one is bothered by the fact that Pater, Burton, Hardy, Meredith were not, in mere history, bundled into one; that Burton had been to the East and the others had not; that no English novelist of that era would have taken the least notice of anything going on in foreign countries, presumably European, as does the supreme author of *Beltraccio*.

Doubtless he is in many ways the author Henry James would have liked to meet and more illustrative of certain English tones

and limitations than any historical portrait might have been. Still Henry James does lay it on . . . more, I think, than the story absolutely requires. In *Beltraffio* he certainly does present (not that he does not comment to advantage) the two damn'd women appended to the gentlemanly hero of the tale. The most violent post-Strindbergian school would perhaps have called them bitches *tout bonnement*, but this word did not belong to Henry James's vocabulary and besides it is of too great an indistinctness. Author, same "bloody" (in the English sense) author with his passion for "form" appears in *Lesson of Master*, and most of H. J.'s stories of literary *milieux*. Perpetual Grandisonism or Grandisonising of this author with the passion for form, all of 'em have it. *Ma ché!* There is however great intensity in these same "be-deared" and be-"poor-old"-ed pages. Really got a main theme, a great theme, he chooses to do it in silver point rather than in the garish colours of, —well, of Cherbuliez, or the terms of a religious maniac with three-foot long carving knife.

Novel of the gilded pill, an aesthetic or artistic message, dogma, no better than a moral or ethic one, novel a cumbersome camouflage substitute not for "that parlour game"* the polite essay, but for the impolite essay or conveyance of ideas; novel to do this should completely incarnate the abstraction.

Finish of *Beltraffio* not perhaps up to the rest of it. Not that one at all knows how else . . .

Gush on page 42† from both conversationalists. Still an ad-umbration of the search for the just word emerges on pages 43-44, real cut at barbarism and bigotry on the bottom of page 45 (of course not labelled by these monstrous and rhetorical brands, scorched on to their hides and rump sides). "Will it be a sin to make the most of that one too, so bad for the dear old novel". Butler and James on the same side really chucking out the fake; Butler focussed on Church of England; opposed to him the fakers booming the Bible "as literature" in a sort of last stand, a last ditch; seeing it pretty well had to go as history, cosmogony, etc., or the old tribal Daddy-slap-'em-with-slab of the Jews as anything like an ideal:—

* T. S. Eliot.

† Page numbers in Collected Edition.

"He told me more about his wife before we arrived at the gate of home, and if he be judged to have aired overmuch his grievance I'm afraid I must admit that he had some of the foibles as well as the gifts of the artistic temperament; adding, however, instantly that hitherto, to the best of my belief, he had rarely let this particular cat out of the bag. 'She thinks me immoral—that's the long and short of it', he said as we paused outside a moment and his hand rested on one of the bars of his gate; while his conscious expressive perceptive eyes—the eyes of a foreigner, I had begun to account them, much more than of the usual Englishman—viewing me now evidently as quite a familiar friend, took part in the declaration. 'It's very strange when one thinks it all over, and there's a grand comicality in it that I should like to bring out. She's a very nice woman, extraordinarily well-behaved, upright and clever and with a tremendous lot of good sense about a good many matters. Yet her conception of a novel—she has explained it to me once or twice, and she doesn't do it badly as exposition—is a thing so false that it makes me blush. It's a thing so hollow, so dishonest, so lying, in which life is so blinked and blinded, so dodged and disfigured, that it makes my ears burn. It's two different ways of looking at the whole affair,' he repeated, pushing open the gate. 'And they're irreconcilable!' he added with a sigh. We went forward to the house, but on the walk, halfway to the door, he stopped and said to me: 'If you're going into this kind of thing there's a fact you should know beforehand; it may save you some disappointment. There's a hatred of art, there's a hatred of literature—I mean of the genuine kinds. Oh the shams—*those* they'll swallow by the bucket!' I looked up at the charming house, with its genial colour and crookedness, and I answered with a smile that those evil passions might exist, but that I should never have expected to find them there. 'Ah it doesn't matter after all,' he a bit nervously laughed; which I was glad to hear, for I was reproaching myself with having worked him up."

Really literature in the XIXth and the beginning of the XXth centuries is where science was in the days of Galileo and the Inquisition. Henry James not blinking it, neither can we. "Poor dears" and "dear olds" always a little too plentiful.

1885. (continued) *Pandora*, of the best. Let it pass as a sop to America's virginal charm; as counter-weight to *Daisy Miller*, or to the lady of *The Portrait*. Henry James alert to the German.

"The process of enquiry had already begun for him, in spite of his having as yet spoken to none of his fellow passengers; the case being that Vogelstein enquired not only with his tongue, but with his eyes—that is with his spectacles—with his ears, with his nose, with his palate, with all his senses

and organs. He was a highly upright young man, whose only fault was that his sense of comedy, or of the humour of things, had never been specifically disengaged from his several other senses. He vaguely felt that something should be done about this, and in a general manner proposed to do it, for he was on his way to explore a society abounding in comic aspects. This consciousness of a missing measure gave him a certain mistrust of what might be said of him; and if circumspection is the essence of diplomacy our young aspirant promised well. His mind contained several millions of facts, packed too closely together for the light breeze of the imagination to draw through the mass. He was impatient to report himself to his superior in Washington, and the loss of time in an English port could only incommode him, inasmuch as the study of English institutions was no part of his mission. On the other hand the day was charming; the blue sea, in Southampton Water, pricked all over with light, had no movement but that of its infinite shimmer. Moreover he was by no means sure that he should be happy in the United States, where doubtless he should find himself soon enough disembarked. He knew that this was not an important question and that happiness was an unscientific term, such as a man of his education should be ashamed to use even in the silence of his thoughts. Lost none the less in the inconsiderate crowd, and feeling himself neither in his own country nor in that to which he was in a manner accredited, he was reduced to his mere personality; so that during the hour, to save his importance, he cultivated such ground as lay in sight for a judgment of this delay to which the German steamer was subjected in English waters. Mightn't it be proved, facts, figures and documents—or at least watch—in hand, considerably greater than the occasion demanded?

“Count Vogelstein was still young enough in diplomacy to think it necessary to have opinions. He had a good many indeed which had been formed without difficulty; they had been received ready-made from a line of ancestors who knew what they liked. This was of course—and under pressure, being candid, he would have admitted it—an unscientific way of furnishing one's mind. Our young man was a stiff conservative, a Junker of Junkers; he thought modern democracy a temporary phase and expected to find many arguments against it in the great Republic. In regard to these things it was a pleasure to him to feel that, with his complete training, he had been taught thoroughly to appreciate the nature of evidence. The ship was heavily laden with German emigrants, whose mission in the United States differed considerably from Count Otto's. They hung over the bulwarks, densely grouped; they leaned forward on their elbows for hours, their shoulders kept on a level with their ears: the men in furred caps, smoking long-bowled pipes, the women with babies hidden in remarkably ugly shawls. Some were yellow Germans

and some were black, and all looked greasy and matted with the sea-damp. They were destined to swell still further the huge current of the Western democracy; and Count Vogelstein doubtless said to himself that they wouldn't improve its quality. Their numbers, however, were striking, and I know not what he thought of the nature of this particular evidence."

For further style in vignette:

"He could see for himself that Mr. and Mrs. Day had not at all her grand air. They were fat plain serious people who sat side by side on the deck for hours and looked straight before them. Mrs. Day had a white face, large cheeks and small eyes; her forehead was surrounded with a multitude of little tight black curls; her lips moved as if she had always a lozenge in her mouth. She wore entwined about her head an article which Mrs. Dangerfield spoke of as a 'nuby', a knitted pink scarf concealing her hair, encircling her neck and having among its convolutions a hole for her perfectly expressionless face. Her hands were folded on her stomach, and in her still, swathed figure her bead-like eyes, which occasionally changed their direction, alone represented life. Her husband had a stiff grey beard on his chin and a bare spacious upper lip, to which constant shaving had imparted a hard glaze. His eyebrows were thick and his nostrils wide, and when he was uncovered, in the saloon, it was visible that his grizzled hair was dense and perpendicular. He might have looked rather grim and truculent hadn't it been for the mild familiar accommodating gaze with which his large light-coloured pupils—the leisurely eyes of a silent man—appeared to consider surrounding objects. He was evidently more friendly than fierce, but he was more diffident than friendly. He liked to have you in sight, but wouldn't have pretended to understand you much or to classify you, and would have been sorry it should put you under an obligation. He and his wife spoke sometimes, but seldom talked, and there was something vague and patient about them as if they had become victims of a wrought spell. The spell however was of no sinister cast; it was the fascination of prosperity, the confidence of security, which sometimes makes people arrogant, but which had had such a different effect on this simple satisfied pair, in whom further development of every kind appeared to have been happily arrested."

Pandora's approach to her parents:

"These little offices were usually performed deftly, rapidly, with the minimum of words, and when their daughter drew near them, Mr. and Mrs. Day closed their eyes after the fashion of a pair of household dogs who expect to be scratched."

The tale is another synthesis of some of the million reasons why Germany will never conquer the world, why the Hun is impossible, why "bosche" is merely "bursch". The imbecility of a certain Wellsian journalist in treating this gem is again proof that it is written for the relatively-developed American, not for the island écaillère. If Henry James, as Ford Madox Hueffer says, set out to civilize the United States, it is at least an easier job than raising British Suburbia to a bearable level. From that milieu at least we have nothing of value to learn; we shall not take our tonality from that *Niveau*.

In describing *Pandora's* success as "purely personal" Henry James has hit on the secret of the Quattrocento, 1450 to 1550, the vital part of the Renaissance. Aristocracy decays when it ceases to be selective, when the basis of selection is not personal. It is a critical acuteness, not a snobbism which last is selection on some other principle than that of a personal quality. It is servility to rule-of-thumb criteria, and a dullness of perception, a timidity in acceptance. The whole force of the Renaissance was in the personality of its selection.

There is no faking the amount of perceptive energy concentrated in Henry James's vignettes in such phrases as that on the parents like domestic dogs waiting to be scratched, or in the ten thousand phrases of this sort which abound in his writing. If we were back in the time of Bruyère, we could easily make a whole book of "Characters" from Henry James's vignettes.* The vein holds from beginning to end of his work; from this writing of the eighties to *The Ivory Tower*. As for example Gussie Braddon:

"Rosanna waited facing her, noting her extraordinary perfection of neatness, of elegance, of arrangement, of which it couldn't be said whether they most handed over to you, as on some polished salver, the clear truth of her essential commonness or transposed it into an element that could please, that could even fascinate, as a supreme attestation of care. "Take her as an advertisement of all the latest knowledges of how to "treat" every inch of the

* Since writing the above I find that some such compilation has been attempted; had indeed been planned by the anthologist, and, in plan, approved by H. J.: "Pictures and Passages from Henry James" selected by Ruth Head, (Chatto and Windus, 1916), if not exactly the book to convince the rising generation of H. J.'s powers of survival, is at any rate a most charming tribute to our subject from one who had begun to read him in "the eighties".

human surface and where to "get" every scrap of the personal envelope, so far as she is enveloped, and she does achieve an effect sublime in itself and thereby absolute in a wavering world.'"

We note no inconsiderable progress in the actual writing, in *maestria*, when we reach the ultimate volumes.

1886. *Bostonians*. Other stories in this collection mostly rejected from collected edition.

Princess Casamassima, inferior continuation of *Roderick Hudson*. His original subject matter is beginning to go thin.

1888. *The Reverberator*, process of fantasia beginning.

1888. *Aspern Papers*, inferior. *Louisa Pallant*, a study in the maternal or abysmal relation, good James. *Modern Warning*, rejected from collected edition.

1889. *A London Life*. *The Patagonia*.

The Patagonia not a masterpiece. Slow in opening, excellent in parts, but the sense of the finale intrudes all along. It seems true but there is no alternative ending. One doubts whether a story is really constructed with any mastery when the end, for the purpose of making it a story, is so unescapeable. The effect of reality is produced of course, by the reality of the people in the opening scene; there is no doubt about that part being "to the life".

The Liar is superb in its way, perhaps the best of the allegories, of the plots invented purely to be an exposition of impression. It is magnificent in its presentation of the people, both the old man and the Liar, who is masterly.

Mrs. Temperly is another such excellent delineation and shows James as an excellent hater, but expresses a concentration of annoyance with a greater polish and suavity in method; and neither explains, theorises, nor comments.

James never has De Maupassant's reality. His (H. J.'s) people almost always convince, i.e., we believe implicitly that they exist. We also think that Henry James has made up some sort of story as an excuse for writing his impression of the people.

One sees the slight vacancy of the stories of this period, the short clear sentence, the dallying with *jeu d'esprit*, with epigram no better than, though not inferior to, the run of epigram in the nineties. It all explains James's need of opacity, his reaching out for a chiaroscuro to distinguish himself from his contemporaries and in which he could put the whole of his much more complex apperception.

Then comes, roughly, the period of cobwebs and of excessive cobwebs and of furniture, finally justified in *The Finer Grain*, a book of tales with no mis-fire and the style so vindicated in the triumphs of the various books of *Memoirs* and *The American Scene*.

Fantasias: *Dominic Ferrand*, *Nona Vincent* (tales obviously aimed at the *Yellow Book*, but seem to have missed it, a detour in James's career. All artists who discover anything make such detours and must, in the course of things, (as in the cobwebs), push certain experiments beyond the right curve of their art. This is not so much the doom as the function of all "revolutionary" or experimental art, and I think masterwork is usually the result of the return from such excess. One does not know, simply does not know, the true curve until one has pushed one's method beyond it. Until then it is merely a frontier, not a chosen route. It is an open question, and there is no dogmatic answer, whether an artist should write and rewrite the same story (à la Flaubert) or whether he take a new canvas.

The Papers, a fantasia, diverting; *The Birthplace*, fairygod-mother element mentioned above, excellent. *Edmund Orme*, inferior *Yellow Book* tale, not accepted by that periodical.

1889-1893. Period of this entoilment in the *Yellow Book*, short sentences, the epigrammatic. He reacts from this into the allegorical. In general the work of this period is not up to the mark. *The Chaperon*, *The Real Thing*, fantasias of "wit". By fantasias I mean sketches in which the people are "real" or convince one of their verity, but where the story is utterly unconvincing, is not intended to convince, is merely a sort of exaggeration of the fitting situation or the situation which ought to result in order to display some type at its apogee. *The Real Thing* rather better than other stories in this volume.

Thus the lady and gentleman model in *The Real Thing*. London society is finely ladled in *The Chaperon* which is almost as a story, romanticism.

Greville Fane is a scandalous photograph from the life about which the great blagueur scandalously lies in his preface (collected edition). I have been too diverted comparing it with an original to give a sane view of its art.

1890. *The Tragic Muse*, uneven, full of good things but showing Henry James in the didactic role a little too openly. He preaches, he also displays fine perception of the parochialism of the British political career. It is a readable novel with tracts inter-

polated. (Excellent and commendable tracts arguing certainly for the right thing, enjoyable, etc.) Excellent text-book for young men with ambitions, etc.

1892. *Lesson of the Master* (cobweb). *The Pupil*, a masterpiece, one of his best and keenest studies. *Brooksmith* of the best.

1893. *The Private Life*. Title story, waste verbiage at the start, ridiculous to put all this camouflage over something au fond merely an idea. Not life, not people, allegory, dated to *Yellow Book* era. Won't hold against *Candide*. H. J.'s tilting against the vacuity of the public figure, is naturally, pleasing, i. e., it is pleasing that he should tilt, but the amusement partakes of the nature of seeing cocoanuts hurled at an aunt sally.

There are other stories, good enough to be carried by H. J.'s best work, not detrimental, but not enough to have "made him": *Europe* (Hawthorny), *Paste*, *The Middle Years*, *Broken Wings*, etc. Part of the great man's work can perhaps only be criticised as "etc."

1895. *Terminations*, *Coxon Fund* perhaps best of this lot, a disquisition, but entertaining, perhaps the germ of Galsworthy to be found in it, (to no glory of either author) as perhaps a residuum of Dickens in Maisie's Mrs. Wix. Verbalism, but delightful verbalism in Coxon affair, sic:

"Already, at hungry twenty-six, Gravener looked as blank and parliamentary as if he were fifty and popular."

or

"a deeply wronged, justly resentful, quite irreproachable and insufferable person"

or (for the whole type)

"put such ignorance into her cleverness,"

Miss Anvoy's echo concerning "a crystal" is excellently introduced, but is possibly in the nature of a sleight of hand trick, (contemporary with *Lady Windermere's Fan*). Does H. J.'s "politics" remind one of Dizzy's scribbling, just a little? "Confidence, under the new Ministry, was understood to be reviving", etc.

Perhaps one covers the ground by saying that the James of this period is "light literature", entertaining if one have nothing better to do. Neither *Terminations* nor (1896) *Embarrassments* would have founded a reputation.

1896-97. Improvement through *Other House* and *Spoils of Poynton*. I leave the appreciation of these, to me, detestable works to Mr. Hueffer. They seem to me full of a good deal of needless fuss though I do not mean to deny any art that may be in them.

1897. The emergence in *What Maisie Knew*. Problem of the adolescent female. Carried on in :

1899. *The Awkward Age*, fairy godmother and spotless lamb and all the rest of it. Only real thing the impression of people, not observation or real knowledge. Action only to give reader the tone, symbolising the tone of the people. Opening *tour de force*, a study in punks, a cheese *soufflé* of the leprous crust of society done to a turn and a niceness save where he puts on the *dulcissimo, vox humana*, stop. James was the dispassionate observer. He started with the moral obsession; before he had worked clear of it he was entailed in the obsession of social tone. He has pages of clear depiction, even of satire, but the sentimentalist is always lurking just round the corner. This softens his edges. He has not the clear hardness, the cold satiric justness that G. S. Street has displayed in treating situations, certain struggles between certain idiocies and certain vulgarities. This book is a *specialité* of local interest. It is an *etude* in ephemera. If it contained any revelation in 1890, it no longer contains it. His characters are reduced to the status of *voyeurs*, elaborate analysis of the much too special cases, a bundle of swine and asses who cannot mind their own business, who do not know enough to mind their own business. James's lamentable lack of the classics is perhaps responsible for his absorption in bagatelles . . . He has no real series of backgrounds of *moeurs du passé*, only the "sweet dim faded lavender" tune and in opposition to modernity, plush nickel-plated, to the disparagement, naturally, of the latter.

Kipling's "Bigod, now-I-know-all-about-this manner, is an annoyance, but one wonders if parts of Kipling by the sheer force of content, of tale to tell, will not outlast most of James's cobwebs. There is no substitute for narrative-sense however many different and entrancing charms may be spread before us.

The Awkward Age might have been done, from one point of view, as satire, in one-fourth the space. On the other hand, James does give us the subtly graded atmospheres of his different houses most excellently. And indeed this may be regarded as *his* subject.

If one were advocate instead of critic, one would definitely claim that these atmospheres, nuances, impressions of personal tone and quality are *his subject*; that in these he gets certain things that almost no one else had done before him. These timbres and tonalities are his stronghold, he is ignorant of nearly everything else. It is all very well to say that modern life is largely made up of vellities, at-

mospheres, timbres, nuances, etc., but if people really spent as much time fussing, to the extent of the Jamesian fuss, about such normal, trifling, age-old affairs as slight inclinations to adultery, slight disinclinations to marry, to refrain from marrying, etc., etc., life would scarcely be worth the bother of keeping on with it. It is also contendable that one must depict such mush in order to abolish it.*

The main feeling in *The Awkward Age* is satiric. The dashes of sentiment do not help the work as literature. The acute observer is often referred to:

Page 131. "The ingenious observer just now suggested might even have detected . . ."

Page 133 "And it might have been apparent still to our sharp spectator . . ."

* Most good prose arises, perhaps, from an instinct of negation; is the detailed, convincing analysis of something detestable; of something which one wants to eliminate. Poetry is the assertion of a positive, i. e., of desire, and remains, endures for a longer period. Poetic satire is only an assertion of this positive, inversely, i. e., as of an opposite hatred.

This is an highly untechnical, unimpressionist, in fact almost theological manner of statement; but is perhaps the root difference between the two arts of literature.

Most good poetry asserts something to be worth while, or damns a contrary; at any rate asserts emotional values. The best prose is, has been a presentation (complicated and elaborate as you like) of circumstances, of conditions, for the most part abominable, or at the mildest, amendable. This assertion of the more or less objectionable only becomes doctrinaire and rotten art when the narrator mis-states from dogmatic bias, and when he suggests some quack remedy, (prohibition, Christianity, social theory of one sort or another), the only cure being that humanity should display more intelligence and good-will than humanity is capable of displaying.

Poetry = Emotional synthesis, quite as real, quite as realist as any prose (or intellectual) analysis.

Neither prose nor drama can attain poetic intensity save by construction, almost by scenario; by so arranging the circumstance that some perfectly simple speech, perception, dogmatic statement appears in abnormal vigour. Thus when Frederic in *L'Education* observes Mme. Arnoux' shoe-laces as she is descending the stair; or in Turgenev the statement, quotation of a Russian proverb about the "heart of another", or "Nothing but death is irrevocable" toward the end of *Nichée de Gentils-hommes*.

Page 310 "But the acute observer we are constantly taking for granted would perhaps have detected . . ."

Page 323 "A supposititious spectator would certainly have imagined . . ." (This also occurs in *Ivory Tower*. Page 196.)

This scrutinous person wastes a great deal of time in pretending to conceal his contempt for Mrs. Brook, Vanderbank, the other punks, and lays it on so *thick* when presenting his old sentimentalist Longdon who at the one critical moment behaves *with a stupidity*, with a lack of delicacy, since we are dealing with these refinements. Of course neither this stupidity of his action nor the tone of the other characters has anything to do with the question of *maestria*, if they *were* dispassionately or impartially rendered. The book is weak because all through it James is so manifestly carrying on a long *tenzone* so fiercely and loudly, a long argument *for* the old lavender. There is also the constant implication that Vanderbank ought to want Nanda, though why the devil he should be supposed to be even mildly under this obligation, is not made clear. A basis in the classics, castor oil, even Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* might have helped matters. One's complaint is not that people of this sort don't exist, that they aren't like everything else a subject for literature, but that James doesn't anywhere in the book get down to bedrock. It is too much as if he were depicting stage scenery not *as* stage scenery, but as nature.

All this critique is very possibly an exaggeration. Take it at half its strength; I do not intend to defend it.

Epigrammatic manner in opening, compare Kipling; compare De Maupassant, superb ideas, verity, fantasia, fantasia group, reality charming stories poppycock. *Yellow Book* touches in *The Real Thing*, general statements about their souls, near to bad writing, perfectly lucid.

Nona Vincent, he writes like an adolescent, might be a person of eighteen doing first story.

Page 201. "Public interest in spiritual life of the army". (*The Real Thing*.)

Page 201. German Invasion, 1893.

Loathsome prigs, stiff conventions, editor of cheap magazines ladled in Sir Wots-his-name.

In the interim he had brought out *In the Cage*, excellent opening sentence, matter too much talked around and around, and *The Two Magics*. This last a Freudian affair which seems to me to have attracted undue interest, i.e., interest out of proportion to the

importance as literature and as *part of* Henry James's own work, because of this hubject matter. The obscenity of *The Turn of the Screw* has given it undue prominence. People now "drawn" to obscene as were people of Milton's period by an equally disgusting bigotry; one unconscious on author's part; the other, a surgical treatment of a disease. Thus much for progress on part of authors if public has not progressed. The point of my remarks is that an extraneous criterion comes in. One must keep to the question of literature, not of irrelevancies. Galdos *Lo Prohibido* does Freud long before the sex crank got to it. Kipling really does the psychic, ghosts, etc., to say nothing of this having the "sense of story."

1900. *The Soft Side* collection containing: *The Abasement of the Northmores*, good; again the motif of the vacuity of the public man, the "figure"; he has tried it again in *The Private Life* which, however, falls into the allegorical. A rotten fall it is too, and Henry James at his worst in it, i.e., the allegorical. *Fordham's Castle* appears in the collected edition only—it may belong to this period but is probably earlier, comedietta, excellently, perhaps flawlessly done. Here, as so often, the circumstances are mostly a description of the character, of the personal tone of the "sitters"; for his people are so much more, or so much more often, "sitters" than actors. Protagonists it may be. When they act, they are apt to stage-act, which reduces their action again to being a mere attempt at description. (*The Liar*, for example). Compare Maupassant's *Toine* for treatment of case similar to *Fordham Castle*.

1902-05. *The Sacred Fount*, *Wings of a Dove*, *Golden Bowl* period.

Dove and *Bowl* certainly not models for other writers, a caviare not part of the canon (metaphors be hanged for the moment).

Henry James is certainly not a model for narrative novelists, for young writers of fiction; perhaps not even a subject of study till they have attained some sublimity of the critical sense or are at least ready to be constantly alert, constantly on guard.

I cannot see that he will harm a critic or a describer of places, a recorder of impression whether they be people, places, music.

1903. Better sort mildish.

1903. *The Ambassadors*, rather clearer than the other work. Étude of Paris vs. Woollett.

1907. Exhortation to the idle, well-to-do, to leave home.

1907. *The American Scene*, triumph of the author's long practice. A creation of America. A book no "serious American" will neglect. How many Americans make any attempt toward a realiza-

tion of that country is of course beyond our power to compute. The desire to see the national face in a mirror may be in itself an exotic. I know of no such grave record, of no such attempt at faithful portrayal as *The American Scene*. Thus America is to the careful observer; this volume and the American scenes in the fiction and memoirs, in *The Europeans*, *The Patagonia*, *Washington Square*, etc., bulk large in the very small amount of writing which can be counted as history of *moeurs contemporaines*, of national habit of our time and of the two or three generations preceding us. Newport, the standardized face, the Capitol, Independence Hall, the absence of penetralia, innocence, essential vagueness, etc., language "only definable as not in *intention* Yiddish", the tabernacle of Grant's ashes, the public collapse of the individual, the St. Gaudens statue. There is nothing to be gained by making excerpts; the volume is large, but one should in time drift through it. I mean any American with pretenses to an intellectual life should drift through it. It is not enough to have perused "The Constitution" and to have "heard tell" of the national founders.

1910. *The Finer Grain*, collection of short stories without a slip. *The Velvet Glove*, *Mona Montravers*, *A Round of Visits* (the old New York versus the new) *Crapey Cornelia*, *The Bench of Desolation*.

It is by beginning on this collection, or perhaps taking it after such stories as *The Pupil* and *Brooksmith* that the general literate reader will best come to James, must in brief be convinced of him and can tell whether or not the "marginal" James is for him. Whether or no the involutions of the *Golden Bowl* will titillate his arcane sensibilities. If the reader does not "get" *The Finer Grain* there is no sense in his trying the more elaborate *Wings of a Dove*, *Sacred Fount*, *Golden Bowl*. If, on the contrary, he does feel the peculiar, unclassic attraction of the author, he may or may not enjoy the uncanonical books.

1911. *The Outcry*, a relapse. Connoisseurship fad again, inferior work.

1913. *A Small Boy and Others*, the beginning of the memoirs. Beginning of this volume disgusting. First three pages enough to put one off Henry James once and for all, damn badly written, atrocious vocabulary. Page 33 a few lines of good writing. Reader might start about here. Any reader, that is, to whom New York of that period is of interest, New York of the fifties is significant, in so period is of interest, New York of the fifties is significant, in so far as it is typical of what a hundred smaller American cities have been

since. The tone of the work shows in excerpts :

"The special shade of its identity was thus that it was not conscious—really not conscious of anything in the world; or was conscious of so few possibilities at least, and these so immediate and so a matter of course, that it came almost to the same thing. That was the testimony that the slight subjects in question strike me as having borne to their surrounding medium—the fact that their unconsciousness could be so preserved . . ."

Or later, when dealing with a pre-Y.-M.-C.-A. America.

"Infinitely queer and quaint, almost incongruously droll, the sense somehow begotten in ourselves, as very young persons, of our being surrounded by a slightly remote, yet dimly rich, outer and quite kindred circle of the tipsy. I remember how, once, as a very small boy, after meeting in the hall a most amiable and irreproachable gentleman, all but closely consanguineous, who had come to call on my mother, I anticipated his further entrance by slipping in to report to that parent that I thought *he* must be tipsy. And I was to recall perfectly afterwards the impression I so made on her—in which the general proposition that the gentlemen of a certain group or connection might on occasion be best described by the term I had used sought to destroy the particular presumption that our visitor wouldn't, by his ordinary measure, show himself for one of these. He didn't to all appearance, for I was afterwards disappointed at the lapse of lurid evidence: that memory remained with me, as well as a considerable subsequent wonder at my having leaped to so baseless a view . . ."

"The grim little generalisation remained, none the less, and I may speak of it—since I speak of everything—as still standing: the striking evidence that scarce aught but disaster *could*, in that so unformed and unseasoned society, overtake young men who were in the least exposed. Not to have been immediately launched in business of a rigorous sort was to *be* exposed—in the absence I mean of some fairly abnormal predisposition to virtue; since it was a world so simply constituted that whatever wasn't business, or exactly an office or a "store", places in which people sat close and made money, was just simply pleasure, sought, and sought only, in places in which people got tipsy. There was clearly no mean, least of all the golden one, for it was just the ready, even when the moderate, possession of gold that determined, that hurried on disaster. There were whole sets and groups, there were "sympathetic" though too susceptible, races, that seemed scarce to recognise or to find possible any practical application of moneyed, that is, of transmitted ease, however limited, but to go more or less rapidly to the bad with it—which meant even then going as often as possible to Paris . . ."

"The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, I make out, by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster . . ."

"It has carried me far from my rather evident proposition that if we saw the "natural" so happily embodied about us—and in female maturity, or comparative maturity, scarce less than in female adolescence—this was because the artificial, or in other words the complicated, was so little there to threaten it . . ."

On page 72 he quotes his father on "flagrant morality". In Chapter X we have a remarkable portrayal of a character by almost nothing save vacuums, "timorous philistine in a world of dangers". Our author notes the "finer civility" but does not see that it is a thing of no period. It is the property of a few individuals, personally transmitted. Henry James had a mania for setting these things in an era or a "faubourg", despite the continued testimony that the worst manners have constantly impinged upon the most brilliant societies; that decent detail of conduct is a personal talent.

The production of *Il Corteggiano* proves perhaps nothing more than the degree in which Castiglione's contemporaries "needed to be told". On page 236 (*Small Boy and Others*) the phrase "presence without type". On page 286, the people "who cultivated for years the highest instructional, social and moral possibilities of Geneva". Page 283 "discussion of a work of art mainly hung in those days on that issue of the producible name". Page 304. "For even in those days some Americans were rich and several sophisticated". Page 313. The real give away of W. J. Page 341. Scarification of Ste-Beuve. Page 179. Crystal Palace. Page 214. Social relativity.

One is impatient for Henry James to do people.

A Little Tour in France. The disadvantage of giving impressions of real instead of imaginary places is that they conflict with other peoples' impressions. I do not see Angoulême via Balzac, nor do I feel Henry James's contacts with the places where our tracks have crossed very remarkable. I dare say it is a good enough guide for people more meagrely furnished with associations or perceptions. Allow me my *pieton's* shrug for the man who has gone only by train.

Henry James is not very deep in ancient associations. The American's enjoyment of England in *The Passionate Pilgrim* is more searching than anything continental. Windy generality in *Tour in France*, and perhaps indication of how little Henry James's tentacles penetrated into any era before 1600, or perhaps before 1780.

Vignette bottom of page 337-8 (*Passionate Pilgrim*) "full of glimpses and responses, of deserts and desolations". "His perceptions would be fine and his opinions pathetic". Commiseration of

Searle, vs. detachment in *Four Meetings*.

Of the posthumous work, *The Middle Years* is perhaps the most charming. *The Ivory Tower*, full of accumulated perceptions, swift illuminating phrases, perhaps part of a masterpiece. *The Sense of the Past*, less important. I leave my comment of *The Middle Years* as I wrote it, but have recast the analysis of notes to *The Ivory Tower*.

Flaubert is in six volumes, four or five of which every literate man must at one time or another assault. James is strewn over about forty—part of which must go into desuetude, have perhaps done so already.

I have not in these notes attempted the Paterine art of appreciation, e.g., as in taking the perhaps sole readable paragraph of Pico Mirandola and writing an empurpled descant.

The problem—discussion of which is about as “artistic” as a street map—is: can we conceive a five or six volume edition of James so selected as to hold its own internationally? My contention is for this possibility.

My notes are no more than a tentative suggestion, to wit: that some such compact edition might be, to advantage, tried on the less patient public. I have been, alas, no more fortunate than our subject in keeping out irrelevant, non-æsthetic, non-literary, non-technical vistas and strictures.

“THE MIDDLE YEARS”

E z r a P o u n d

THE MIDDLE YEARS is a tale of the great adventure; for, putting aside a few simple adventures, sentimental, phallic, Nimrodic, the remaining great adventure is precisely the approach to the Metropolis; for the provincial of our race the specific approach to London, and no subject surely could more heighten the pitch of writing than that the treated approach should be that of the greatest writer of our time and own particular language. We may, I think, set aside Thomas Hardy as of an age not our own; of perhaps Walter Scott's or of L'Abbé Prevost's, but remote from us and things familiarly under our hand; and we skip over the next few crops of writers as lacking in any comparative interest, interest in a writer being primarily in his degree of sensitization; and on this

count we may throw out the whole Wells-Bennet period, for what interest can we take in instruments which must of nature miss two-thirds of the vibrations in any conceivable situation. In James the maximum sensibility compatible with efficient writing was present. Indeed, in reading these pages one can but despair over the inadequacy of one's own literary sensitization, one's so utterly inferior state of awareness; even allowing for what the author himself allows: his not really, perhaps, having felt at twentysix, all that at seventy he more or less read into the memory of his feeling. The point is that with the exception of exceptional moments in Hueffer we find no trace of such degree of awareness in the next lot of writers, or until the first novels of Lewis and Joyce, whose awareness is, without saying, of a nature greatly different in kind.

It is not the book for any reader to tackle who has not read a good deal of James, or who has not in default of that reading, been endowed with a natural Jamesian sensibility (a case almost negligible by any likelihood); neither is it a book of memoirs, I mean one does not turn to it seeking information about Victorian worthies; one does not, any more than one did when the old man himself was talking, want to be told anything; there are encyclopaedia in sufficiency, and statistics, and human mines of information, boring sufficiency; one asked and asks only that slow voice should continue—evaluating, or perhaps only tying up the strands of a sentence: "And how my old friend . . . *Howells* . . ." etc.

The effects of H. J.'s first breakfasts in Liverpool and ———, invited upstairs at Half Moon Street, are of infinitely more value than any anecdotes of the Laureate (even though H. J.'s inability not to see all through the Laureate is compensated by a quip melting one's personal objection to anything Tennyson touched, by making him merely an old gentleman whatsoever with a gleam of fun in his make-up).

All comes to the contrary, and the proportionate sale of his works, and statistics whatsoever to the contrary, only an American who has come abroad will ever draw *all* the succulence from Henry James's writings; the denizen of Manchester or Wellington may know what it feels like to reach London, the Londoner born will not be able quite to reconstruct even this part of the book; and if for intimacy H. J. might have stayed at the same hotel on the same day as one's grandfather, and if the same American names had part in one's own inceptions in London, one's own so wholly different and less padded inceptions; one has perhaps a purely personal, selfish,

unliterary sense of intimacy: with, in my own case, the vast unbridgeable difference of settling-in and escape.

The essence of James is that he is always "settling-in," it is the ground-tone of his genius.

Apart from the state of James's sensibility on arrival nothing else matters, the "mildness of the critical air," the fatuity of George Eliot's husband, the illustrational and accomplished lady, even the faculty for a portrait in a paragraph, not to be matched by contemporary effects in half-metric, are indeed all subordinate to one's curiosity as to what Henry James knew, and what he did not know on landing. The portrait of the author on the cover showing him bearded, and looking rather like a cross between a bishop and a Cape Cod longshoreman, is an incident gratuitous, interesting, but in no way connected with the young man of the text.

The England of a still rather whiskered age, never looking inward, in short the Victorian is exquisitely embalmed, and "mounted" as is, I think, the term for microscopy. The book is just the right length as a volume, but one mourns there not being twenty more, for here is the unfinished work . . . not in *The Sense of the Past*, for there the pen was weary, as it had been in *The Outcry*, and the talent that was never most worth its own while when gone off on connoisseurship, was, conceivably, finished; but here in his depiction of his earlier self the verve returned, undiminished.

HENRY JAMES, AND THE GHOSTLY

A. R. Orage

I HAVE seen it written that Henry James was a greater psychologist than his brother William, and I have seen it denied with indignation. The dispute might have been saved by the true statement that, as psychologists, the two brothers were equally accomplished but in different fields. The field of William James was in the main the field of normal and of abnormal conscious psychology; the field of Henry James was the field of the sub-conscious, both normal and abnormal. The difference to those who know what the terms mean, is not only considerable; but it accounts entirely for the difference of method employed by the two brothers and even, to a great extent, for the difference in their modes of life. The conscious can be studied by the scientist in the laboratory; the

material is, moreover, largely under his control; and all the ordinary rules of scientific research apply to it. But the sub-conscious is a shyer creature altogether. It is not susceptible of direct observation; it cannot be conjured up or laid at will; it must be watched, attended upon, and delicately, oh most delicately, observed; it entails a discipline of the imagination and of the senses, and a discipline of the mind of the observer who must beware of even so much as breathing in the presence of the subconscious subject; in a word, its study is much more an art than a science.

I am not suggesting that Henry James arrived by his method at any conclusions likely to be of value to the science of psychology.

Conclusions were not what he aimed at; he aimed, like every author, at representation. Nor, again, am I suggesting that Henry James held intellectually any theories on the sub-conscious. He was, as it were, professionally inclusive and professional open-minded. At the same time, it would be possible, I hold, to discover in the solution of his works quite definite conclusions and quite definite theories which the intellect might precipitate into the crystallised dust of formal definitions. But why attempt it if Henry James himself did not? Why translate into terms of science a work of art? Why substitute for representation mere definitions? Only, if it be done, to convince his readers that they are really in the current of the most recent and the deepest thought of our day.

For the surprising thing about Henry James's novels is that one approaches them as stories and leaves them having assisted at a piece of life. One begins to read him as a diversion and finds at the end of him that one has had real experiences. He is, in fact, the magician of psychology, who not only describes—who, indeed does not describe, but portrays,—but reveals. He takes his readers through a new world. This marvellous magical gift, moreover, is exercised, like all true magic, by the simplest of means. For the most part Henry James's characters cannot be said to be selected for their extraordinariness; nor had he the accessories of the stage-magician for his properties. Quite ordinary people in quite ordinary surroundings are sufficient for his purpose — which is to show us, not the conscious, but the sub-conscious, in man. "There," he seems to say,—having placed his reader at a point of vantage for observation,—“just observe and listen and hold your mind in readiness to catch the smallest gesture and the lightest tone. These persons you will notice, are not at the first glance anything out of the common, nor are they up to anything very unusual. Neverthe-

less, watch them and try to see and to feel what they are doing!" And as his readers look at the figures through Henry James's eyes, they are aware of a strange transformation in the ordinary people before them. While still remaining ordinary, extraordinary manifestations begin to be visible among them. They arouse wonder, they arouse pity, they arouse admiration, they arouse horror or fear. There are few emotions they are not capable of producing under the wand of Henry James. Yet, all the time—I must insist upon it—these people remain ordinary.

Such an art of second-sight as this was not likely to be confined to the merely incarnated. If Henry James drew our attention to the sub-conscious "double" or psychic penumbra of living figures, he was almost certain in the end to present his figures as doubles without a body, in a word, as ghosts. And I was among the critics who, long before Henry James had written his *Two Magics* prophesied that he would shortly be writing of shadows directly. No student of his works can fail to observe how imperceptibly his method of dealing with real persons shades into his dealing with ghosts. There is a little more quietness, a little more mystery, a little more holding of the breath in the process of observation; but fundamentally the method is the same. His stories of the unembodied are, I think, the flower of his art. In these Henry James rose to the perfection of his observation. In them he examined the sub-conscious, as it were, face to face.

I have remarked on another occasion that Henry James would be happy among the dead, for he understood them while he was still living. But let me supplement the remark here by the observation that Henry James did not commune with the disembodied alone, but aloud and in the hearing and in the experience of all his intended readers. His mission (if I may use the word and grieve for it) was to act as a kind of Charon to ferry the understanding over the dark passage of the Styx and to show us that we are such stuff as ghosts are made of.

IN MEMORY

T. S. Eliot

HENRY JAMES has been dead for some time. The current of English literature was not appreciably altered by his work during his lifetime; and James will probably continue to be regarded as the extraordinarily clever but negligible curiosity. The current hardly matters; it hardly matters that very few people will read James. The "influence" of James hardly matters: to be influenced by a writer is to have a chance inspiration from him; or to take what one wants; or to see things one has overlooked; there will always be a few intelligent people to understand James, and to be understood by a few intelligent people is all the influence a man requires. What matters least of all is his place in such a Lord Mayor's show as Mr. Chesterton's procession of Victorian Literature. The point to be made is that James has an importance which has nothing to do with what came before him or what may happen after him; an importance which has been overlooked on both sides of the Atlantic.

I do not suppose that any one who is not an American can *properly* appreciate James. James's best American figures in the novels, in spite of their trim definite outlines, the economy of strokes, have a fullness of existence and an external ramification of relationship which a European reader might not easily suspect. The Bellegarde family, for instance, are merely good outline sketches by an intelligent foreigner; when more is expected of them, in the latter part of the story, they jerk themselves into only melodramatic violence. In all appearance Tom Tristram is an even slighter sketch. Europeans can recognize him; they have seen him, known him, have even penetrated the Occidental Club; but no European has the Tom Tristram element in his composition, has anything of Tristram from his first visit to the Louvre to his final remark that Paris is the only place where a white man can live. It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become. Tom is one of the failures, one of nature's misfortunes, in this process. Even General Packard, C. P. Hatch, and Miss Kitty Upjohn have a reality which Claire de

Cintré misses. Noémie, of course, is perfect, but Noémie is a result of the intelligent eye; her existence is a triumph of the intelligence, and it does not extend beyond the frame of the picture.

For the English reader, much of James's criticism of America must merely be something taken for granted. English readers can appreciate it for what it has in common with criticism everywhere, with Flaubert in France and Turgenev in Russia. Still, it should have for the English an importance beyond the work of these writers. There is no English equivalent for James, and at least he writes in this language. As a critic, no novelist in our language can approach James; there is not even any large part of the reading public which knows what the word "critic" means. (The usual definition of a critic is a writer who cannot "create"—perhaps a reviewer of books). James was emphatically not a successful *literary* critic. His criticism of books and writers is feeble. In writing of a novelist, he occasionally produces a valuable sentence out of his own experience rather than in judgment of the subject. The rest is charming talk, or gentle commendation. Even in handling men whom he could, one supposes, have carved joint from joint—Emerson, or Norton—his touch is uncertain; there is a desire to be generous, a political motive, an admission (in dealing with American writers) that under the circumstances this was the best possible, or that it has fine qualities. His father was here keener than he. Henry was not a literary critic.

He was a critic who preyed not upon ideas, but upon living beings. It is criticism which is in a very high sense creative. The characters, the best of them, are each a distinct success of creation: Daisy Miller's small brother is one of these. Done in a clean flat drawing, each is extracted out of a reality of its own, substantial enough; everything given is true for that individual; but what is given is chosen with great art for its place in a general scheme. The general scheme is not one character, nor a group of characters in a plot or merely in a crowd. The focus is a situation, a relation, an atmosphere, to which the characters pay tribute, but being allowed to give only what the writer wants. The real hero, in any of James's stories, is a social entity of which men and women are constituents. It is, in *The Europeans*, that particular conjunction of people at the Wentworth house, a situation in which several memorable scenes are merely timeless parts, only occurring necessarily in succession. In this aspect, you can say that James is dramatic; as what Pinero and Mr. Jones used to do for a large public, James does for the intelli-

gent. It is in the chemistry of these subtle substances, these curious precipitates and explosive gases which are suddenly formed by the contact of mind with mind, that James is unequalled. Compared with James's, other novelists' characters seem to be only accidentally in the same book. Naturally, there is something terrible, as disconcerting as a quicksand, in this discovery, though it only becomes absolutely dominant in such stories as *The Turn of the Screw*. It is partly foretold in Hawthorne, but James carried it much farther. And it makes the reader, as well as the personae, uneasily the victim of a merciless clairvoyance.

James's critical genius comes out most tellingly in his mastery over, his baffling escape from, Ideas; a mastery and an escape which are perhaps the last test of a superior intelligence. He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it. Englishmen, with their uncritical admiration (in the present age) for France, like to refer to France as the Home of Ideas; a phrase which, if we could twist it into truth, or at least a compliment, ought to mean that in France ideas are very severely looked after; not allowed to stray, but preserved for the inspection of civic pride in a Jardin des Plantes, and frugally dispatched on occasions of public necessity. England, on the other hand, if it is not the Home of Ideas, has at least become infested with them in about the space of time within which Australia has been overrun by rabbits. In England ideas run wild and pasture on the emotions; instead of thinking with our feelings (a very different thing) we corrupt our feelings with ideas; we produce the political, the emotional idea, evading sensation and thought. George Meredith (the disciple of Carlyle) was fertile in ideas; his epigrams are a facile substitute for observation and inference. Mr. Chesterton's brain swarms with ideas; I see no evidence that it thinks. James in his novels is like the best French critics in maintaining a point of view, a view-point untouched by the parasite idea. He is the most intelligent man of his generation.

The fact of being everywhere a foreigner was probably an assistance to his native wit. Since Byron and Landor, no Englishman appears to have profited much from living abroad. We have had Birmingham seen from Chelsea, but not Chelsea seen (really *seen*) from Baden or Rome. There are advantages, indeed, in coming from a large flat country which no one wants to visit: advantages which both Turgenev and James enjoyed. These advantages have not won them recognition. Europeans have preferred to take their notion of the Russian from Dostoevski and their notion of the

American from, let us say, Frank Norris if not O. Henry. Thus, they fail to note that there are many kinds of their fellowcountrymen, and that most of these kinds, similarly to the kinds of their fellow-countrymen, are stupid; likewise with Americans. Americans also have encouraged this fiction of a general type, a formula or idea, usually the predaceous square-jawed or thinlipped. They like to be told that they are a race of commercial buccaneers. It gives them something easily escaped from, moreover, when they wish to reject America. Thus the novels of Frank Norris have succeeded in both countries; though it is curious that the most valuable part of *The Pit* is its satire (quite unconscious I believe; Norris was simply representing faithfully the life he knew) of Chicago society after business hours. All this show of commercialism which Americans like to present to the foreign eye James quietly waves aside; and in pouncing upon his fellow-countryman after the stock exchange has closed, in tracking down his vices and absurdities across the Atlantic, and exposing them in their highest flights of dignity or culture, James may be guilty of what will seem to most Americans scandalously improper behaviour. It is too much to expect them to be grateful. And the British public, had it been more aware, would hardly have been more comfortable confronted with a smile which was so far from breaking into the British laugh. Henry James's death, if it had been more taken note of, should have given considerable relief "on both sides of the Atlantic," and cemented the Anglo-American Entente.

THE HAWTHORNE ASPECT

T. S. Eliot

MY OBJECT is not to discuss critically even one phase or period of James, but merely to provide a note, *Beitrag*, toward any attempt to determine his antecedents, affinities, and "place". Presumed that James's relation to Balzac, to Turgenev, to any one else on the continent is known and measured—I refer to Mr. Hueffer's book and to Mr. Pound's article—and presumed that his relation to the Victorian novel is negligible, it is not concluded that James was simply a clever young man who came to Europe and improved himself, but that the soil of his origin contributed a flavour discriminible after transplantation in his latest fruit. We may even

draw the instructive conclusion that this flavour was precisely improved and given its chance, not worked off, by transplantation. If there is this strong native taste, there will probably be some relation to Hawthorne; and if there is any relation to Hawthorne, it will probably help us to analyse the flavour of which I speak.

When we say that James is "American", we must mean that this "flavour" of his, and also more exactly definable qualities, are more or less diffused throughout the vast continent rather than anywhere else; but we cannot mean that this flavour and these qualities have found literary expression throughout the nation, or that they permeate the work of Mr. Frank Norris or Mr. Booth Tarkington. The point is that James is positively a continuator of the New England genius; that there is a New England genius, which has discovered itself only in a very small number of people in the middle of the nineteenth century—and which is *not* significantly present in the writings of Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Miss Eliza White, or the Bard of Appledore whose name I forget. I mean whatever we associate with certain purlieus of Boston, with Concord, Salem, and Cambridge, Mass.: notably Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Lowell. None of these men, with the exception of Hawthorne, is individually very important; they all can, and perhaps ought to be made to look very foolish; but there is a "something" there, a dignity, about Emerson for example, which persists after we have perceived the taint of commonness about some English contemporary, as for instance the more intelligent, better educated, more alert Matthew Arnold. Omitting such men as Bryant and Whittier as absolutely plebeian, we can still perceive this halo of dignity around the men I have named, and also Longfellow, Margaret Fuller and her crew, Bancroft and Motley, the faces of (later) Norton and Child pleasantly shaded by the Harvard elms. One distinguishing mark of this distinguished world was very certainly leisure; and importantly not in all cases a leisure given by money, but insisted upon. There seems no easy reason why Emerson or Thoreau or Hawthorne should have been men of leisure; it seems odd that the New England conscience should have allowed them leisure; yet they *would* have it, sooner or later. That is really one of the finest things about them, and sets a bold frontier between them and a world which will at any price avoid leisure, a world in which Theodore Roosevelt is a patron of the arts. An interesting document, of this latter world is the *Letters* of a nimbly dull poet of a younger generation, of Henry James's generation, Richard Watson Gilder, Civil Service Reform, Tenement House Commisison, Municipal Politics.

Of course leisure in a metropolis, with a civilized society (the society of Boston was and is quite uncivilized but refined beyond the point of civilisation) with exchange of ideas and critical standards would have been better; but these men could not provide the metropolis, and were right in taking the leisure under possible conditions.

Precisely this leisure, this dignity, this literary aristocracy, this unique character of a society in which the men of letters were also of the best people, clings to Henry James. It is some consciousness of this kinship which makes him so tender and gentle in his appreciations of Emerson, Norton and the beloved Ambassador. With Hawthorne, as much the most important of these people in any question of literary art, his relation is more personal; but no more in the case of Hawthorne than with any of the other figures of the background is there any consideration of influence. James owes little, very little, to anyone; there are certain writers whom he consciously studied, of whom Hawthorne was not one; but in any case his relation to Hawthorne is on another plane from his relation to Balzac, for example. The influence of Balzac, not on the whole a good influence, is perfectly evident in some of the earlier novels; the influence of Turgenev is vaguer, but more useful. That James was, at a certain period, more moved by Balzac, that he followed him with more concentrated admiration, is clear from the tone of his criticism of that writer compared with the tone of his criticism of either Turgenev or Hawthorne. In *French Poets and Novelists*, though an early work, James's attitude toward Balzac is exactly that of having been very much attracted from his orbit, perhaps very wholesomely stimulated at an age when almost any foreign stimulus may be good, and having afterwards reacted from Balzac, though not to the point of injustice. He handles Balzac shrewdly and fairly. From the essay on Turgenev there is on the other hand very little to be got but a touching sense of appreciation; from the essay on Flaubert even less. The charming study of Hawthorne is quite different from any of these. The first conspicuous quality in it is tenderness, the tenderness of a man who had escaped too early from an environment to be warped or thwarted by it, who had escaped so effectually that he could afford the gift of affection. At the same time he places his finger, now and then, very gently, on some of Hawthorne's more serious defects as well as his limitations.

"The best things come, as a general thing, from the talents

that are members of a group; every man works better when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation."

Though when he says that

"there was manifestly a strain of generous indolence in his (Hawthorne's) composition"

he is understating the fault of laziness for which Hawthorne can chiefly be blamed. But gentleness is needed in criticising Hawthorne, a necessary thing to remember about whom is precisely the difficult fact that the soil which produced him with his essential flavour is the soil which produced, just as inevitably, the environment which stunted him.

In one thing alone Hawthorne is more solid than James: he had a very acute historical sense. His erudition in the small field of American colonial history was extensive, and he made most fortunate use of it. Both men had that sense of the past which is peculiarly American, but in Hawthorne this sense exercised itself in a grip on the past itself; in James it is a sense of the sense. This, however, need not be dwelt upon here. The really vital thing, in finding any personal kinship between Hawthorne and James, is what James touches lightly when he says that

"the fine thing in Hawthorne is that he cared for the deeper psychology, and that, in his way, he tried to become familiar with it."

There are other points of resemblance, not directly included under this, but this one is of the first importance. It is, in fact, almost enough to ally the two novelists, in comparison with whom almost all others may be accused of either superficiality or aridity. I am not saying that this "deeper psychology" is essential, or that it can always be had without loss of other qualities, or that a novel need be any the less a work of art without it. It is a definition; and it separates the two novelists at once from the English contemporaries of either. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray, certainly, had the smallest notion of the "deeper psychology"; George Eliot had a kind of heavy intellect for it (Tito) but all her genuine feeling went into the visual realism of *Amos Barton*. On the continent it is known; but the method of Stendhal or of Flaubert is quite other. A situation is for Stendhal something deliberately constructed, often an illustration. There is a bleakness about it, vitalised by force rather than feeling, and its presentation is definitely visual. Hawthorne and James have a kind of sense, a receptive medium, which is not of sight. Not that they fail to make you *see*, so far as necessary, but sight is not the essential

sense. They perceive by antennae; and the "deeper psychology" is here. The deeper psychology indeed led Hawthorne to some of his absurdest and most characteristic excesses; it was for ever tailing off into the fanciful, even the allegorical, which is a lazy substitute for profundity. The fancifulness is the "strain of generous indolence", the attempt to get the artistic effect by meretricious means. On this side a critic might seize hold of *The Turn of the Screw*, a tale about which I have many doubts; but the actual working out of this is different from Hawthorne's, and we are not interested in approximation of the two men on the side of their weakness. The point is that Hawthorne was acutely sensitive to the situation; that he did grasp character through the relation of two or more persons to each other; and this is what no one else, except James, has done. Furthermore, he does establish, as James establishes, a solid atmosphere, and he does, in his quaint way, get New England, as James gets a larger part of America, and as none of their respective contemporaries get anything above a village or two, or a jungle. Compare, with anything that any English contemporary could do, the situation which Hawthorne sets up in the relation of Dimmesdale and Chillingworth. Judge Pyncheon and Clifford, Hepzibah and Phoebe, are similarly achieved by their relation to each other; Clifford, for one, being simply the intersection of a relation to three other characters. The only dimension in which Hawthorne could expand was the past, his present being so narrowly barren. It is a great pity, with his remarkable gift of observation, that the present did not offer him more to observe. But he is the one English-writing predecessor of James whose characters are *aware* of each other, the one whose novels were in any deep sense a criticism of even a slight civilization; and here is something more definite and closer than any derivation we can trace from Richardson or Marivaux.

The fact that the sympathy with Hawthorne is most felt in the last of James's novels, *The Sense of the Past*, makes me the more certain of its genuineness. In the meantime, James has been through a much more elaborate development than poor Hawthorne ever knew. Hawthorne, with his very limited culture, was not exposed to any bewildering variety of influences. James, in his astonishing career of self-improvement, touches Hawthorne most evidently at the beginning and end of his course; at the beginning, simply as a young New Englander of letters; at the end, with almost a gesture of approach. *Roderick Hudson* is the novel of a clever and expanding young New Englander; immature, but just coming out to a self-consciousness

where Hawthorne never arrived at all. Compared with *Daisy Miller* or *The Europeans* or *The American* its critical spirit is very crude. But *The Marble Faun* (*Transformation*), the only European novel of Hawthorne, is of Cimmerian opacity; the mind of its author was closed to new impressions though with all its Walter Scott-Mysteries of Udolpho upholstery the old man does establish a kind of solid moral atmosphere which the young James does not get. James in *Roderick Hudson* does very little better with Rome than Hawthorne, and as he confesses in the later preface, rather fails with Northampton.*

He does in the later edition tone down the absurdities of Roderick's sculpture a little, the pathetic Thirst and the gigantic Adam; Mr. Striker remains a failure, the judgement of a young man consciously humourising, too suggestive of Martin Chuzzlewit. The generic resemblance to Hawthorne is in the occasional heavy facetiousness of the style, the tedious whimsicality how different from the exactitude of *The American Scene*, the verbalism. He too much identifies himself with Rowland, does not see through the solemnity he has created in that character, commits the cardinal sin of failing to "detect" one of his own characters. The failure to create a situation is evident: with Christina and Mary, each nicely adjusted, but never quite set in relation to each other. The interest of the book for our present purpose is what he does *not* do in the Hawthorne way, in the instinctive attempt to get at something larger, which will bring him to the same success with much besides.

The interest in the "deeper psychology", the observation, and the sense for situation, developed from book to book, culminate in *The Sense of the Past* (by no means saying that this is his best) uniting with other qualities both personal and racial. James's greatness is apparent both in his capacity for development as an artist and his capacity for keeping his mind alive to the changes in the world during twenty-five years: It is remarkable (for the mastery of a span of American history) that the man who did the Wentworth family in the '80s could do the Bradhams in the '00s. In *The Sense of the Past* the Midmores belong to the same generation as the Bradhams; Ralph belongs to the same race as the Wentworths, indeed as

* Was Hawthorne at all in his mind here? In criticising the *House of the Seven Gables* he says "it renders, to an initiated reader, the impression of a summer afternoon in an elm-shaded New England town", and in the preface to *Roderick Hudson* he says "what the early chapters of the book most 'render' to me today is not the umbrageous air of their New England town."

the Pyncheons. Compare the book with *The House of the Seven Gables* (Hawthorne's best novel after all); the situation, the "shrinkage and extinction of a family" is rather more complex, on the surface, than James's with (so far as the book was done) fewer character-relations. But James's real situation here, to which Ralph's mounting the step is the key, as Hepzibah's opening of her shop, is a situation of different states of mind. James's situation is the shrinkage and extinction of an idea. The Pyncheon tragedy is simple; the "curse" upon the family a matter of the simplest fairy mechanics. James has taken Hawthorne's ghost-sense and given it substance. At the same time making the tragedy much more ethereal: the tragedy of that "Sense", the hypertrophy, in Ralph, of a partial civilization; the vulgar vitality of the Midmores in their financial decay contrasted with the decay of Ralph in his financial prosperity, when they precisely should have been the civilisation he had come to seek. All this watched over by the absent, but conscious Aurora. I do not want to insist upon the Hawthorneness of the confrontation of the portrait, the importance of the opening of a door. We need surely not insist that this book is the most important, most substantial sort of thing that James did; perhaps there is more solid wear even in that other unfinished *Ivory Tower*. But I consider that it was an excursion which we could well permit him, after a lifetime in which he had taken talents s'miliar to Hawthorne's and made them yield far greater returns than poor Hawthorne could harvest from his granite soil; a permissible exercise, in which we may by a legitimately cognate fancy seem to detect Hawthorne coming to a mediumistic existence again, to remind a younger and incredulous generation of what he really was, had he had the opportunity, and to attest his satisfaction that that opportunity had been given to James.

THE NOTES ON NOVELISTS

John Rodker

THAT Henry James found time to produce these criticisms of contemporary writing in the leisure left by his other work is an equal mystery with Balzac's working day of fifteen hours and the twenty-three hour-or-so day of Michael-Angelo. But that his

valuations should remain at the same time so just and so unlikely to be revised by posterity, that is a greater miracle.

It is true, of course that James does not give away very much or let himself go too thoroughly, but that is the caution of age and experience. He admires the spirit that could impel Zola to contemplate a series like the Rougon Macquart, but — and little by little in his gentle way he wears away the whole structure till nothing remains. The end of his essay leaves a figure, crumbling rapidly, with perhaps an odd finger untouched by the rot. With Balzac too it is much the same thing. "O yes, the *Comedie Humaine*, most wonderful, inconceivable energy, but really you know, critics have said that three quarters of Balzac might quite well have been omitted." Even his praise, instead of enhancing the value of his subject serves only to depreciate it.

"Every piece we handle is so full of stuff, condensed like the edibles provided for campaigns and explorations, positively so charged with distilled life that we find ourselves dropping it in certain states of sensibility, as we drop an object unguardedly touched that startles us by being animate. We seem really scarce to want anything to be so animate." This is of course the complaint of a comprehensible god, and one has heard it before.

But what then does Mr. James want. He is pleased when he meets "saturation" in the novels of Mr. Walpole and "tone" is to him the "Je-ne-sais-quoi" that makes for permanence and a colossal conception is entirely praiseworthy and awe-inspiring: but —

Flaubert he treats with most sympathy, and that presumably because each treated his subject in a somewhat similar manner. He does not trouble here to point out felicities, or to analyse influences. His criticism in this case is "en-bloc" and his references to Flaubert's characters are entirely sympathetic.

But what really excites Henry James is not the work as such but the prospect of the writer overwhelmed by his task—like an ant with a large piece of stick, gathering all its power to get the quarry home. James sees the author in his library (with Flaubert, on his bed) gathering himself together for this altogether superhuman effort, and then its painful accomplishment. This is the point where our critic's control gives out. He too claps with the audience. Indeed how could he refrain when it was himself he saw on that identical stage.

The queer thing about these notes is that in the case of George Sand and Balzac time only confirms his judgment, as can be seen

from the three articles on George Sand dated 1897-99 and 1914 and those on Balzac of 1902 and 1913.

The notes on George Sand leave the strongest impression on the reader, probably because her literature was more open to him. Like all of us, James could not but love a "cause célèbre", and the interactions of George Sand upon her lovers — "interesting figures all of them"—centuple the original interest which would have attached merely to her vices. James seems to have found her a fascinating figure, and indeed to any scholar the spectacle of one who lived so hard could not but be engrossing. Physiologically too it appears easier for a woman to expend herself prodigally in a way that nature will not permit man, and this element of bizarrerie made her the more interesting.

For the artist there appears to be a ratio between life and art. Thus life plus art equals 1, this being the unit of permanence. One could have Life as 1, or Art as 1 or as complementary fractions. George Sand who used practically the whole of her unit in living has yet made herself permanent; though her writing as such may very well soon be only of interest to bibliographers. "She lived with all her perceptions and in all her chambers—not merely in the showroom of the shops".

This irrepressible energy for life, so nearly akin to his own for literature makes him tell this story so appreciatively.

"Prosper Merimée was said to have related that during a term with the author of *Lélia*, he once opened his eyes in the raw winter dawn to see his companion in a dressing gown, on her knees before the domestic hearth, a candle-stick beside her and a red Madras round her head, making bravely with her own hands the fire that was to enable her to sit down betimes to urgent pen and paper".

The story, it is said, chilled Merimée's ardour but only awakened that of James, who saw in it an "afflatus" so divine that he remained open-mouthed. Merimée probably felt it was a little indecent—it probably struck him that she was about to chronicle all that had gone before, before the bloom was off.

But that of course is the difference. From the study, her excesses may be forgiven her and faults in taste do not scandalise younger generations.

At home James was not on such sure ground. His article on "The New Novel", although fairly adequate is I think emphasised wrongly. He gives Mr Wells his true value, without allowing a certain cheapness in the make-up of his genius, of a kind without

parallel in men of equal talent. And the notes on Mr. Cannan etc are exceedingly kind, although his critical genius was at fault when he did not realise that Mr. D. H. Lawrence was in a class apart; and that if there is a future for the rhapsodical and lyrical novel it is in his hands.

THE REVISED VERSION

Theodora Bosanquet

WHEN Henry James undertook to prepare his tales and novels for publication in the definitive edition he had cultivated the habit of forgetting past achievements almost to the pitch of sincere conviction that nothing of his produced before about 1890 could come with any credit through the ordeal of a critical inspection. He consequently set about the business of re-reading and selecting with two rare advantages—unfamiliarity and an adverse prejudice. The prejudice often, happily, gave place to appreciation as the unfamiliarity passed into recognition, but it must be clear to any reader of the prefaces to the New York edition that he never lost the sense that he was paternally responsible for two distinct families. For the earlier brood, the acknowledged fruit of his alliance with Romance, he claimed indulgence on the ground of their youthful spontaneity, their confident assurance, their rather touching good faith. One catches echoes of a plea that these elderly youngsters may not be too closely compared, to their inevitable disadvantage, with the richly endowed, the carefully bred, the highly civilised and sensitised children of his second marriage with Experience. Attentive readers of the novels may find the distinction between these two groups less remarkable than it was to their writer. They may even wonder whether the second marriage was not a silver wedding, with the old romantic mistress cleverly disguised as a woman of the world. It is quite possible that the different note struck so audibly for Henry James's ear by his later work may have been due more to his substitution of dictation for the use of pens and ink than to any change of heart. The interesting thing to note, whatever the reason, is that he found it necessary to do a great deal of work on the earlier tales before he considered them fit for appearance in the company of the late

mes. Some members of the elder family he entirely disowned, not counting them worth the expense of the contemplated new clothes. Others he left in their place more from respect for the declared taste of his reading public than because he loved them for their own sake. It would, for instance, scarcely have been possible to exclude *Daisy Miller* from any representative collection of his work, yet the popularity of the tale had been almost a grief to him. To be acclaimed as the author of *Daisy Miller* by persons blandly unconscious of *The Wings of the Dove* or *The Golden Bowl* was a reason among many for Henry James's despair of intelligent comprehension. His feelings about *Daisy* resembled those of some *grande dame* possessing a jewel-case richly stocked with glowing rubies and flashing diamonds, but condemned by her admirers always to appear in the simple string of moonstones worn at her first dance.

From the moment he began to read over the earlier tales he found himself involved in a highly practical examination of the scope and limits of permissible revision. Poets, as he pointed out, have frequently revised their verse with good effect. Why should novelists not have equal license? The only sound reason for not altering anything is the conviction that it couldn't be improved. It was Henry James's profound conviction that he could improve his early writing in nearly every sentence. Not to revise would have been to confess a loss of faith in himself and it was unlikely that the writer who lasted for forty years in the wilderness of British and American misconceptions without yielding any scrap of intellectual honesty to editorial or publishing tempters should have lost faith in himself. But he was as fully aware of the limits of revision as he was of the scope. He knew that no novelist can safely afford to repudiate his fundamental understanding with his readers that the tale he has to tell is at least as true as history and the people he has set in motion at least as unalterable at a given moment as the people we see in offices and railway carriages. He allowed himself few freedoms with actions or appearances already recorded, which makes it worth our while to note one of these rare exceptions, a deliberate substitution in the second version of *The American*. Originally the old Marquise de Bellegarde had acknowledged the introduction of Newman by returning his handshake "with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of St. Dunstan's." On her crea-

tor's second thoughts that friendly gesture was refused. "Newman came sufficiently near to the old lady by the fire to take in that she would offer him no handshake Madame de Bellegarde looked hard at him and refused what she did refuse with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of Saint Dunstons." There were two good reasons why the Marquise should not have extended a welcoming hand to Newman. Her attitude was throughout to be consistently hostile and should never have been compromised by the significantly British grip, and she had lived too long in her husband's country not to have adopted its views as to the uses of a lady's hand. Nevertheless it is really shocking to see her revoking her very first card after playing it for so many years. She was to perform less credible actions than shaking hands with an intrusive American, as her progenitor was aware. He invited his readers, in the preface to *The American*, to observe the impossible behaviour of the noble Bellegarde family, but he recognised that since they had been begotten in absurdity the Bellegardes could under no stress of revision achieve a very solid humanity. The best he could do for them was to let a faint consciousness flush the mind of Valentin, the only perceptive member of the family. In the first edition Valentin warned his American friend of the Bellegarde peculiarities with the easy good faith of the younger Henry James: "My mother is strange, my brother is strange, and I verily believe I am stranger than either. Old trees have crooked branches, old houses have queer cracks, old races have odd secrets." To this statement he added in the revised version: "We're fit for a museum or a Balzac novel." A similar growth of ironic perception was allowed to Roderick Hudson, whose comment on Rowland's admission of heroically concealed passion for Mary Garland: "It's like something in a novel," was altered to "It's like something in a bad novel".

But the real business of revision was, for Henry James, neither substitution nor rearrangement. It was the demonstration of values implicit in his early work, the retrieval of countless lost opportunities for adequately "rendering". "It was," he remarked, "all sensibly, as if the clear matter being still there, even as a shining expanse of snow spread over a plain, my exploring tread, for application to it, had quite unlearned the old pace and found itself naturally falling into another, which might sometimes indeed more or less agree with the original tracks, but might most often, or very nearly, break the

surface in other places. What was thus predominantly interesting to note, at all events, was the high spontaneity of these deviations and differences, which became thus things not of choice, but of immediate and perfect necessity: necessity to the end of dealing with the quantities in question at all." "The act of revision," he explained in the same preface (to *The Golden Bowl*), "the act of seeing it again, caused whatever I looked at on any page to flower before me as into the only terms that honourably expressed it; and the 'revised' element in the present Edition is accordingly these terms, these rigid conditions of re-perusal, registered; so many close notes, as who should say, on the particular vision of the matter itself that experience had at last made the only possible one." It will be noticed that there is no lack of confidence in these words. The man of literary genius, in secure possession of his "faculties", did not bother himself with doubts as to his ability to write better at the end of a lifetime of hard work and varied experience than at the beginning. He knew that he could write better.

It is true that the case for the revised version cannot rest on its greater elegance. It is not so simple or so smooth or, on the whole, so pretty as the older form. But it is nearly always richer and more alive. Henry James was more concerned to give the sense of an emotional tension than to sketch a pretty picture. Truth was dearer to him than a smooth surface and accurate registration of each perceived tone more valuable than a selection of harmonies. In the later version early abstractions give place to sharp definite images, loose vague phrases to close-locked intensities of meaning. As a sample of the kind of thing he was trying to do one may take the changes in a sentence in *The Madonna of the Future*, a tale first published in 1879. This is the original form: "His professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background." In the New York edition it has become: "His professions were practically, somehow, all masks and screens, and his personal allusions, as to his ambiguous background, mere wavings of the dim lantern." It would be easy to pick out passages where the gain in verbal beauty has been as striking as the gain in expression. There is a passage forming part of the fine account of Newman's silent renunciation, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, of his meditated revenge. In the old edition it runs: "He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off, at long intervals, to the rest of the world. He was very tired; this was the best place he could be in." This was transformed to:

"He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off into space, at long intervals, the big bronze syllables of the Word. He was very tired, but such a place was a kingdom of rest."

It would, of course, be equally easy to select examples of prettiness sacrificed to sincerity and the rhythm of a sentence destroyed by qualifying clauses; just as one might set against the gain in vigour introduced by idiom and abbreviation into the dialogue the loss in verisimilitude due to adverbial interpositions. I propose to quote, therefore, an extract of sufficient length to give the general sense of the revision. The passage is taken from *Four Meetings*, a work which was revised with extreme care.

Here is the earlier version. The relater of the tale is showing a book of photographs of places in Europe to the little New England spinster, Caroline Spencer. They have just come upon a representation of the Castle of Chillon.

She looked awhile, and then she asked if it was not where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, was confined. I assented, and tried to quote some of Byron's verses, but in this attempt I succeeded imperfectly.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft, flat and yet agreeable voice. By the time she had finished, she was blushing. I complimented her and told her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again, to see whether I was serious, and I added, that if she wished to recognise Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily; Europe was getting sadly dis-Byronised.

"How soon must I go?" she asked.

"Oh, I will give you ten years."

"I think I can go within ten years," she answered very soberly.

"Well," I said, "you will enjoy it immensely; you will find it very charming."

The new version runs:

She looked a while and then asked if it weren't where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, had been confined. I assented, trying to quote Byron's verses, but not quite bringing it off.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft flat voice but with charming conviction. By the time she had finished, she was nevertheless blushing. I complimented her and assured her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again, to see if I might be serious, and I added that if she wished to

recognise Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily — Europe was getting sadly dis-Byronised. "How soon must I go?" she thereupon enquired.

"Oh I'll give you ten years."

"Well, I guess I can go in *that* time," she answered as if measuring her words.

"Then you'll enjoy it immensely," I said; "you'll find it of the highest interest." "

I quote another passage from the final "meeting", at which the indignant narrator watches Caroline ministering to the vulgar French cocotte who has imposed herself on her hospitality as the widow of a graceless American cousin. The cousin had previously stripped the innocent little New Englander, at the moment of her disembarkation on European soil, of all her gathered savings. His relict is not likely to allow of any further sums being scraped together by her unfortunate hostess.

At this moment Caroline Spencer came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot on a little tray. I noticed that on her way from the door to the table she gave me a single quick, vaguely appealing glance. I wondered what it signified; I felt that it signified a sort of half-frightened longing to know what, as a man of the world who had been in France, I thought of the Countess. It made me extremely uncomfortable. I could not tell her that the Countess was very possibly the runaway wife of a little hairdresser. I tried, suddenly, on the contrary, to show a high consideration for her.

In the definitive edition the passage has been packed full of additional meaning.

Our hostess moreover at this moment came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot and three cups on a neat little tray. I took from her eyes, as she approached us, a brief but intense appeal — the mute expression, as I felt, conveyed in the hardest little look she had yet addressed me, of her longing to know what, as a man of the world in general and of the French world in particular, I thought of these allied forces now so encamped on the stricken field of her life. I could only "act" however, as they said at North Verona, quite impenetrably — only make no answering sign. I couldn't intimate, much less could I frankly utter, my inward sense of the Countess's probable past, with its measure of her virtue, value and accomplishments, and of the limits of the consideration to which she could properly pretend. I couldn't give my friend a hint of how I myself personally "saw" her interesting pensioner — whether as the runaway wife of a too-jealous hair-dresser or of a too-morose pastry-cook, say; whether as a very small bourgeoisie, in

fine, who had vitiated her case beyond patching up, or even as some character, of the nomadic sort, less edifying still. I couldn't let in, by the jog of a shutter, as it were, a hard informing ray and then, washing my hands of the business, turn my back for ever. I could on the contrary but save the situation, my own at least, for the moment, by pulling myself together with a master hand and appearing to ignore everything but that the dreadful person between us was a "grande dame."

I have tried to indicate, so far as it is at all possible to indicate anything within the limits of space and copyright restrictions, the general direction of Henry James's revision. Anyone who wants to discover for himself the mode of growth of a great artist's sensibility, "the how and the whence and the why these intenser lights of experience come into being and insist on shining", may profitably read the old and the new versions of *The American*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Princess Casamassima*, and any of the shorter tales published during the 'seventies and the 'eighties. Such an adventurer will be as well qualified as he can be — "granting, of course, to begin with, a mind accessible to questions of such an order" — for judging between a provocative young critic's verdict that "all the early works have been subjected to a revision which in several cases, notably *Daisy Miller* and *Four Meetings*, amounts to their ruin," and their writer's confident hope that he "shouldn't have breathed upon the old catastrophes and accidents, the old wounds and mutilations and disfigurements, wholly in vain I have prayed that the finer air of the better form may sufficiently seem to hang about them and gild them over — at least for readers, however few, at all *curious* of questions of air and form."

THE NOTES TO "THE IVORY TOWER"*

E z r a P o u n d

THE great artists among men of letters have occasionally and by tradition burst into an *Ars Poetica* or an *Arte nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and it should come as no surprise that Henry James has left us some sort of treatise on novel-writing—no surprise, that is, to the discriminating reader who is *not*, for the most part, a writer of English novels. Various reviewers have hinted obscurely that some such treatise is either adumbrated or concealed in the Notes for *The Ivory Tower* and for *The Sense of the Past*; they have

* Recast from an article in *The Future*.

aid, indeed, that novelists will "profit greatly", etc., but no one has set forth the gist or the generalities which are to be found in these notes.

Divested of its fine verbiage, of its clichés, of its provincialisms of American phrase, and of the special details relating to the particular book in his mind, the formula for building a novel (any novel, not merely any "psychological" novel); the things to have clearly in mind before starting to write it, are enumerated in *The Ivory Tower* notes somewhat as follows:—

1. Choice of names for characters; names that will "fit" their owners, and that will not "joggle" or be kakophonic when in juxtaposition on the page.

2. Exposition of one group of characters and of the "situation". (In *The Ivory Tower* this was to be done in three subdivisions. "Book I" was to give the "Immediate Facts").

3. One character at least is hitched to his "characteristic". We are to have one character's impression on another.

4. (Book III.) Various reactions and interactions of characters.

5. The character, i.e., the main character is "faced with the situation".

6. For *The Ivory Tower* and probably for any novel, there is now need to show clearly and definitely the "antecedents". i.e., anything that had happened before the story started. And we find Henry James making up his mind which characters have interacted before this story opens, and which things are to be due to fresh impacts of one character on another.

7. Particular consideration of the special case in hand. The working-free from incongruities inherent in the first vague preconceptions of the plot. Thus:

(a) The hinge of the thing is not to be the effect of A. on B. or of B. on A.; nor of A. on C. or of C. on B. but is to be due to an effect all round, of A. and B. and C. working on each other.

(b) James's care not to repeat figures from earlier novels. Not a categoric prohibition, but a caution not to sail too near the wind in this matter.

(c) A care not to get too many "personally remarkable" people, and not enough stupid ones into the story.

(d) Care for the relative "weight" as well as the varied "tone" of the characters.

(We observe, in all this, the peculiarly American passion for "art"; for having a system in things, *cf.* Whistler).

(e) Consideration how far one character "faces" the problem of another character's "character".

(This and section "d" continue the preoccupation with "moral values" shown in James's early criticism in *French Poets and Novelists*.

8. Definite "joints"; or relations of one character to another finally fitted and settled.

This brings us again to point 5. The character, i.e., the main character definitely "faced" with the situation.

9. The consequences.

10. (a) Further consideration of the state of character before contact with B., etc.

(b) The effect of further characters on the mind, and thence on the action of A.

(c) Considerations of the effect of a fourth main character; of introducing a subsidiary character, and effect, i.e., that of having an extra character for particular function.

11. The great "coup" foreshadowed.

(In this case the mild Othello, more and more drifting consciously into the grip of the mild Iago—I use the terms "Othello" and "Iago" merely to avoid, if not "hero", at least "villain"; the sensitive temperament allowing the rapacious temperament to become effective).

(a) The main character in perplexity as to how far he should combat the drift of things.

(b) The opposed character's perception of this.

(These sub-sections are, of course, sub-sections for a psychological novel; one would have different but equivalent "joints" in a novel of action).

(c) Effect of all this on third character. (In this case female, attracted to "man-of-action" quality).

(d) A.'s general perception of these things and his weighing of values, a phase solely for the psychological novel.

(e) Weighing of how much A.'s perception of the relation between B. and C. is to be dénouement, and how much more or less, known.

(To be continued)

Announcements

The New York edition of Henry James, in twenty-six volumes, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

The Novels of Henry James, in twenty-four volumes, Macmillan, London, 1908.

"A Small Boy and Others, 1913, "Notes of a Son and Brother", 1914, Macmillan, London.

"The American Scene", Chapman and Hall, London, 1907.

"The Ivory Tower", The Sense of the Past", and "The Middle Years", W. Collins and Son, London, 1917.

Further MSS. on Henry James for which there is not room in this number will appear in later issues of the *Little Review*.

Episode VI. of James Joyce's "Ulysses" and the conclusion of Ford Madox Hueffer's "Women and Men" will appear in the next number.

"In Memory of Robert Gregory", by William Butler Yeats, will be a feature of the September number; and seven new lyrics by Mr. Yeats will appear in October.

Errata

Through some untraceable mistake the *Little Review* for January 1918 was printed as Volume V., No. 9. Please correct your copies as follows:

January 1918, Volume IV., No. 9

February 1918, Volume IV., No. 10

March 1918, Volume IV., No. 11

April 1918, Volume IV., No. 12

May 1918, Volume V., No. 1

June 1918, Volume V., No. 2

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

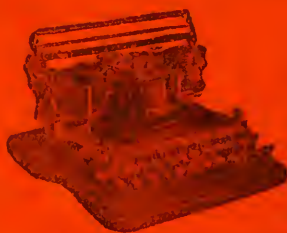
313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

**No Other Typewriter
Can Do This--**

*Write All Languages, All Sciences, All Sizes
and Style of type on ONE machine.*

**MULTIPLEX HAMMOND
"WRITING MACHINE"**



MULTIPLEX HAMMOND'S
Instantly changeable type
Many styles, many languages
Two types or languages always in the machine
Just Turn the Knob to change

Write today for the story of the "Miracle
of the Multiplex". We will be glad to send
it without placing you under any obligation.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY
558A East 69th Street — New York City
Inquire for our special terms to professionals.

Sept. 1918

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Oct. 1

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

W. B. Yeats

In Memory of Robert Gregory

by

William Butler Yeats

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

SEPTEMBER, 1918

In Memory of Robert Gregory	<i>William Butler Yeats</i>
The Western School	<i>Edgar Jepson</i>
Four Poems	<i>T. S. Eliot</i>
Ulysses, Episode VI.	<i>James Joyce</i>
Senility	<i>Sherwood Anderson</i>
Decay	<i>Ben Hecht</i>
Books	<i>John Rodker</i>
The Notes for "The Ivory Tower"	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Women and Men, VI.	<i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i>
The Reader Critic	

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *London Editor*

JULES ROMAINS, *French Editor*

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

*Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.*

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

SEPTEMBER 1918

No. 5

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT GREGORY

William Butler Yeats

Now that we're almost settled in our house
I'll name the friends that cannot sup with us
Beside a fire of turf in th' ancient tower,
And, having talked to some late hour,
Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed:
Discoverers of forgotten truth
Or mere companions of my youth,
All, all are in my thoughts to-night, being dead.

Always we'd have the new friend meet the old
And we are hurt if either friend seem cold,
And there is salt to lengthen out the smart
In the affections of our heart,
And quarrels are blown up upon that head;
But not a friend that I would bring
This night, can set us quarrelling,
For all that come into my mind are dead.

Lionel Johnson comes the first to mind,
That loved his learning better than mankind,
Though courteous to the worst; much falling he
Brooded upon sanctity
Till all his Greek and Latin learning seemed
A long blast upon the horn that brought
A little nearer to his thought
A measureless consummation that he dreamed.

And that enquiring man John Synge comes next,
That, dying, chose the living world for text
And never could have rested in the tomb
But that, long travelling, he had come
Towards nightfall upon certain set apart
In a most desolate stony place,
Towards nightfall upon a race
Passionate and simple like his heart.

And then I think of old George Pollexfen
In muscular youth wellknown to Mayo men
For horsemanship at meets or at racecourses,
That could have shown how purebred horses
And solid men, for all their passion, live
But as the outrageous stars incline
By opposition, square and trine,
Having grown sluggish and contemplative.

They were my close companions many a year,
A portion of my mind and life, as it were,
And now their breathless faces seem to look
Out of some old picture-book;
I am accustomed to their lack of breath,
But not that my dear friend's dear son,
Our Sidney and our perfect man,
Could share in that discourtesy of death.

For all things the delighted eye now sees
Were loved by him; the old storm-broken trees
That cast their shadows upon road and bridge;
The tower set on the stream's edge;
The ford where drinking cattle make a stir
Nightly, and startled by that sound
The water-hen must change her ground;
He might have been your heartiest welcomer.

When with the Galway foxhounds he would ride
From Castle Taylor to the Roxborough side
Or Eserkelly plains, few kept his pace;
At Moneen he had leaped a place
So perilous that half the astonished meet
Had shut their eyes; and where was it
He rode a race without a bit?
And yet his mind outran the horses' feet.

We dreamed that a great painter had been born
To cold Clare rock and Galway rock and thorn,
To that stern colour and that delicate line
That are our secret discipline
Wherein the gazing heart doubles her might.
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
And yet he had the intensity
To have published all to be a world's delight.

What other could so well have counselled us
In all lovely intricacies of a house
As he that practised or that understood
All work in metal or in wood
In moulded plaster or in carven stone?
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
And all he did done perfectly
As though he had but that one trade alone.

Some burn damp fagots, others may consume
The entire combustible world in one small room
As though dried straw, and if we turn about
The bare chimney is gone black out
Because the work had finished in that flare.
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
As 'twere all life's epitome.
What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?

I had thought, seeing how bitter is that wind
 That shakes the shutter, to have brought to mind
 All those that manhood tried, or childhood loved
 Or boyish intellect approved,
 With some appropriate commentary on each,
 Until imagination brought
 A fitter welcome, but a thought
 Of that late death took all my heart for speech.

THE WESTERN SCHOOL *

Edgar Jepson

IT IS uncommonly convenient to know all about a school of poets (especially when its seat is so fittingly Chicago, the typical city); to be told plainly and firmly that its poets are securely rooted in their native soil; that their poetry is so much concerned with United States life and so much a part of it that it may be said to be becoming national; that it is creating a new direction, a new idiom, and is going to be a much more fluid thing than English critics have any idea of; that it has "unique features"; and that unless one realises the new, autochthonic note in United States poetry to-day, in the most distinctive United States poetry, that is, one realises nothing of the subtle impulses and forces that are at work to create a new poetic environment for the coming generation; that steel rails, journalism, moving pictures, popular tales and songs, local festivals, world's fairs, clamorous cities will force United States poets from their long eastward gazing, their obstinate preoccupation with the arts and literature of feudal Europe. They will go West, leaving Europe, even new Europe, behind. And in that day United States art, United States literature, will cease to be provincial, will resume the continental habit which began with Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. At last they will have to follow the people, obey the people's need of them.

It is uncommonly convenient also to have the masters of the school stamped authentic, by the award of prizes for their poems, by the school itself, to know for certain that Messrs. Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Robert Frost are the chief representatives of the school, that their work is the fine flower of its growth. You know where you are.

At the same time it is a trifle worrying to find that the prize poem of the chief master of the school is an Ingoldsby legend—doubtless the inspiration was unconscious—dealing with the love of a Chinese lady and brilliant with such jingles as,

The world was the field of the Chinese man
And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
And wove white silks in the mulberry shade.

* (One might hope that the specifications of patriotism no longer included the D. O. R. A. injunction to shut our ears and bury our heads in the sand whenever a foreign critic took the trouble to inspect some of our "art" or "literature." Mr. Jepson's article was, as I understand it, "ordered" by a contemporary, and then rejected for its lack of flattery, its lack of kow-tow to certain local celebrities. The article appears at its original length in the *English Review*; in so far as much of the matter discussed must be only too familiar to the American reader, we have requested a condensation of treatment (with however no change of view) and the author has been good enough to comply. Any one who has heard Mr. Jepson read Homer or discourse on Catullus would recognize his fitness as a judge and as a respecter of poetry. The readers of the *Little Review* have, let us hope, less need than any other section of the American public to be told that a certain sort of bad writing is bad writing, but so long as other editors, having asked for criticism when they were ready for nothing but eulogy, refuse to publish the criticism, we must certainly keep open house, if only for the national honour, and to wear down, as much as possible, the foreign belief in America's mental timidity.

Only a barbarous or religious nation will try to suppress the expression of views different from those of its ruling or paying majorities. The minimum of possible liberty contracted for in our Declaration of Independence must include a right to hold mental divergences from one's neighbor, and while such liberty is denied by every religious organization, we can still point out (perhaps uselessly) that the Church and State in America have as yet no formal legal connection, however much religious taboos may have impinged upon special legislation. There is perhaps no intolerance like that of a "great public," but one should do one's best to prevent mass tyranny from clutching and penetrating the subjective processes of the individual.—E. P.

The bulk of this master's work however is concerned with United States life; is genuinely national. Possibly he is creating the new diction, the new idiom, the greater fluidity with which the school proposes to bless the world. But for me, alas! the bulk of it is just verse, and rank bad, jingling verse at that.

Art is in the handling. It may be that Mr. Lindsay has the true poetic visions of the Fireman's Ball, or of General Booth's entering heaven, or of Simon Legree; he has failed hopelessly in the expression and presentation of them. Consider such lines as "Hurries up the tooting," "In the night-alarm chase,"

And kettle-drums rattle
And hide the shame
With a swish and a swirl
In dead Love's name.

"Lurching bravos from the ditches dank," "Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew." Such lines raise no question of art as opposed to virtuosity, of rough intensity as opposed to polished feebleness; they are just rank bad workmanship, the bad workmanship of a man who has shirked. If Mr. Lindsay says "I write for the good-hearted People of the Great Pure Republic; and it's quite good enough for them," I have nothing to say. He may be right. He ought to know. But if he tells me that this slipshod stuff is poetry, I say that it is not. He has shirked the work of hammering out his vision. He can do better when he is not being "autochthonic", as in "The Scissors-Grinder". It is not for a poet to do stunts but to express himself, his vision of the world, each part of it as it comes to him, as finely as he can.

With regard to his "Booker Washington Triology," I have a feeling that it is rather an impertinence. Why should a white man set out to become the poetic mouth-piece of the United States blacks? These blacks have already made the only distinctively United States contributions to the arts—ragtime and buck-dancing. Surely it would be well to leave them to make the distinctively United States contribution to poetry.

I have given Mr. Vachel Lindsay the chief place because he is the acclaimed leader of the school, and because beside Mr. Edgar Lee Masters he is a veritable king of song.

The poem of Mr. Edgar Lee Master's which received the prize in 1916 is entitled "All Life in a Life." It is a modernized version, or rather epitome, of the first gospel. It goes like this:—

He had a rich man or two
Who took up with him against the powerful frown
That looked him down.
For you'll always find a rich man or two
To take up with anything—
There are those who want to get into society, or bring
Their riches to a social recognition.

These lines rhyme indeed; but I am quite unable to conceive what they have to do with poetry. They are just bad, bald, prosy prose. The effusion is marred and marred by such cumbrous artificialities: "His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black;" his parents "threatened him with bolts and bars;" he passed "where richness of living was rife."

Time makes amends usually for scandal's breath,
Which touched him to his earthly ruination.

These clumsinesses are doubtless the new diction; but what could be more painfully unsimple? The stuff is wholly barren of rhythm, rhythmical construction, intensity, spontaneity, or beauty. I can find in it no poetic quality of any kind.

Mr. Robert Frost is the third master and his prize poem "Snow" tells at an amazingly tedious length how Brother Meserve, the head of a small sect, routs two neighbors out of their beds on a stormy midnight and talks to them and they to one another. This is how the best of it goes. Meserve speaks:

That leaf there in your open book! It moved
Just then, I thought. It's stood erect like that,
There on the table, ever since I came,
Trying to turn itself backward or forward—
I've had my eye on it to make out which:
If forward, then it's with a friend's impatience—
You see I know—to get you on to things
It wants to see how you will take; if backward,
It's for regret for something you have passed
And failed to see the good of.

Here are a fancy—never mind the pathetic fallacy—and an idea. Admitting that they are of the stuff of poetry, what of their presentation? To me, frankly, it is no more than a maundering dribble. Again I find it the work of a man who has shirked the labour of hammering out his idea into its right form.

These and the next eight lines are the very best of the four hun-

dred lines of which the poem consists; and they have exactly as much to do with poetry as they have with rat-catching. They are wretched prose. They are in no degree rooted in the soil, autochthonous. People dribble these toneless inanities all the world over in every tongue.

Always I find the music of these effusions so cheap, or so poor; and this poor music is common to the great bulk of all the recent United States poetry I have read. I sometimes think that this amazing lack of a sense of the beauty of words comes from the manner in which the language of the United States is spoken—that monotonous drone, generally nasal; or that monotonous nasal whine. I am assured that in some parts of the United States you may still hear musical speech; but I cannot believe that the speech of any of these three masters is musically modulated, or indeed modulated at all. How then should they begin even to write poetry?

In truth the very principles of the school are wrong. To the human spirit steel rails, moving pictures, world's fairs, and journalism are irrelevant. They serve none of its uses. They are mere trades appurtenances; and with trade it has nothing to do. Should there ever come a poet who finds them relevant, a part of his vision of the world, well and good. If he is a poet the presentation of his vision may be full of steel rails, yet it will be poetry. To invite a poet to go West and lug steel rails into his vision because steel rails are of the Middle West is to ensure a full supply of these tedious artificialities to which the school has awarded prizes.

Again these fakements are not securely rooted in their native soil. Wholly of the surface, they are rooted in nothing. They create no new diction, no new idiom. They create nothing. There is no new, autochthonous note in them. They are as rancid as *Ben Hur*. And to plaster one generation with weariness is, to my mind, no way to create a new poetic environment for the next. Worst of all they are so easy to do; and I hold with Plato: *κατα τα καλα*.

And what is this call to the poet to follow the people and obey the people's need? What has the fat-headed ruck of the United States or any other country to do with poetry? It has no need of it whatever.

But the queer and delightful thing is that in the scores of yards of pleasant verse and wamblings and yawpings which have been recently published in the Great Pure Republic I have found a poet, a real poet, who possesses in the highest degree the qualities the new

school demands. Western-born of Eastern stock, Mr. T. S. Eliot is United States of the United States; and his poetry is securely rooted in its native soil; it has a new poetic diction; it is as autochthonous as Theocritus. It is new in form as all genuine poetry is new in form; it is musical with a new music; and that without any straining after newness. The form and music are a natural integral part of the poets' amazingly fine presentation of his vision of the world.

Could anything be more United States, more of the soul of that modern land than "The Love Song of J. Alfred Pruffock"? It is the very wailing testament of that soul with its cruel clarity of sophisticated vision, its thin, sophisticated emotions, its sophisticated appreciation of a beauty, and its sophisticated yearning for a beauty it cannot dare to make its own and so, at last, live.

Never has the shrinking of the modern spirit of life been expressed with such exquisiteness, fullness, and truth.

Consider again that lovely poem "La Figlia Che Piange." It is instinct with every poetic quality the woolly masters lack, with delicate, beautiful, intense emotion, with exquisite, beautiful music. This is the very fine flower of the finest spirit of the United States. It would be idiotic for such a poet to go West and write for that ploppeyed yokel the Great-hearted Young Westerner on the make. It is hardly to be believed that this lovely poem should have been published in *Poetry* in the year in which the school awarded the prize to that lumbering fakement "All Life In A Life."

FOUR POEMS

T. S. Eliot

Sweeney among the Nightingales

ὦμοι, πέπγηλμαι καιρίαν πγηλὴν ἔσω

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
 Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
 The zebra stripes along his jaw
 Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
 Slide westward to the River Plate,
 Death and the Raven drift above
 And Sweeney guards the horned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
 Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
 The person in the Spanish cape
 Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
 Overturns a coffee cup,
 Reorganized upon the floor
 She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
 Sprawls at the window sill and gapes;
 The waiter brings in oranges
 Bananas, figs and hot-houses grapes;

The silent vertebrate exhales,
 Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
 Rachel née Rabinovitch
 Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

W h i s p e r s o f I m m o r t a l i t y

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures under ground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

Donne, I suppose, was such another
Who found no substitute for sense
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience

He knew the angu'sh of the marrow
 The ague of the skeleton;
 No contact possible to flesh
 Allayed the fever of the bone.

* * * *

Grishkin is nice; her Russian eye
 Is underlined for emphasis;
 Uncorseted, her friendly bust
 Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.

The couched Brazilian jaguar
 Compels the scampering marmoset
 With subtle effluence of cat;
 Grishkin has a maisonette:

The sleek and sinuous jaguar
 Does not in his arboreal gloom
 Distil so rank a feline smell
 As Grishk'n in a drawing-room.

And even abstracter entities
 Circumambulate her charm;
 But our lot crawls between dry ribs
 To keep its metaphysics warm.

D a n s l e r e s t a u r a n t

Le garçon délabré qui n'a rien à faire
 Que de se gratter les doigts et se pencher sur mon épaule:
 "Dans mon pays, il fera temps pluvieux,
 Du vent, du grand soleil, et de la pluie;
 C'est ce qu'on appelle le jour de lessive des gueux."

(Bavard, baveux, à la croupe arrondie,
 Jè t'en prie, au moins, ne bave pas dans la soupe).

"Les saules tout trempés, et des bourgeons sur les ronces —
 C'est là, dans une averse, qu'on s'abrite.
 J'avais sept ans, elle était plus petite.

Elle était toute mouillée, je lui ai donné des primevères."
Les tâches de son gilet montent au chiffre de trente-huit.
"Je la chatouillais, pour la faire rire.
Elle avait une odeur fraîche qui m'était inconnue,—"

Mais alors, vieux lubrique —

"Monsieur, le fait est dur.
Il est venu, nous péloter, un gros chien,
Moi j'avais peur, je l'ai quitté à mi-chemin;
C'est dommage."

Mais alors, tu as ton vautour.

Va t'en te décrotter les rides du visage;
Tiens, ma fourchette, dégrasse-toi le crâne,
De quel droit payes-tu des expériences comme moi?
Tiens, voilà dix sous, pour la salle-de-bains.

Phlébas, le Phenician, pendant quinze jours noyé,
Oubliait les cris des mouettes et la houle de Cornouaille,
Et les profits et les pertes, et la cargaison d'étain;
Un courant de sous-mer l'emporta très loin,
Le repassant aux étapes de sa vie antérieure.
Figurez-vous donc, c'était un sort pénible.
Cependant, ce fut jadis un bel homme, de haute taille.

Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service

"Look, look master, here comes two of the religious caterpillars . "

Jew of Malta.

Polyphiloprogenitive
The sap'ient sutlers of the Lord
Drift across the window-panes.
In the beginning was the Word.

In the beginning was the Word,
Superfetation of το εν
And at the mensual turn of time
Produced enervate Origen.

Wrote words into

A painter of the Umbrian school
Designed upon a gesso ground
The nimbus of the Baptised God.
The wilderness is cracked and browned

But through the water pale and thin
Still shine the unoffending feet
And there above the painter set
The Father and the Paraclete.

* * * *

The sable presbyters approach
The avenue of penitence;
The young are red and pustular
Clutching piaculative pence,

Under the penitential gates
Sustained by staring Seraphim
Where the souls of the devout
Burn invisible and dim,

Along the garden-wall the bees
With hairy bellies pass between
The staminate and pistilate:
Blest office of the epicene.

Sweeney shifts from ham to ham
Stirring the water in his bath.
The masters of the subtle schools
Are controversial, polymath.

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VI.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, first, poked his silk hatted head into the creaking carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr. Power stepped in after him, curving his height with care.

—Come on, Simon.

—After you, Mr. Bloom said.

Mr. Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:

—Yes, yes.

—Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.

Mr. Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Then getting it ready. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Grow all the same after.

All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap in my hip pocket. Better shift it out of th-at. Wait for an opportunity.

All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front, turning then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number ten with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace.

They waited still, their knees jogging, till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the doorframes.

—What way is he taking us? Mr. Power asked of both windows.

—Through Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street.

Mr. Dedalus nodded, looking out.

—That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died out.

All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers. Respect. The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the smoother road. Mr. Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat.

—There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.

—Who is that?

—Your son and heir.

—Where is he? Mr. Dedalus said, stretching over, across.

The carriage lurched round the corner and, swerving back to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr. Dedalus fell back, saying:

—Was that Mulligan cad with him?

—No, Mr. Bloom said. He was alone.

—Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr. Dedalus said, and the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie, papa's little lump of dung, the wise child that knows her own father.

Mr. Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road. Wallace Bros. the bottleworks. Dodder bridge.

Ritchie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding, Colles and Ward he calls the firm. His jokes are getting a bit damp. Great card he was. Waltzing in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning, the landlady's two hats pinned on his head. Out on the rampage all night. Beginning to tell on him now: that backache of his, I fear. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All breadcrumbs they are. About six hundred per cent profit.

—He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr. Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody ruffian. His name stinks all over Dublin. But with the help of God and his blessed mother I am going to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

He cried above the clatter of the wheels.

—I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counter jumper's son. Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.

He ceased. Mr. Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr. Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right.

Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up, hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the warder grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her. I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German too.

—Are we late? Mr. Power asked.

—Ten minutes, Martin Cunningham said, looking at his watch.

Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oath. O jumping Jupiter! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mulligan. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes yes: a woman too. Life, life.

The carriage heeled over and back, their four trunks swaying.

—Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke, Mr. Power said.

—He might, Mr. Dedalus said, if he hadn't that squint troubling him. Do you follow me?

He closed his left eye. Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs.

—What is this? he said, in the name of God? Crumbs?

—Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately, Mr. Power said.

All raised their thighs, eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats. Mr. Dedalus, twisting his nose, frowned downward and said:

—Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?

—It struck me too, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr. Bloom set his thigh down. Glad I took that bath. Feel my feet quite clean.

Mr. Dedalus sighed resignedly.

—After all, he said, it's the most natural thing in the world.

—Did Tom Kernan turn up? Martin Cunningham asked, twirling the peak of his beard gently.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom answered. He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes.

—And Corny Kelleher himself? Mr. Power asked.

—At the cemetery, Martin Cunningham said.

—I met M'Coy this morning, Mr. Bloom said. He said he'd try to come.

The carriage halted short.

—What's wrong?

—We're stopped.

—Where are we?

Mr. Bloom put his head out of the window.

—The grand canal, he said.

Gasworks. Whooping cough they say it cures. Good job Milly never got it. Poor children. Doubles them up black and blue. Shame really. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to Athos, Leopold, is my last wish. He took it to heart, pined away. Quiet brute. Old men's dogs usually are.

A raindrop spat on his hat. He drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags. Apart. Curious. Like through a colander. I thought it would. My boots were creaking, I remember now.

—The weather is changing, he said quietly.

—A pity it did not keep up fine, Martin Cunningham said.

—Wanted for the country, Mr. Powers said. There's the sun again coming out.

Mr. Dedalus, peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun, hurled a mute curse at the sky.

—It's as uncertain as a child's bottom, he said.

—We're off again.

The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently. Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard.

—Tom Kernan was immense last night, he said.

—O draw him out, Martin, Mr. Power said eagerly. Wait till you hear him, Simon, on Ben Dollard's singing of *The Croppy Boy*.

—Immense, Martin Cunningham said pompously. His singing of that simple ballad, Martin, is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience.

—Trenchant, Mr. Power said laughing. He's dead nuts on that. And the retrospective arrangement.

—Did you read Dan Dawson's speech? Martin Cunningham asked.

—I did not then, Mr. Dedalus said. Where is it?

—In the paper this morning.

Mr. Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket. That book

I must change for her.

—No, no, Mr. Dedalus said quickly. Later on, please.

Mr. Bloom's glance travelled down the edge paper scanning the deaths. Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake, what Peake is that, is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no, Sexton, Urbright. Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper. Thanks to the little flowers of Mary. Month's mind Quinlan.

*It is now a month since dear Henry fled
To his home up above in the sky
While his family weeps and mourns his loss
Hoping some day to meet him on high.*

I tore up the envelope? Yes. Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath? He patted his waistcoat pocket. There all right. Dear Henry fled. Before my patience are exhausted.

National school. Meade's yard. The hazard. Only two there now. Nodding. Full as a tick. Too much bone in their skulls. The other trotting round with a fare. An hour ago I was passing there. The jarvies raised their hats.

A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly by Mr. Bloom's window. Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself: much handier? Well but that fellow would lose his job then? Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention?

Antient concert rooms. Nothing on there. A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet. Not much grief there. People in law, perhaps.

They went past the bleak pulpit of saint Mark's' under the railway bridge, past the Queen's theatre: in silence. Hoardings. Eugene Stratton. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Could I go to see Leah tonight, I wonder. Or the Lily of Killarney? Wet bright bills for next week. Fun on the Bristol. Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a drink or two. As broad as it's long.

He's coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

Plasto's.

—How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in salute.

—He doesn't see us, Mr. Power said. Yes he does. How do you do?

—Who? Mr. Dedalus asked.

—Blazes Boylan, Mr. Power said. There he is airing his quiff.

Just that moment I was thinking.

Mr. Dédalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.

Mr. Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him than that she sees? That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that? I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still.

He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant glance over their faces.

Mr. Power asked:

—How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?

—O very well, Mr. Bloom said. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see. . . .

—Are you going yourself?

—Well no, Mr. Bloom said. I am not sure, that is. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up the other.

—Quite so, Martin Cunningham said. Mary Anderson is up there now. Have you good artists?

—Louis Werner is touring her, Mr. Bloom said. O yes, we have all top nobbers. J. C. Doyle and John McCormack and. The best, in fact.

—And madame, Mr. Power said, smiling. Last but not least.

Mr. Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them. The carriage wheeling by Smith O'Brien stature united noiselessly their unresisting knees.

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth opening: oot.

—Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Has that silk hat ever since. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Relics of old decency.

And madame. Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs. Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: *voglio e non vorrei*. No: *vorrei e non*. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. *Mi trema un poco il*. Beautiful on that tre her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A throistle. There is a word throistle that expresses that.

His eyes passed lightly over Mr. Power's goodlooking face. Greyish over the ears. Madame: smiling. I smiled back. Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury's. Or the Moira, was it?

Martin Cunningham nudged Mr. Power.

—Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery's elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

—In all his pristine beauty, Mr. Power said.

Mr. Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

—The devil break the hasp of your back !

Mr. Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the carriage window.

—We have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr. Bloom's eyes. He caressed his beard, adding

—Well, nearly all of us.

Mr. Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces.

—That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and the son.

—About the boatman? Mr. Power asked.

—Yes. Isn't it awfully good?

—What is that? Mr. Dedalus asked. I didn't hear it.

—There was a girl in the case, Mr. Bloom began, and he determined to send him to the isle of Man out of harm's way but when they were both

—What? Mr. Dedalus asked. That hobbledehoy is it?

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried to drown

—Drown Barabbas! Mr. Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr. Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

—No, Mr. Bloom said, the son himself

Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely.

—Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the isle of Man boat and the young chisell sud-

denly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.

—For God's sake! Mr. Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?

—Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he! A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay. Half the town was there.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said. But the funny part is . . .

—And Reuben J, Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life.

A stifled sigh came from under Mr. Power's hand.

—O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.

—Isn't it awfully good? Mr. Bloom said eagerly.

—One and eightpence too much, Mr. Dedalus said drily.

Mr. Power's choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.

Nelson's pillar.

—Eight plums a penny. Eight for a penny.

—We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr. Dedalus sighed.

—Ah the indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.

—The Lord forgive me! Mr. Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last that I'd be driving after him like this.

—As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr. Dedalus said. He went very suddenly.

—Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.

He tapped his chest sadly.

Blazing face: redhot.

Mr. Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.

—He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said.

—The best death, Mr. Bloom said.

Their wideopen eyes looked at him.

—No suffering, he said. A moment and all is over.

—No-one spoke.

Horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner, galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. A mourning coach.

—Sad, Martin Cunningham said. A child.

A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body, weak as puty, in a whitelined box. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature.

—Poor little thing, Mr. Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square.

—In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.

—But the worst of all, Mr. Power said, is the suicide.

Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.

—The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr. Power added.

—Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.

—They say a man who does it, is a coward, Mr. Dedalus said.

—It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr. Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again. Martin Cunningham's large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him. Wear out a man's heart. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella.

—*And they call me the jewel of Asia,*

Of Asia

The geisha.

He looked away from me. He knows.

That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Verdict: overdose. The letter. For my son Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Berkeley road.

—We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.

—God grant he doesn't upset us on the road, Mr. Power said.

—I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany, The Gordon Bennett.

—Yes, by Jove, Mr. Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

—What's wrong now?

A divided drove of cattle passed the windows, lowing, slouching by on padded hoofs, whisking their tails slowly on their clotted

bony croups.

—Emigrants, Mr. Power said.

—Huuu! the drover's voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks. Huuu out of that!

Thursday of course. Springers. Cuffe sold them about twenty-seven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roast beef for old England. They buy up all the juicy ones. And then the fifth quarter lost: all that raw stuff, hide, hair, horns. Comes to a big thing in a year. Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat off the train at Clonsilla.

The carriage moved on through the drove.

—I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to the quays, Mr. Bloom said. All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats.

—Instead of blocking up the throughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite right. They ought to.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said, and another thing I often thought is to have funeral trams like they have in Milan. You know. Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage and all. Don't you see what I mean?

—O that be damned for a story, Mr. Dedalus said.

—A poor lookout for Corny, Mr. Power added.

—Why? Mr. Bloom asked, turning to Mr. Dedalus. Wouldn't it be more decent than galloping two abreast?

—Well, there's something in that, Mr. Dedalus granted.

—And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn't have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road.

—That was terrible, Mr. Power's shocked face said, and the corpse fell about the road. Terrible!

—First round Dunphy's, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding.

—Praises be to God! Martin Cunningham said piously.

Bom! Upset. A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burst open. Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him. Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what's up now. Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax. Seal up all.

—Dunphy's, Mr. Power announced as the carriage turned right. Dunphy's corner. Mourning coaches drawn up, drowning their

rief. Tiptop position for a pub. Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to drink his health.

But suppose now it did happen. Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking about? He would and he wouldn't, I suppose. Depends on where. The circulation stops. Still some might ooze out of an artery. It would be better to bury them in red: a dark red.

In silence they drove along Phibsborough road. An empty hearse trotted by, coming from the cemetery: looks relieved.

Crossguns bridge: the royal canal.

Water rushed roaring through the sluices. A man stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf. On the towpath by the lock a slacktethered horse. Aboard of the Bugabu.

Their eyes watched him. On the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland. Athlone, Mullingar Moyvalley, I could make a walking tour to see Milly by the canal, come as a surprise, Leixlip, Clonsilla. Dropping down, lock by lock to Dublin. With turf from the midland bogs. Salute. He lifted his brown straw hat, saluting Paddy Dignam.

They drove on. Near it now.

—I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on, Mr. Power said.

—Better ask Tom Kernan, Mr. Dedalus said.

—How is that? Martin Cunningham said. Left him weeping I suppose.

The carriage steered left for Finglas road.

The stonecutter's yard on the right. Last lap. Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes appeared, white, sorrowful, holding out calm hands, knelt in grief, pointing. Fragments of shapes, hewn. In white silence: appealing. Thos H. Dennany, monumental builder and sculptor.

Passed.

Gloomy gardens then went by, one by one: gloomy houses.

Mr. Power pointed.

—That is where Childs was murdered, he said. The last house.

—So it is, Mr. Dedalus said. A queer case. Seymour Bushe got him off. Murdered his brother. Or so they said.

—The crown had no evidence, Mr. Power said.

—Only circumstantial, Martin Cunningham said. That's the maxim of the law. Better for ninety-nine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer's ground. It passed darkly. Wrongfully condemned.

Cramped in this carriage. She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know. Must be careful about women. Fifteen.

The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars, rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air.

They fell harshly against the curbstone: stopped. Martin Cunningham put out his arm and, wrenching back the handle, shoved the door open with his knee. He stepped out. Mr. Power and Mr. Dedalus followed.

Change that soap now. Mr. Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket. He stepped out of the carriage, replacing the newspaper his other hand still held.

Paltry funeral: coach and three carriages. Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

He followed his companions. Mr. Kernan and Ned Lambert followed, Hynes walking after them. Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths. He handed one to the boy.

Where is that child's funeral disappeared to?

Coffin now. Got here before us, dead as he is. Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways. Dull eye: collar tight on his neck, pressing on a bloodvessel or something. Do they know what they cart out here every day. Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day. Then Mount Jerome for the protestants. Funerals all over the world every where every minute. Shovelling them under by the thousand doublequick. Too many in the world.

Mourners came out through the gates: woman and girl. Lean-jawed harpy, hard woman at a bargain, her bonnet awry. Girl's face stained with dirt and tears, holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry. Fish's face, bloodless and livid.

The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates. First the stiff: then the friends of the stiff. Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths. Who is that beside them? Ah, the brother-in-law.

All walked after.

Martin Cunningham whispered:

—You made it damned awkward talking of suicide before Bloom.

—Did I? Mr. Power whispered. How so?

—His father poisoned himself, Martin Cunningham said. Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis.

—O God! Mr. Power said. First, I heard of it. Poisoned himself!

He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed. Speaking.

—Was he insured? Mr. Bloom asked.

—I believe so, Mr. Kernan answered, but the policy was heavily mortgaged. Martin is trying to get the boy into Artane.

—How many children did he leave?

—Five. Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's.

—A sad case, Mr. Bloom said gently. Five young children.

—A great blow to the poor wife, Mr. Kernan added.

—Indeed yes, Mr. Bloom agreed.

Has the laugh at him now.

He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished. She had outlived him. One must outlive the other. She would marry another. Him? No. Yet who knows after? One must go first: alone, under the ground: and lie no more in her warm bed.

—How are you, Simon? Ned Lambert said, shaking hands. Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays.

—Can't complain. How are all in Cork's own town?

—I was there for the races, Ned Lambert said. Same old six and eightpence. Stopped with Dick Tivy.

—And how is Dick, the solid man?

—Nothing between himself and heaven, Ned Lambert answered.

—For God' sake—! Mr. Dedalus said. Dick Tivy bald?

—Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters, Ned Lambert said, pointing ahead. A few bob a skull. Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up.

—Yes, yes, Mr. Dedalus said dubiously. Is that the eldest boy in front?

—Yes, Ned Lambert said, with the wife's brother. John Henry Menton is behind. He put down his name for a quid.

—I'll engage he did, Mr. Dedalus said. I often told poor Paddy he ought to mind that job. John Henry is not the worst in the world.

—How did he lose it? Ned Lambert asked. Liquor, what?

—Many a good man's fault, Mr. Dedalus said with a sigh.

They halted about the door of the mortuary chapel. Mr. Bloom stood behind the boy with the wreath, looking down at his sleek-combed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew collar. Poor boy! Was he there when the father? Would he understand? The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel. Which end is his head?

After a moment he followed the others in, blinking in the screened light. The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel, four tall yellow candles at its corners. Always in front of us. Corny Kelleher, laying a wreath at each fore corner, beckoned to the boy to kneel. The mourners knelt here and there in prayingdesks. Mr. Bloom stood behind near the font and, when all had knelt, dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and, holding its brim, bent over piously.

A server, bearing a brass bucket with something in it, came out through a door. The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his stole with one hand, balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly.

They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak.

Father Coffey. I knew his name was like a coffin. Domine-namine. Bully about the muzzle he looks. Bosses the show. Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him: priest. Burst sideways like a sheep in clover, Dedalus says he will. Most amusing expressions that man finds. Hhnn: burst sideways.

—*Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo, Domine.*

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Chilly place this. Want to feed well, sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next one. Eyes of a toad too. What swells him up that way? Molly gets swelled after cabbage. Air of the place maybe. Looks full up of bad gas. Must be a lot of bad gas round the place. Butchers for instance: they get like raw beefsteaks. Who was telling me? Mervyn Brown. Down in the vaults of saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it. Out it rushes: blue. One whiff of that and you're a doner.

My kneecap is hurting me. Ow. That's better.

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down: he has to do it.

—*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*

The server piped the answers in the treble. I often thought it would be better to have boy servants. Up to fifteen or so. After that of course. . . .

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded business men, consumptive girls' with little sparrows' breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

—*In paradisum.*

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

The priest closed his book and went off, followed by the server. Corny Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the boy and to the brother-in-law. All followed them out of the sidedoor into the mild grey air. Mr. Bloom came last, folding his paper again into his pocket. He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off to the left. The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the barrow along a lane of sepulchres.

The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I musn't lilt here.

—The O'Connell circle, Mr. Dedalus said about him.

Mr. Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone.

—He's at rest, he said, in the middle of his people, old Dan O'. But his heart is buried in Rome. How many broken hearts are buried here, Simon!

—Her grave is over there, Jack, Mr. Dedalus said. I'll soon be stretched beside her. Let him take me whenever He likes.

He began to weep to himself quietly, stumbling a little in his walk. Mr. Power took his arm.

—She's better where she is, he said kindly

—I suppose so, Mr. Dedalus said with a weak gasp. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by.

—Sad occasions, Mr. Kernan began politely.

—They are, indeed, Mr. Bloom said.

—The others are putting on their hats, Mr. Kernan said. I suppose we can do so too. We are the last. This cemetery is a treacherous place.

They covered their heads.

—The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think? Mr. Kernan said with reproof.

Mr. Bloom nodded gravely, looking in the quick bloodshot eyes. Secret eyes, secret searching eyes. Mason, I think: not sure. Beside him again. We are the last. In the same boat.

Hope he'll say something else.

Mr. Kernan added:

—The service of the Irish church, used in Mount Jerome, is simpler, more impressive, I must say.

Mr. Bloom gave prudent assent. The language of course was different.

Mr. Kernan said with solemnity:

—I am the resurrecton and the life. That touches a man's inmost heart.

—It does, Mr. Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two? No touching that. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight.

Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side.

—Everything went off A 1, he said. What?

He looked on them from his drawling eye. Policeman's shoulders.

—As it should be, Mr. Kernan said.

—What? Eh? Corny Kelleher said.

Mr. Kernan assured him.

—Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan? John Henry Menton asked, I know his face.

Ned Lambert glanced back.

—Bloom, he said. Madam Marion Tweedy that was, the soprano. She's his wife.

—O, to be sure, John Henry Menton said. I haven't seen her for some time. She was a fine looking woman. I danced with her—wait—fifteen seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown. And a good armful she was.

He looked behind through the others.

—What is he? he asked. What does he do? Wasn't he in the stationery line? I fell foul of him one evening, I remember, at bowls.

Ned Lambert smiled.

—Yes, he was, he said, in Wisdom Hely's. A traveller for blotting paper.

—In God's name, John Henry Menton said, what did she marry a coon like that for? She had plenty of game in her then.

—Has still, Ned Lambert said. He does some canvassing for ads.

John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead.

The barrow turned into a side lane. A portly man ambushed among the grasses, raised his hat in homage. The gravediggers touched their caps.

—John O'Connell, Mr. Power said, pleased. He never forgets a friend. Mr. O'Connell shook all their hands in silence. Mr. Dedalus said:

—I am come to pay you another visit.

—My dear Simon, the caretaker answered in a low voice. I don't want your custom at all.

Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham's side, puzzling two long keys at his back.

—Did you hear that one, he asked them, about Mulcahy from the Coombe?

—I did not, Martin Cunningham said.

They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear. The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain

and spoke in a discreet tone to one to their vacant smiles.

—They tell the story, he said, that two drunks came out here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs. They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried. After traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough. One of the drunks spelt out the name: Terence Mulcahy. The other drunk was blinking up at a statue of our Saviour the widow had got put up.

The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed. He resumed:

—And after blinking up at it. *Not a bloody bit like the man*, says he. *That's not Mulcahy*, says he, *whoever done it*.

Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher, accepting the dockets given him, turning them over and scanning them as he walked.

—That's all done with a purpose, Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes.

—I know, Hynes said, I know that.

—To cheer a fellow up, Martin Cunningham said. It's pure goodheartedness: nothing else.

Mr. Bloom admired the caretaker's properous bulk. Keys: like Keyes's ad: no fear of anyone getting out. I must see about that ad after the funeral. Be the better of a shave. Grey sprouting beard. That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey. Fancy being his wife. Wonder how he had the gumption to propose to any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. Night here with all the dead stretched about. The shadows of the tombs and Daniel O'Connell must be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark. Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so touchy.

He has seen a fair share go under in his time, lying around him field after field. Holy fields. All honeycombed the ground must be: oblong cells. And very neat he keeps it too, trim grass and edgings. His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome. Well so it is. Ought to be flowers of sleep. Chinese cemeteries with giant poppies growing produce the best opium, Mastiansky told me.

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpsemanure, bones flesh, nails. Dreadful. Turning green and pink, decomposing. Ther a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black

treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically.

But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling with them. *Your head it simply swirls. Your head it simply swirls.* He looks cheerful enough over it. Gives him a sense of power seeing all the others go under first. Wonder how he looks at life. Cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart. Keep out the damp. Hard to imagine his funeral. Seems a sort of a joke.

—How many have you for tomorrow? the caretaker asked.

—Two, Corny Kelleher said. Half ten and eleven.

The caretaker put the papers in his pocket. The barrow had ceased to trundle. The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole, stepping with care round the graves. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

Burying him. We come to bury Caesar. He doesn't know who is here.

Now who is that lanky looking galoot, over there in the mackintosh? Now who is he I'd like to know? Now, I'd give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you never dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he could. Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him.

*How could you possibly do so?
O poor Robinson Crusoe*

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding, let it down that way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's. I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible even in the earth.

Mr. Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the mackintosh is thirteen. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day. Hello.

It's dyed. His wife, I forgot he's not married, or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the grave trestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space. Mr. Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker. Wellcut frockcoat. Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next. Well it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. People talk about you a bit: forget you. Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other.

We are praying now for the repose of his soul.

Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself? They say you do when you shiver in the sun. Someone walking over it. Mine over there towards Findglas, the plot I bought. Mamma, poor mamma, and little Rudy.

The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavyclods of clay in on the coffin. Mr. Bloom turned his face. And if he was alive all the time? Whew! By Jingo, that would be awful! No, no: he is dead, of course. Of course he is dead. Monday he died. Three days. Rather long to keep them in the summer. Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no.

The clay fell softer. Begin to be forgotten. Out of sight.

The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his hat. The mourners took heart of grace, one by one, covering themselves without show. Mr. Bloom put on his hat and saw the portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of graves. Quietly, sure of his ground, he traversed the dismal fields.

Hynes jotting down something in his notebook. Ah, the names. But he knows them all. No: coming to me.

—I am just taking the names, Hynes said below his breath. What is your christian name? I'm not sure.

—L, Mr. Bloom said. Leopold. And you might put down M'Coy's name too. He asked me to.

—Charley, Hynes said writing. I know. He was on the Freeman once.

So he was. Got the run. Levanted with the cash of a few ads. That was why he asked me to. O well, does no harm. I saw to that, M'Coy. Thanks, old chap: much obliged. Leave him under an obligation: costs nothing.

—And tell us, Hynes said, do you know that fellow in the, fellow was over there in the. . . .

He looked around.

—Mackintosh. Yes I saw him, Mr. Bloom said. Where is he now?

—Mackintosh, Hynes said, scribbling. I don't know who he is. Is that his name?

He moved away, looking about him.

—No, Mr. Bloom began, turning and stopping. I say, Hynes! Didn't hear. What? Where has he disappeared to? Not a sign. Well of all the. Good Lord, what became of him?

A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr. Bloom to take up an idle spade.

O, excuse me.

He stepped aside nimbly.

Clay, brown, damp, began to be seen in the hole. It rose. Nearly over. A mound of damp clods rose more, rose, and the gravediggers rested their spades. All uncovered again for a few instants. The boy propped his wreath against a corner: the brother-in-law his on a lump. The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards the barrow. Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf: clean. One bent to pluck from the heft a long tuft of grass. Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffin band. The brother-in-law, turning away, placed something in his free hand. Thanks in silence. Sorry, sir: trouble. Headshake. I know that. For yourselves just.

The mourners moved away slowly without aim, by devious paths, staying awhile to read a name on a tomb.

—Let us go round by the chief's grave, Hynes said. We have time.

—Let us, Mr. Power said.

They turned to the right following their slow thoughts. With Mr. Power's blank voice spoke:

—Some say he is not in that grave at all. That the coffin was filled with stones. That one day he will come again.

Hynes shook his head.

—Parnell will never come again, he said.

Mr. Bloom walked unheeded along his grove. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Rusty wreaths hung on knobs, garlands of bronzefoil. Better value that for the money. Still, the flowes are more poetical. The other gets rather tiresome, never withering. Expresses nothing.

A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hu! Not a budge out of him. Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him.

The sacred Heart that is: showing it. Red it should be painted like a real heart. Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.

How many. All these here once walked round Dublin.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk voice: Well, the voice, yes: gramopohne. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Ssld! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop.

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some anima Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: grandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Elliot. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for the A corpse is meat gone bad. I read in that voyags in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Would be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Got wind of Dign They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbly mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the way again. Enough of this place. A little goes a long way. Bri

ou a bit nearer every time. Last time I was here was Mrs. Sinico's funeral. Give you the creeps after a bit. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warmbeds: warm fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely. Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton. Dignam used to be in his office. Mat Dillon's long ago. Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure duke of mine: the bias. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lactree, laughing. Fellow always like that if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

—Excuse me, sir, Mr. Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

—Your hat is a little crushed, Mr. Bloom said, pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.

—There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also.

John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

—It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Martin jerked his head down in acknowledgement.

—Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards the gates. Browbeaten Mr. Bloom fell behind a few paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin could wind a fathead like that round his little finger without his seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning!

SENILITY

Sherwood Anderson

HE WAS an old man and sat on the steps of the railroad station in a small Kentucky town. A well-dressed man, some traveler from the city, approached and stood before him. The old man became self-conscious. His face was all sunken and wrinkled and he had a hugh nose. His smile was like the smile of a very young child.

"Have you any coughs, colds, consumption or bleeding sick-

ness?" he asked. In his voice there was a pleading quality.

The stranger shook his head.

The old man arose. "The sickness that bleeds is a terrible nuisance" he said. His tongue protruded from between his teeth and he rattled it about. He put his hand on the stranger's arm and laughed. "Bully. Pretty," he exclaimed. "I cure them all — coughs, colds, consumption and the sickness that bleeds. I take warts from the hand. I cannot explain how I do it. It is a mystery I charge nothing. My name is Tom. Do you like me?"

The stranger was cordial. He nodded his head. The old man became reminiscent.

"My father was a hard man," he declared. "He was like me, a blacksmith by trade but he wore a plug hat. When the corn was high, he said to the poor 'go into the fields and pick,' but when the war came on he made a rich man pay five dollars for a bushel of corn."

"I married against his will. He came to me and said, 'Tom, I do not like that girl!'" "But I love her" I said. 'I don't,' he said.

"My father and I sat on a log. He was a pretty man and wore a plug hat. 'I will get the license' I said. 'I will give you no money' he said.

"The license cost me twenty-one dollars. I worked in the corn. It rained and the horses were blind. The clerk said 'Are you over twenty-one?' I said 'yes' and she said 'yes.' We had chalked the numbers on our shoes. My father said 'I give you your freedom.' We had no money. The license cost twenty-one dollars. She is dead."

The old man looked at the sky. It was evening and the sun had set. The sky was all mottled with grey clouds. "I paint beautiful pictures and give them away," he declared. "My brother is in the penitentiary. He killed a man who called him an ugly name."

The decrepit old man held his hands before the face of the stranger. He opened and shut them. They were black with grime. "I pick out warts," he explained plaintively. "They are as soft as your hands. I play on an accordion. You are thirty-seven years old. I sat beside my brother in the penitentiary. He is a pretty man with pompadour hair. 'Albert,' I said, 'are you sorry you killed a man?' 'No,' he said, 'I am not sorry. I would kill ten, a hundred, a thousand!'"

The old man began to weep and wiped his eyes with a soiled handkerchief. He attempted to take a chew of tobacco and his false teeth became displaced. He covered his mouth with his hands and

was ashamed. "I am old. You are thirty-seven years old but I am older than that" he whispered. "My brother is a bad man. He is full of hate. He is pretty and has pompadour hair but he would kill and kill. I hate old age. I am ashamed that I am old."

"I have a pretty new wife. I wrote her four letters and she replied. She came here and we married. I love to see her walk. Oh I buy her pretty clothes. Her foot is not straight. It is twisted. My first wife is dead. I pick warts off the hands with my fingers and no blood comes. I cure coughs, colds, consumption, and the sickness that bleeds. People can write to me and I answer the letters. If they send me no money it is no matter. All is free."

Again the old man wept and the stranger tried to comfort him. "You are a happy man?" the stranger asked. "Yes" said the old man, "and a good man too. Ask everywhere about me. My name is Tom, a blacksmith. My wife walks prettily although she has a twisted foot. I have bought her a long dress. She is thirty and I am seventy-five. She has many pairs of shoes. I have bought them for her but her foot is twisted. I buy straight shoes. She thinks I do not know. Everybody thinks Tom does not know. I have bought her a long dress that comes down to the ground. My name is Tom, a blacksmith. I am seventy-five. I hate old age. I take warts off the hands and no blood comes. People may write to me and I answer. All is free."

DECAY

Ben Hecht

Decay of literature!

HERE in this street the half dead begin to give forth an odor. The rows of sagging little houses are like the teeth in an old man's mouth. From them arise the exhalations of stagnant wood, of putrescent stairways, of bodies from which the sweats of lust have never been washed, of ulcerous shadows and soft, bubbling alleys. The stench is like a grime that leadens the air. In this street live men and women whose hungers are not complicated by trifles. In this they are, as they move, thick faced and unsmiling in the musty flatulent light of the neighborhood, somewhat different from the little greedy half dead who have civilized their odors and made ethics of their hungers.

The people who live in this street walk as if they were being pushed in and out of the sagging houses. Shrieking children appear and sprawl about. They roll over one another, their faces contorted

with a miniature senility. They urinate in gutters, throw stones at each other in the soft alleys, run after each other cursing and gesturing with idiot violence. They bring an awkward fever into the street. Oblivious to them and to the debris about them, barrell-shaped women strut with protuberant bellies and great flapping shoes over the pavements. They move as if unaccustomed to walking in streets.

It grows dark and the men from the factories coming home begin to crowd the streets. They walk in silence, a broken string of shuffling hieroglyphs against the red of the sky. Their knees bend, their jaws thrust forward, their heads wag from side to side. They vanish into the sagging houses and the night comes, an unwavering gloom picked with little yellow glows from windows. The houses lie like bundles of carefully piled rags in the darkness. The shrieking of the children has died and with it the pale fever of the day has passed out of the air. There are left only the odors, the invisible banners of decay that float upon the night. The stench of fat kitchens, of soft bubbling alleys, of gleaming refuse and of the indefinable evaporations from the dark bundles of houses wherein the little half dead have packed themselves away, comes like a rust into the nose.

Later drunken men appear and lurch into the darkness with cursings and mutterings. The smoke of the factory chimnies is now invisible but the chimnies, like rows of cylindrical minarets, make darker streaks in the gloom and in the distance blast furnaces gut the night with pink and orange flares. The figures of young women not yet shaped like barrells come out into the street and stand for long moments in the shadows. They move noiselessly into the depths of the soft bubbling alleys and vanish. As it grows darker the exhalations of these alleys and houses increase as if some great disintegration was stewing in the night. It was in one of these houses that I once lived. At night I now sometimes recall things that used to happen in this house. When I grow weary with the interminable adjustment of adjectives these memories grimace in the blank spaces of my thought. And when I grow uncertain moving in the streets where there are no odors these memories surround me with the fugitive embrace of explanation.

There were eight children in Otto Muznik's family. They lived with Otto Muznik and his wife in three rooms. In summer and in winter these rooms were filled with a pungent bitter smell. There was a great noise in them also. The eight children screamed

at each other. Otto Muznik and his wife screamed at them and at each other. One of the rooms was a kitchen. The two other were bedrooms filled with cots. The screams and the stench in the three rooms, the littered floors and devastated furniture told of activities.

Willy Muznik had a poisoned foot. A cat he had brought home had bitten him. It was night and Mrs. Muznik sat in the kitchen. She was a woman with a spreading, phlegmatic body and a round red and shining face. Her eyes were little. She went about with an unwavering stare, staring at this and at that. She sat in the kitchen now and stared at the stove on which a black pot full of meat and soup was boiling. Willy was eleven. He sat in a corner doubled up like a contortionist and suking on his bared grimy foot. Mrs. Muznik stared at him.

"What did the doctor say?" she asked. She spoke in her own language and in a sharp husky voice. She had come home a few minutes ago from her day's scrubbing. During the day she moved on her knees down the corridors of a large office building miles from the street in which she lived. Willy removed the foot from his mouth, and began to wail. Mrs. Muznik stared at him and waited.

"The doctor says he'll maybe have to cut my foot off," Willy finally answered. His mother stared at the foot. Through the grime below the instep she saw a curious discoloration. She wiped her eyes and sighed.

"Your Pa'll give it to you for bringing cats home," she said. "He told you not to bring any more cats home." Willy holding his foot in his hand rocked back and forth on the floor and wailed. Mrs. Muznik arose and looked into the black pot. She turned her eyes toward Willy crying on the floor and a bewilderment tightened her flat features.

"Willy," she asked, "does it hurt?" For answer Willy increased his wail and Mrs. Muznik looked at him, shaking her head. She moved into another room. The gas light from the kitchen threw a faint glare among the shadows of this room. She sat down in a chair crowded between two cots. The sounds of someone gasping came to her and she stared about in the dark.

"Is that you, Joey?" she asked. The door leading into the street opened and Jenny, a girl of fourteen with a round red and shining face and a pair of long almost withered legs, rushed in screaming. In the dim light that dropped into the room from the street Mrs. Muznik saw her son lying on the floor. She rushed over and shook him.

"Don't have a fit," she cried. "Joey. . . Joey. Wait till your Pa goes. He can't stand it." Joey stiffened and rolled over on his face. He was fourteen. His head was bent under as if he were trying to stand on it. A fine foam bubbled on his lips.

"Get the cold water," Mrs. Muznik ordered. Jenny rushed out of the room singing a song she had learned in the alleys. She returned with a pot of water and Mrs. Muznik threw it over Joey's head and shoulders. The voices of the two babies suddenly awakened filled the room with screams. The two babies were Munch and Sam. One of them, Munch, was sick. His hoarse fever cry rose above his brother's complaint. Mrs. Muznik lighted a gas jet and the stench and disorder of the room came flickering out of the shadow. She leaned over one of the cots and picked up Munch. He was covered with a few heavy rags. Through the cloth the dry heat of his body burned against Mrs. Muznik's hands and bosom. She held the infant and cried to Jenny who was pulling a grimy cloth over the table in the kitchen.

"Where's Fanny?" The screaming of the infants almost drowned the shriek of Jenny's answer. Jenny laughing shrilly cried back, "Fanny's in the alley. Fanny's in the alley." Mrs. Muznik laid the hot little body on the cot beside the other screamer and went to a window. She thrust it open and leaned out in the darkness. Her little eyes stared into the ally below.

"Fanny," she cried. "You come right in at once." Her ears strained to catch sounds. She heard a boy's voice whispering below and made out two figures moving about against the dark wall.

"Fanny, Fanny," she screamed. "Come away. I'll come after you with a whip." There were more whisperings and then one of the figures detached itself from the gloom and floated into the depths of the alley.

"All right ma," a voice answered. Mrs. Muznik sat down on the cot and stared at the two little bundles that screamed on the other side of the room. The door opened and Fanny entered. She was fifteen and had a ribbon in her hair. Her face was round and shining and as red as her mother's. The two little black eyes were lighted. Her dress was crumpled and covered with alley dirt. Mrs. Muznik stared. From the kitchen Willy's wailing came to her.

"I can't walk, ma, I can't walk." Willy came hopping into the room on one leg and fell across the floor. He lay screaming at Mrs. Muznik's feet. Mrs. Muznik turned toward Joey who was sitting near her.

"How do you feel?" she asked. Joey's thin compressed face smiled. He shook his head.

"All right now," he said. "Can I have some lemon drops?"

"Here Jenny," Mrs. Muznik ordered. "Go out and buy a penny's worth." Jenny's thin legs flashed out of the room into the street. Fanny had gone into the kitchen to look at the black pot on the stove. Mrs. Muznik stared out of the window and after a silence during which the babies continued to scream called out, "Fanny, what you been do'ng?" A laugh from the kitchen answered. The mother dropped her head and rocked slightly in her seat. The uneven floor about her was littered with clothes from which a heavy musty odor came. The walls were broken and smeared. The windows in front of her made two little grey clouds. The stench of the room came into Mrs. Muznik's head and made her sleepy. She drew a long breath and continued to rock her body gently back and forth. First the children would eat and then she would wake up Otto. Otto worked nights in a steel mill. He did not have to leave the house for two more hours. The stench and noise of the room drifted away from Mrs. Muznik as she sat and rocked. Idle little thoughts crept into her head. Her body was tired. The shoulders ached and burned and the small of her back throbbed. She was afraid she was going to have another baby. Willy's foot would have to be cut off. Joey was sick. Munch, little Munch was sick. His hoarse fever cry was growing softer. He lay whimpering, his tiny hands moving over his face.

These things drifted through Mrs. Muznik's thoughts, keeping her awake as she rocked back and forth. She thought of Otto going to work in the darkness. He stood in front of an open furnace that roared with fire and fed melted steel into it. She had seen him once. He was almost naked. The memory of his body reddened by the glare which spread out of the open furnace remained always with her. Otto's muscles stood out and in his loosely belted trousers he had seemed great and strong to her. The red light and the roar and the sputter of melted steel made him shine and changed him into a man with burning eyes and flaming skin. Whenever he left for work after that Mrs. Muznik remembered this and a vague shiver passed through her.

Mrs. Muznik thought of the ache and throb of her back as if they were memories. Willy hobbled passed her into the kitchen. Jenny burst in through the door. She handed Joey lemon drops.

"Give me a little bit," said Mrs. Muznik.

"Ma," Joey cried, "there's a rat. It's wiping its nose with its feet." He looked eagerly into the dark alley. Mrs. Muznik ate lemon drops. A warmth spread over her, making her feet hum. This hour of the night was her leisure. She was used to sit like that and rock back and forth and let little idle dreary thoughts creep through her mind. Behind her eyes there was a darkness that came between her thought at these times and the things she saw and heard. But this night the hoarse fever-cry of the baby on the cot chirped in her ears. Joey went into the kitchen and ate. He came back. Fanny followed him, skipping from one foot to another.

"Going out, ma," she cried. Mrs. Muznik raised an arm toward the girl.

"Wait. . . wait," she called.

Fanny appeared vague and dark in the alley below. Mrs. Muznik stared at her as she floated away into the gloom. She turned from the window and resumed her rocking. She heard from a distance the voice of Willy wailing about his foot and the voices of her two babies screaming again. Munch was sick. The doctor had said Munch might die. But Mrs. Muznik did not believe this. None of the others had died and they had all been sick. She sucked at the lemon drop in her mouth. The ache and burn on her shoulders were like hot voices bothering her brain. The hoarse fever-cry of the baby on the cot was another little hot voice in her brain.

"Oh, ma," cried Joey from the window. "There's Fanny with three boys in the alley." Mrs. Muznik rocked. "Never mind," she murmured. The hot voices made her feel swollen within. Her feet felt as if they were resting in flames. Joey came to her and looked at her face.

"Tired, ma?" he asked. Mrs. Muznik lifted him into her lap. He was a thin fragile boy. She put her arms around him and clung to him. He felt cool and sweet to her flesh beneath the dress. It was better than Willy, than Munch, and Sam, than Jenny and Fanny, than Heine. Heine was in jail. He had done something. A Mary her oldest had gone away. Mary was wild like Fanny. Willy's foot would be cut off. Munch was crying so weakly. Mrs. Muznik kissed Joey and rocked. It was dark outside and in her head it was dark. The smell of the room was another darkness and the burn of her body another. She sat hunched over Joey, clinging to him, and as she clung a sweetness came into her. Her ache

elated.

In a few minutes she would have to go to bed. It was wrong for her to sit up and hold Joey. She needed the rest in bed. The rubbing was hard. It lasted all day. She rocked and the darkness in and around her grew deeper. Her ears fell asleep. She no longer heard the noises in the room. Jenny was tugging at her shoulder and crying in a loud voice,

"If Fanny can go out in the alley and play why can't I? I can play if Fanny can go in the alley and play."

Mrs. Muznik couldn't make out what Jenny was saying. She nodded. Jenny moved cautiously toward the door. She opened it softly.

"Ma," cried Willy in a shrill voice from one of the cots, "Jenny's going out in the alley." A breath of night air laden with less intimate odors struck at the room through the opened door. Fanny appeared, thrusting her face in and whispering hoarsely,

"Come on. Ma's asleep. I got some boys, three boys. Come on, don't be afraid. We're going over by the next alley. Ma's asleep."

Jenny trembled and her withered legs in their torn black stockings knocked together. A warmth trickled through her flat body. Fanny seized her cold hand. She dragged her out of the room. The laughter of the two girls sounded from the street and the quick whispers of boy's voices. The flurry and beat of many feet came into the room and died away.

"Ma, ma," Willy repeated. "Jenny's gone. Jenny's gone."

Mrs. Muznik nodded her head and rocked. She dreamed Joey was falling out of her arms and awoke startled. Joey was asleep. She whispered to him, kissing his ears. Lifting him to the cot she laid him down and knelt beside him taking off his torn shoes. "Jenny," she whispered.

"Jenny went in the alley," Willy cried and resumed his moaning. "My foot hurts me worse, ma."

Mrs. Muznik straightened to her feet and walked with her little eyes staring to the open door. Her voice sailed into the night.

"Jenny, Jenny come here," screamed. The darkness held the sound of her voice for an instant and then grew silent. She closed the door and stood staring at the babies on the cot. Something impelled her toward Munch and she lifted him. The dry heat of his body struck through her dress at her hard bosom and at the hard skin of her arms. It was whimpering and moving its hands slowly

and aimlessly over its face. Mrs. Muznik stood and rocked it in her arms. . . The baby stopped crying and lay quiet. She placed it next to Sam who had also fallen asleep for the moment. It was time to wake up Otto and she moved into the kitchen.

She leaned over the black pot on the stove, thinking. Yet there were no words to her thoughts. They came like little burns into her brain, and she nodded her head slowly and aimlessly as they appeared. This and that, Fanny and Jenny, Munch and Willy, Heine and the long corridors over which she crawled all day, mingled with the stench of the room and the ache of her body and she remained staring into the black pot that was boiling and feeling the heat of the stove pass in waves over her face. A voice called to her from another room. She turned and saw the door of the other bedroom had opened. A stale bitter smell drifted into the kitchen. The figure of her husband dressed in a suit of long dirty underwear and a pair of thick hard socks appeared in the doorway. His face was smeared with sleep. A growth of hair hid his chin and cheeks.

"Ma," he called to her stretching his arms, "come here a minute."

Mrs. Muznik stared at him. "What for?" she asked. The familiar figure in the doorway was clouded in a darkness that burned behind her eyes. A grin overspread her husband's face. His jaws thrust forward and his eyes began to shine. The grin passed and he remained glowering at Mrs. Muznik. Then he came with his shoulders swaying into the kitchen and seized her by the arm. Mrs. Muznik stared into the black pot on the stove. As Otto shoved her before him her mouth opened and her eyes turned to him.

"No, no," she whispered. "No Otto. You go to work. Willy's having trouble with his foot."

Otto continued to drag the heavy figure of his wife toward the bedroom. A glowering playfulness was in his face and gestures.

"No Otto, not now. Let me be," Mrs. Muznik cried. "You go eat."

Otto laughed and struck her on the shoulders. Stepping behind her he cursed and with a guffaw pushed her violently into the dark bitter smelling bedroom. She staggered toward one of the beds and dropped into it. Through the open door she watched her husband with round little staring eyes. He walked back to the sink and drew some water in a glass and drank it. He was a short stocky figure in his dark tattered underwear. She remembered him before

the furnace door in the steel mill, shining.

"Come on, Otto," she called. Her voice was hoarse and thin. She sat on the edge of the bed and waited staring now into the darkest part of the room. The darkness brought a sweetness into the burn of her body. She rocked gently back and forth. The room floated before her eyes as if the darkness were moving. The little burns came again into her brain and the stench creeping from the walls and the beds confused her. Through the window she became aware slowly of a great pink and orange glow that hung and wavered in the distant night. It was from the factories. She eyed it as the darkness around her swayed back and forth. Her body leaned forward and she fumbled thickly with her shoe, her mouth open and her eyes intent upon that glow in the distance. The little burns had gone out of her brain. There was left nothing in her except a darkness in which rested a pink and orange glow. Her lips mumbled sounds and she sat repeating the name of her husband, "Otto, Otto." Then her body tumbled to one side and she lay across the bed as if she had been flung there.

Otto, her husband came at last into the bedroom. He was gnawing on a bone and a piece of meat. He glowered down at the heavy figure on the bed that mumbled, "Otto, Otto."

"Move over there," he called in a thick voice. Mrs. Muznik stirred and in the gloom her white teeth suddenly flashed in a grin. From the front part of the house Willy's voice, shrill and frightened, was calling, "Ma, ma. Something's the matter with Munch. He's dead. Ma . . . ma . . ."

BOOKS

John Rodker

interesting

VERHAEREN got drunk and smashed all the bottles in the bar. Swinburne got drunk and stove in all the hats in the club cloak-room. Hence one must be a "paroxyst" to be a poet, a fairly safe assumption, though the disease is of such a kind as gradually encroaches upon the host. Both "poets" were swept away by their own rhodomontade, and both lost whatever faculty for perfection they might once have had, by a conviction that poets were measured by bulk.

M. Albert Mockel has written a book — published by La Renaissance du Livre 2 fr. 50 — on Verhaeren's work. He traces his growth as a human being — yet at the same time "born-poet" — by the method so well known to reviewers: "At the age of two he got his first 'frisson' from the spectacle of the brindled sow giving birth to a litter. This was to mark an epoch and give him that zest for life which he was never to grow out of." Then M. Mockel analyzes his books chronologically, explains their conception, execution and the significant facts relating thereto.

Although overwhelmed by his enthusiasm, M. Mockel has used the inch rule of the Academy for measuring his Colossus and has even ventured to say "Verhaeren est vraiment aussi rugueuse ecrivain qu'il est grand poète!" This of course raises the inevitable ghost of "What is poetry," but this of course is not questioned by M. Mockel. He knows! Yet without certain individual assumptions surely the whole fabric of his criticism must fall, and to use the general qualities of "fougue" painting (imagery), "tenderness", etc., is to use qualities available in all other art forms and equally in prose. It is this trouble of an absence of a "definite unit" by which one can measure poetry (this unit existing in prose, painting and music) that has as yet produced no definition of poetry.

The book is painstaking however, and quite interesting, and is closed with a bang on the words "Verhaeren is the epic poet of Energy." This may be true but we hope some day to see a poet who will use words like barbells or ether for the transcription of energy and not the current speech of adjectives and conjunctions.

Mon Chant de Guerre by Fritz R. Vanderpyl is a very restrained war-song — being in simple rhythm, felicitious phrasing and a not too original out-look. Occasionally he interposes English verses of an amazing triteness and one wonders why this sort of thing sounds so much more possible in French. But the poem on the lamp shows a very sensitive use of English. The book is worth reading because it feels "sound".

Le Coureur D'Azur, by Paul Aeschmann, published by Crès et Cie, is the work of a poet and has the qualities one is accustomed to look for in poetry; but this kind of accomplishment — original outlook and all the rest — becomes every day more common. The poet is no longer a prophet — or inspired, and a high level of accomplishment means nothing except that the author has a good brain.

The substitution of paroxysm for inspiration is an index of the times.

Dunch by Susan Miles — "printed by" Blackwell isn't poetry at all, although printed as such and although containing the only and original ingredients of poetry. A Chinese poem enumerates six facts and there is a poem, but Mrs. Miles enunciates six hundred and leaves a joke. The difference is probably due to her stuff never having been fired so as to run. It appears instead to have come through a sausage-machine rather than a mincer.

Obviously the model for her should have been *The Spoon River Anthology* for she too has taken a village bit by bit and attempted to render it; but she hasn't either the humour or the largeness or the feeling of Masters. Or rather — probably she has the feeling, we all have feeling nowadays,—but has not worked hard enough to synthesise them.

Minnie Rolls: C. C. H. F. is the chief joke of the book and is quite funny and we quote from it :

The lady what lives up Minnie Rolls' Yards' expecting her eleventh
 She wont half have a hell of a time,
 The lady what lives up Minnie Rolls' Yard,
 Because it's Lion year
 Lions don't have their babies
 But once in seven years
 And the year as lions have their babies
 Ladies don't half have a hell of a time.
 Minnie Roll's Aunt Flo's expecting her first.
 She knows as she's expecting
 Because Minnie Rolls' Uncle Toms' got the jawrache something
 cruel
 Fellows always get the jawrache something cruel
 When their ladies is expecting.

As a study in contemporary demonology the study is priceless.

Apteryx, writing in the *Egoist*, has various illuminating remarks on modern literature. About Cannan's new novel *The Stucco House*, he says it is merely a deposit, whereas if Cannan really wrote his novels they might be literature. This is interesting, for Henry James writing on *Round the Corner*, one of Cannan's first novels, said it belongs "to the order of 'constatations', pure and simple." We presume then that Mr. Cannan gains nothing with time. Apteryx finishes a quotation : — "That is not prose, it is oratory, the true manly snuffle, the abdominal throb. Nevertheless the book is an

interesting book and it might be better."

I was at one time interested in the problem of Mr. Cannan and then I found his translation of *Jean Christophe*. I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that Mr. Cannan has mined extensively from this book and will continue to do so till the end of his career. Is not Apteryx admiring *Jean Christophe*?

He continues: "God took a rib from the side of Mr. Chesterton and made Mrs. Meynell." I have not read her essays, nor do I like the one sonnet which is said to be the glory and crown of the modern sonnet. Literature is not an art in the sense of an accomplishment. It is a damned sweat at best, and only in this country would it be necessary for a critic to say: "But we must learn to take literature *seriously*."

We regret to announce the death in action of Isaac Rosenberg. He had produced a volume of poems and a play *Moses* (both privately printed). His death is a greater loss to poetry in this country than any death during the war.

THE NOTES FOR "THE IVORY TOWER" *

Ezra Pound

12. Main character's "solution" or vision of what course he will take.

13. The fourth character's "break into" things, or into perception of things.

(a) Actions of an auxiliary character, of what would have been low life in old Spanish or Elizabethan drama. This character affects the main action (as sometimes a "*gracioso*" [servant, buffoon, Sancho Panza] affects the main action in a play, for example, of Lope de Vega's).

(b) Caution not to let author's interest in fascinating auxiliary character run away with his whole plan and design.

(This kind of restraint is precisely what leaves a reader "wanting more"; which gives a novel the "feel" of being full of life; convinces the reader of an abundant energy and an abundant sense of life in an author).

* Continued from the August number.

14. Effects of course of the action on fourth main character and on the others. The scale being kept by the relation here not being between main character and *one* antagonist, but with a group of three people, relations "different" though their "point" is the same *cf.* a main character *vs.* a Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, or attendant lords". James always has half an eye on play construction; the scene.

(a) The second auxiliary character brought out more definitely. (This is accidental. It might happen at any suitable point in a story wherever needed).

(b) Act of this auxiliary person reaches through to main action.

15. We see the author determining just how bad a case he is going to make his villain.

(a) Further determination of his hero. (In this case an absolute non-producer, non-accumulator).

(b) Care not to get an unmixed "bad" in his "villain", but to keep a right balance, a dependency, in this case, on the main character's weakness or easiness.

(c) Decision how the main "coup" or transfer shall slide through.

16. Effect upon C. Effect upon main characters' relations to E. and F.

At this point, in the consideration of eight of the ten "books" of his novel, we see the author most intent on his composition or architecture, most anxious to get all the sections fitted in with the greatest economy, a sort of crux of his excitement and anxiety. Fullness of his perception that the thing must be so tightly packed that no sentence can afford to be out of place.

17. Climax. The *Deus* or, in this case, *Dea, ex machina*. Devices for prolonging climax. The fourth main character having been, it were, held back for a sort of weight or balance here, and as "resolution" of the tangles.

Finis.

18. Authors final considerations of time scheme, i.e., fitting action into time not too great for unity, and great enough to allow needed complexity. Slighter consideration of place scheme; where final scenes shall be laid, etc.

Here in a few paragraphs are the bare bones of the plan described in eighty of Henry James's pages. The detail thoroughness of the plan, the complicated consciousness displayed in it gives us the

measure of this author's superiority, as conscious artist, over the "normal" British novelist, i. e., over the sort of person who tells you that when he did his first book he "just sat down and wrote the first paragraph", and then found he "couldn't stop". This he tells you in a manner clearly implying that, from that humble beginning to the shining hour of the present, he has given the matter no further thought, and that his succeeding works were all knocked off with equal simplicity.

I give this outline with such fulness because it is a landmark in the history of the novel as written in English. It is inconceivable that Fielding or Richardson should have left, or that Thomas Hardy should leave, such testimony to a comprehension of the novel as "form". The Notes are, on the other hand, quite distinct from the voluminous prefaces which so many French poets write before they have done anything else. James, we note, wrote no prefaces until there were twenty-four volumes of his novels and stories waiting to be collected and republished. The Notes are simply the accumulation of his craftsman's knowledge; they are, in all their length, the summary of the things he would have, as a matter of habit, in his mind before embarking on composition.

I take it rather as a sign of editorial woodenheadedness that these Notes are printed at the *end* of *The Ivory Tower*; if one has sense enough to suspect that the typical mentality of the elder heavy reviewer has been shown, one will for oneself reverse the order; read the notes with interest and turn to the text already with the excitement of the sport or with the zest to see if, with the chance of creating the masterpiece so outlined, the distinguished author is going to make good. If on the other hand one reads the unfinished text, there is no escaping the boredom of re-reading skeleton, with tentative and confusing names, the bare statement of what has been, in the text, more fully set before us.

The text is attestation of the rich, banked-up perception of the author. I dare say the snap and rattle of the fun, or much of it, will be only half perceptible to those who do not know both banks of the Atlantic; but enough remains to show the author at his best; despite the fact that occasionally he puts in the mouths of his characters sentences or phrases that no one but he himself could have used. I cannot attribute this to the unfinished state of the manuscript. These oversights are few, but they are the kind of slip which occurs in his earlier work. We note also that his novel is a descriptive novel, not a novel that simply depicts people speaking and moving.

There is a constant dissertation going on, and in it is our major enjoyment. The Notes to *The Sense of the Past* are not so fine a specimen of method, as they are the plan not of a whole book, but only of the latter section. The editor is quite right to print them at the end of the volume.

Of the actual writing in the three posthumous books, far the most charming is to be found in *The Middle Years*. Here again one is not much concerned with Mr. James's mildly ironic reminiscences of Tennyson and the Victorians, but rather with James's own temperament, and with his recording of inn-rooms, breakfasts, butlers, etc., very much as he had done in his fiction. There is no need for its being "memoirs" at all; call the protagonist Mr. Ponsonby or Mr. Hampden, obliterate the known names of celebrities and half celebrities, and the whole thing becomes a James novel, and, so far as it goes, a mate to the best of them.

Retaining the name of the author, any faithful reader of James, or at any rate the attentive student, finds a good deal of amusement in deciphering the young James, his temperament as mellowed by recollection and here recorded forty years later, and then in contrasting it with the young James as revealed or even "betrayed" in his own early criticisms, *French Poets and Novelists*, a much cruder and more savagely puritanical and plainly New England product with however, certain permanent traits of his character already in evidence, and with a critical faculty keen enough to hit on certain weaknesses in the authors analysed, often with profundity, and with often a "rightness" in his mistakes. I mean that apparent errors are at times only an excess of zeal and overshooting of his mark, which was to make for an improvement, by him, of certain defects.

WOMEN AND MEN*

Ford Madox Hueffer

VI

Average People

She was the daughter of a day labourer among the hopfield of Paddock Wood. When she had been born, the youngest of five her own mother had died. Her father had brought a stepmother into the house. I never discovered that the step-mother was notably cruel to Meary. But those were the Hungry Forties. The children never had enough to eat. Once, Meary cut off one of her big toes. She had jumped down into a ditch after a piece of turnip peel. She had of course had no shoes or stockings and there had been a broken bottle in the ditch.

So her childhood had been a matter of hunger, thirst and frequent chastisements with the end of a leather strap that her father wore round his waist. When she was fourteen she was sent to service in a great house where all the maids slept together under the roof. Here they told each other legends at night—odd legends that exactly resembled the fairy tales of Grimm—legends of princes and princesses, of castles, or of travelling companions on the road. A great many of these stories seemed to hinge upon the price of salt which at one time was extravagantly dear in the popular memory, so that one princess offered to have her heart cut out in order to purchase a pound of salt that should restore her father to health.

From this house Meary Walker ran away with a gipsy—or at least he was what in that part of the world was called a "pikey"—a user of the turnpike road. So, for many years they led a wandering existence, until at last they settled down in this village. Until the date of that settlement Meary had not troubled to marry her father. But then a parson insisted on it, but it did not trouble her much either way.

Walker had always been a man of weak health. To put it shortly, he had what is called the artistic temperament—a small, dark, delicate man whose one enthusiasm was his art of making

* Continued from the July number.

baskets. In that he certainly excelled. But he was lazy and all the work of their support fell on Meary. She tied hops—and this is rather skilled work,—she picked them in the autumn; she helped the neighbours with baking and brewing. She cleaned up the church once a week. She planted the potatoes and cropped them. She was the first cottager in East Kent to keep poultry for profit. In her biography, which I have related at greater length in another book you could find traces of great benevolence and of considerable heroism. Thus, one hard winter, she supported not only herself and her husband, but her old friend Meary Spratt, at that time a widow with six children. Meary Spratt was in bed with pneumonia and its after effects from December to March. Meary Walker nursed her, washed and tended the children and made the livings of all of them.

Then there came the time when she broke her leg and had to be taken against her will to the hospital which was seven miles away. She did not want to be in the hospital; she was anxious to be with Walker who was then dying of gangrene of the leg. She was anxious too about a sitting hen; one of her neighbours had promised her half a crown for a clutch of chickens. She used to lie in hospital, flattening her broken knee under the bed clothes and exclaiming:

"Get well, get well, oh do get well quickly!" And even twenty years afterwards when she rehearsed these scenes and these words there would remain in the repetition a whole world of passionate wistfulness. But indeed, she translated her passion into words. One night, driven beyond endurance by the want of news of Walker and of her sitting hen she escaped from the hospital window and crawled on her hands and knees the whole seven miles from the hospital to her home. She found when she arrived in the dawn that Walker was in his coffin. The chickens however were a healthy brood. Her admiration for Walker, the weak and lazy artist in basket making, never decreased. She treasured his best baskets to the end of her life as you and I might treasure Rembrandts. Once, ten years after, he sat for a whole day on his grave. The old sexton growing confused with years had made a mistake and was going to inter another man's wife on top of Walker. Meary stopped that.

For the last twenty-six years or so of her life she lived in the mud hut which I had first seen her enter. She went on as before, tying hops, heating ovens, picking up stones, keeping a hen or two. She looked after, fed and nursed—for the love of God—a particu-

larly disagreeable old man called Purdey who had been a London cab driver. He sat all day in a grandfather's chair, grumbling and swearing at Meary whenever she came in. He was eighty-two. He had no claim whatever upon her and he never paid her a penny of money. She could not have told you why she did it, but no doubt it was just the mothering instinct.

So she kept on going all through life. She was always cheerful: she had always on her tongue some fragment of peasant wisdom. Once, coming back from market, she sat down outside a public house and a soldier treated her to a pot of beer. Presently there rode up the Duke of Cambridge in his field marshal's uniform and beside him there was the Shah of Persia. They were watching a sham fight in the neighbourhood. Meary raised her pot of beer towards these Royal personages and wished them health. They nodded in return.

"Well," Meary called out to the Duke, "you're only your mother's son like the rest of us." Once, the Portuguese ambassador amiably telling her that, in his language, bread was "*pom*" she expressed surprise but then she added—

"Oh well poor dear, when you're hungry you've got to eat it like the rest of us, whatever you call it."

She was sorry for him because he had to call bread by such an outlandish name. She could not think how he remembered the word. Yet she knew that *Brot*, was the German for bread and *Apfel* for apples because, during the Napoleonic Wars of her youth, the Hanoverian Legion had garrisoned that part of the country. One of what she called the jarman legions had murdered a friend of her mother's who had been his sweetheart and when he was hung for it at Canterbury he asked for *Brot* and *Apfel* on the scaffold. She saw him hung, a pleasant fair boy, and when she looked down at her hands she said they were as white as lard.

So she worked on until she was seventy-eight. One day she discovered a swelling under her left breast. It gave her no pain but she wanted to know what it was. So she put a hot brick to it. She knew that if it was cancer that was a bad thing to do, but she wanted to get it settled. The swelling became worse. So she walked to the hospital—the same hospital that she had crawled away from. They operated on her next morning—and she was dead by noon. Her last words were:

"Who's going to look after old Purdey?"

She was buried in the workhouse cemetery. The number of her

grave is 1642. Mr. Purdey was taken to the Union that night. And there he still is, aged ninety-seven, a disagreeable old man.

And so we come back to the question of the average woman. Was Meary Walker this person? I wonder. If so the average among women is fairly high. Yet, in her own village nobody thought very much of Meary. She was popular with many people and hated by a few. Yet, as far as I can say her life, in each of its days, was as perfect as that of my friend Mr. T. She never had a penny from me that she had not worked for, or never so much as a pair of old boots from anyone else. Was she then the average woman? I should not like to say that she was not. For, in spite of all our modernity, still the widest of all classes of employment is given by the land. There are more peasants in the world than there are anything else. And Meary was just a peasant woman, attracting no particular notice from her fellows. On the other hand there was Meary Spratt her bosom friend.

Meary Spratt was much more like the average woman of fiction. She was decidedly emotional, she was certainly not truthful: she begged, and when she begged she would scream and howl and yell in the highest of keys, pulling her gnarled, rheumatic fingers into repulsive shapes and screaming like a locomotive to show how much they pained her, or sobbing with the most dramatic emphasis when she related how Meary Walker had saved her six little children from starvation. On the other hand she would relate, with a proper female virtue the fact—I fancy it may have been true—that, at some portion of her career Meary Walker had a daughter by somebody who was not Walker and that the daughter was in service in Folkestone. She would also say that Meary Walker was an arrant miser who had saved up a large fortune in bank notes which were quilted into her stays. She said she had heard the stays crackle.

Meary Spratt had never had a child by anyone but a husband. But then she had had four husbands as well as nineteen children, all of whom had lived. She is quite a small woman with an appallingly shrill voice and no doubt she is feminine in that her tongue never stops. In the early morning among the dews you will hear her voice. She will be picking what she calls musherrooms for her catsup. You will hear her all the while like this screaming quite loudly while you listen from your bedroom window, she being in the field beyond the hedge and it being four o'clock of a very dewy morning.

"He! He! He!" she will scream "here is a nice little one! A little pinky one! Now I'm going to pick you! Up you come, my little darling! Ah, doesn't it hurt!" And then she will give a shrill yell to show the pain that the musherom feels when it is being picked. And then she will continue: "Oh, oh Lord! Oh my poor shoulders! Oh! my poor legs! They do fairly terrify me with rhumatiz! Oh, oh, Lord!"

And you will hear her voice seeming to get shriller as it gets fainter and she goes over the marshy grass, into the mist, until she comes on another little pink one. She is seventy-six and it is cold on the marshes in that October weather.

Yes, she is decidedly feminine. She has only been married three years to Mr. Spratford—so she gets called Meary Spratford. Mr. Spratford was eighty-two when they married. Between the two they have had thirty one children. And they lived in a little brick cottage not much larger than a dog kennel. When you ask Mr. Spratford why he married—Mr. Spratford was a most venerable looking peasant, like a Biblical patriarch, with very white hair curling round a fine bald head and with noble faded blue eyes; and when he spoke he always gesticulated nobly with one hand and uttered the most edifying moral sentiments. He was extremely dishonest and had three times been in prison for robbing poor old women. Indeed, when I first made his acquaintance he did a week's work for me, charged me double prices and begged me not to tell anybody that I had paid him at all because he was on his club—and this is about the meanest crime that any peasant can commit. It was an offence so mean that even Meary Spratford—who you will observe was a woman and who would have had no scruple at all about pilfering from any member of the quality—even Meary Spratford was outraged and made him pay back his club money for that week. She could not bear to think of the members of the club being defrauded, because they were quite poor people. It is true that she came to me afterwards, and, groaning and sobbing, she tried to get the money out of me to make up for her noble act—but when you asked Mr. Spratford why he married he answered:

"Well, you see, sir, in a manner of speaking us do be very poor people and us bean't able to afford more than one blanket apiece, and one small fire for each of us, coals do be so dear." (For I got all his coals for nothing from the poor old parson and so did Mrs. Spratt.) "So if we do marry we do have two blankets atop of us at night and we have one big fire and sit on either side of it."

So said Mr. Spratford. But when it came to his wife she would scream out:

"Why did us marry? Why I like to have a man about the house and a woman looks better like among her neebours if she do have a husband." So that no doubt Mrs. Spratt was feminine enough, just as Mr. Spratford was undoubtedly masculine. He died raving on the mud floor of his hut. His wife had not the strength to lift him into bed and the four men who had held him down during the night had had to go to work in the morning. He tore his bald head to ribbons with his nails and Mrs. Spratt for years afterwards could make anybody sick with her dramatic rehearsals of how he died. When she was really worked up over this narration she would even scratch her own forehead until it bled. So perhaps she was really a more womanly woman than Mrs. Walker. She kept on going just the same: she is still keeping on going. But she made much more noise about it. That, I believe, is what is demanded of man's weaker vessels.

But even in the village, Meary Spratt was regarded as unusually loquacious whereas Meary Walker attracted, as I have said, no attention at all. It was as if Meary Walker was just a woman whereas Meary Spratt was at least a super-woman, or as if she were a woman endowed with the lungs of a locomotive whistle. Indeed, I am certain that anyone there would have told you that Meary Walker was just an average woman.

THE READER CRITIC

Divagations

Marsden Hartley, Taos, New Mexico:

I suppose I must count myself lover of stylistic radiance. It is not enough for me to have sun; I want the distribution of the prismatic facet, the iridescence wrapped around the sphere. There must be the web for the dew to hang on, there must be a free sky for an avid moon. This cannot, I think, be achieved without a rigid adherence to the significance of essential values.

Between the mania of a Flaubert for exatitute, and the monosyllabic detail of a James Joyce there is, as one may observe, a wide divergence. I want for myself most of all the poetry of a scene, and poetry is just as much a well placed, "good morning" as it is a wan-

dering ode. I think it is well for the writer of real purposes to escape the less interesting faculty for journalistic rendition, as it is well for the over-paid reporter to elaborate on the fact not present. The successful reporter is not one who tells the truth in conjunction with fact, he is that one who can weave a labyrinth of romantic insinuation around an improbability.

For the novelist, journalistic voluminousness is possibly a valuable adjunct to the swelling out of facility as well as of the page. Poetry has the greater value to one who would write well. It would teach him brevity, compactness. A narrative of a page's length in Frost is as significant a rendition of its theme as is a chapter of Balzac. It is more important that the artist know exactly to the hair his own limitations as well as his excellences. Verhaeren's page or two on his own Belgique is as telling as an entire play of Shakespeare on England, excepting of course that Verhaeren is what his Belgique was, and Shakespeare is the world.

Essences are volumes of another degree merely. The atmosphere of a story should be just as solid as the action. We should know the teacup on the kitchen table of a labourer's family, just as we should know the cataclysm in his soul. It seems to me the novel should be just as mathematical as the good poem, or the excellent bit of prose. It may be the novel is harder both in terms of difficulty as well as consistency, that is to say when psychological inevitability is concerned. Not a term involved which does not swing directly between the moment and its creator. Outside of the fine stylists you get so much of slipping over the surface of the scene. Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James are certainly various, but you get the sense of consequence in them. The Joyce species of entertainment is a restive feathering of the acid upon a not too expansive plate. You are fed with a fascination of little touches. It is Missionerism in words. Cross-hatching which has not the distinction of Rembrandt. There is a humoristic tracery in Joyce which will amuse any ardent lover of the touch. I wonder if we do not hear the strumming of the mosquito's wing a little excessively in Joyce. Is the space around things large enough? Does he care for entirety as much as the whimsie en passant? Is it not a too close relationship of tense values. I have only "Ulysses-Episode IV" to begin my premise. I know one who makes an exquisite drawing solely by means of the point of the pen. He is a large amiable person, who finds a hair from an elephant's tail around his wrist an

engaging preoccupation. I find it charming in suggestion also, for there is the whole jungle in that small brown strand tickling his wrist. I find the little thing circling around a portion of a very big smiling fellow a pleasant bit of fun. But these dots made by the point of the pen are placed, as far as I can tell, with scientific accuracy under the force of an expensive and spacious magnifying glass, and after two years of labour to a finality in dots, what is there is but the passing of an afternoon cloud beyond a spreading lake, the which comes forth as an accompaniment to a dull poem on the page of a correct magazine. Dot for dot is more what I am thinking, is the case of Joyce; Dürer used dots also, and a host of very vivid lines, and his plates were mostly small. What about the plate of Joyce. Is there the expanse in it, is there encompassed, or does Joyce spread the masses elsewhere in his theme. We had Seurat with his very intelligent pointillism, a fine artist, and the only distinguished one in that field of discovery, as superior to Signac and Cross as Cross is superior to Signac. Is Joyce a Seurat of a Signac in wordy dots? I have, I confess, a proud admiration for the flawless line of Ingres, and the dignity of Mass in Courbet, the superb orchestration in the arrangements of Delacroix. I like to excess, the swinging into untouched ethers of Francis Thompson, who has not thought given more of the floridness of frigidity than any other poet of modernity. The sanitillance that trickles out of Henry James at his best, and the incomparable fluidity and lucent earthiness of his brother William James, cover my moments with delight. But I wonder if novelists outside the revolutionary academic crew care much for stylistic radiance. I wonder if being too near the diamond does not shatter its dust. Does the ruby glow with an eye fastened on its skin, or the emerald send up seabottoms of delicious fancy with a lot finger on its face. There are so many sprightly indications in Joyce, almost too much of vividness, which in the presence of so much uncoloured production, might seem unjust.

These are skimmings of reflection of an August afternoon, where the desert shines like a sheet of scorched metal.

Language is after a something wonderful in itself, and as for the perfect world it all but sinks in space for its rarity.

Is not the average line of the acknowledged story-teller a dullard, as to its propensities for initiation? Is not plot the demon of the dream? Should there not be a kind of poetry of line in the unfolding of experience, as well as the giant of edges? A good drawing

is that one which holds the form consistently between its outlines. Artistry comes in fullness. Seurat was successful. Perhaps Joyce is, also. Joyce amuses. Seurat satisfies.

From California

July issue received.

We cannot make any helpful suggestions to Ezra about the rent, but he can solve his board by eating the goose he has cooked for himself.

Anxiously,

One-tenth of a score of Rural Rumlbers.

On the American Number

E. P., London:

Szukalski drawings in the June Little Review show, in two cases, vigour of imagination. Error is in that their interest does not lie in the actual form but in their ideation. At first glance they appear to be more skillful than they are. They cry out "we are *masterly*", but on closer examination this statement proves to be an exaggeration. The more familiar the eye becomes with them they less do they validate their first statement.

The Angel of Rebellion, no good; Man Following his Principles, a post-Beardsley, not valuable; Men Going to Church, interest of many newspaper caricature; Different Jew, "old master", but doesn't quite come off; next drawing of dog, no value; Man and his Conscience, interesting for about ten minute's close study then gradually recedes; "Medusa" interesting imagination in the conception of the eyes.

Both the last two say something. Both would increasingly bore one if hung up on one's wall. All drawing which does not have its centre of interest in the actual form, in the actual arrangement of lines, planes, solids, wanes rapidly in its power to interest.

Szukalski has indubitable ability and his future work should, or at least could, be of interest.

The drawings do not show formal invention; old cliché devices still in use. Vide proportion of black and grey in background to Man and Conscience.

Szukalski neither dead nor asleep, nor yet part of the world's art (so far as can be discerned from these drawings.) . Faculty

splayed in these drawings neither unique nor original, nor, indeed, excessively rare.

Interest in the drawings leaks perceptively in half an hour, and completely disappears at the end of forty-five minutes.

They catch the eye. That is all democracy asks of any "art" product.

They are not original work. This is not an utter condemnation. All good artists pass through a borrowing and copying phase.

Turbyfill has perhaps the cell-nucleus of something about which a book of poems might form itself.

The most pernicious symptom of democracy is the growing clamour for the universal distribution of ignorance. Mr. Solon does not join in this clamour, but he rather implies that I have insisted on all authors knowing the classics. At least his readers might easily mistake him to mean that I had said this; that I had "insisted".

I have merely said that young men hoping to leave permanent works are rather stupid not to enlighten themselves.

The masters have seldom been illiterates. Shakespeare's "wood-runes" are a fiction of that pompous ass Milton. Shakespeare had Ovid from Golding (excellent medium), he had his antiquity from North's "Plutarch", he had great erudition from Florio's "Montaigne". With these three books on his shelf no man need be lacking in "literacy".

Dante was a savant. Chaucer, likewise. Villon had escaped from the university of Paris and makes a constant parade of his tags. Catullus presumably knew more Greek (or knew what he knew with greater intensity) than any Roman of his time. Heine is perhaps at least savant, yet he had happened on Bertrams de Born at a time when troubadours were less known than at present.

But I have never said that all authors should be savants, or that they should all read the classics.

The last scald, by the Kennedy-Frasers in Bebbecuba, treasured knowledge, he sang "Aillte" to music which I take to be eleven centuries old (at lowest estimate, and 3000 years old very possibly). He left the cottage when parvenu labour songs, spinning songs were sung. He held his caste without any comprehension by any science.

But I have never said that all authors need know the classics.

A critic however is less likely to be taken in by literary and

artistic shell-games if he have his mind decently stored with master-work which will serve him for comparison. The more of it he has in his head the quicker his eye and perception; the more speedily will he see the germ of corruption, the ineluctable signs of impermanence.

The American press and public on art is the merest jabber.

The American commentator lapses into cant phrase as indiscriminately as a peasant into proverbs. We have indeed a castrated peasantry, able to read, strained through a public-school colander and dessicated by ten-cent cultural formulae.

Some of Solon's remarks are excellent. There are also some good sentences in Bill Williams. The man who does not want to produce permanent work is outside the scope of our consideration; he should go back to pale spittle of Hen. Van Dyke.

And again what have we to do with Romain Rolland, or other Bloomsbury fad six years late?

The current-events-clubs are always getting these crazes. Nothing but some sort of habit of close comparison, of close inspection of the actual text of authors themselves in contradistinction to diluted reviews, will be any use in these matters.

Barbusse is Catulle Mendès' son-in-law. He won the prize of "concours de poesie de l'Echo de Paris" in 1893; at the age of nineteen. (One should not treasure this up against him.) He edited "Je sais tout". He published a volume of poems, "Pleureuses", in 1895. In "Le Feu" he is more topical and therefore more widely known. *As writing it does not improve on*

LA LETTRE

Je t'écris et la lampe écoute.
L'horloge attend à petits coups;
Je vais fermer les yeux sans doute
Et je vais m'endormir de nous
La lampe est douce et j'ai la fièvre;
On n'entend que ta voix, ta voix . . .
J'ai ton nom qui rit sur ma lèvre
Et ta caresse est dans mes doigts.
J'ai de la douceur de naguère;
Ton pauvre cœur sanglote en moi;
Et mi-rêvenant, je sais guère
Si c'est moi qui t'écris, ou toi

(from "Pleureuses", 1895.)

He has very considerable depiction in his prose.

EGMONT H. ARENS, who keeps the Washington Spare Bookshop at Seventeen West Eighth Street, New York, announces that he will send free to anybody his Catalogue of "BOOKS THAT ARE LITERATURE" containing a List of Best Titles in Russian Literature, Poetry, Drama, Psychoanalysis, Sex, Essays and Modern Fiction. Your mail order for any book obtainable in New York will be filled immediately. Be sure to visit him when you are in town.

SOLVE YOUR FOOD PROBLEM

by EATING AT THE STRUNSKY RESTAURANTS

Good cooking—pleasant environments—
liberal portions—moderate prices.

"THE WASHINGTON SQUARE RESTAURANT"

19 West Eighth Street.

"THREE STEPS DOWN"

19 West Eighth Street.

Between 5th & 6th Avenue,

CAFETERIA

19 West Eighth Street.

(Upstairs)

Phone Stuyvesant 1880

Open for lunch and dinner.

"THE STUYVESANT SQUARE RESTAURANT"

201 Second Ave.

"THE STUYVESANT CAFETERIA"

201 Second Avenue,
(Down Stairs).

Between 12th & 13th Street.

Phone Stuyvesant 3379.

Open for lunch, dinner and
evenings.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

Head Office — New York, 28-30 West 34th Street
Brooklyn 218-220 Livingston Street

Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit,
Orange, Paris, London, Petrograd, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, Brussels,
Geneva, Havana, Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Cairo,
Algiers, Christiania, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Etc.

OVER 300 BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES OF THE WORLD
PUPILS TRAVELING MAY TRANSFER THE VALUE OF THEIR
LESSONS TO ANY OTHER BERLITZ SCHOOL

SUPERIOR NATIVE TEACHERS

By the Berlitz Method Students learn not only to read and write, but also
to UNDERSTAND and to SPEAK the foreign languages.

Terms may be begun at any time — Trial Lesson free

**Lessons Privately and in Classes, Day
and Evenings, at School or Residence**

RECENT AWARDS:

Paris Exposition, 1900, Gold Medals; Lille Exposition, 1902, Grand Prize
Zurich Exposition, 1902, Gold Medal; St. Louis Exposition, 1904,
Grand Prize; Liege Exposition, 1905, Grand Prize; London
Exposition, 1908, Grand Prize; Brussels 1910, Hors
Concours; Turin 1911, Hors Concours.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

Seven Poems, by William Butler Yeats

Poems and drawings by Jean de Bosschere

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

OCTOBER, 1918

Seven Poems	<i>William Butler Yeats</i>
De Bosschere's Study of Elskamp	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Prose Poems	<i>John Rodker</i>
Poems	<i>Jean de Bosschere</i>
Breviora	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Note upon Fashions in Criticism	<i>J. H. Le Monnier</i>
Ulysses, Episode VII.	<i>James Joyce</i>
Albert Mockel and "La Wallonie"	<i>E. P.</i>
The Reader Critic	

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *London Editor*

JULES ROMAINS, *French Editor*

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

*Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York, N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.*

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

OCTOBER 1918

No. 6

SEVEN POEMS

William Butler Yeats

To a Young Girl

My dear, my dear, I know
More than another
What makes your heart beat so;
Not even your own mother
Can know it as I know,
Who broke my heart for her
When the wild thought,
That she denies
And has forgot,
Set all her blood astir
And glittered in her eyes.

A Song

I thought no more was needed
Youth to prolong
Than dumb bell and foil
To keep the body young.
Oh who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

Though I have many words
What woman's satisfied?
I am no longer faint
Because at her side.
Oh who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

I have not lost desire
But the heart that I had,
I thought 'twould burn my body
Laid on the death bed.
But who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

Solomon to Sheba

Sang Solomon to Sheba
And kissed her dusky face,
All day long from midday
We have talked in the one place,
All day long from shadowless noon
We have gone round and round
In the narrow theme of love
Like an old horse in a pound.

To Solomon sang Sheba
Planted on his knees,
If you had broached a matter
That might the learned please,
You had before the sun had thrown
Our shadows on the ground
Discovered that my thoughts, not it,
Are but a narrow pound.

Sang Solomon to Sheba
And kissed her Arab eyes,
There's not a man or woman
Born under the skies
Dare match in learning with us two,
And all day long we have found
There's not a thing but love can make
The world a narrow pound.

The Living Beauty

I'll say and maybe dream I have drawn content,
Seeing that time has frozen up the blood
The wick of youth being burned and the oil spent,
From beauty that is cast out of a mould
In bronze, or that in dazzling marble appears,
Appears, and when we have gone is gone again,
Being more indifferent to our solitude
Than 'twere an apparition. O heart we are old :
The living beauty is for younger men
We cannot pay its tribute of wild tears.

Under the Round Tower

"Although I'd lie lapped up in linen
A deal I'd sweat and little earn
If I should live as lives the neighbours"
Cried the beggar, Billy Bryne.
"Stretch bones till the daylight come
On great-grandfather's battered tomb."

Upon a grey old battered tombstone
In Glendalough beside the stream,
Where the O'Brynes and Byrnes are buried,
He stretched his bones and fell in a dream
Of sun and moon that a good hour
Bellowed and pranced in the round tower.

Of golden king and silver lady
Bellowing up and bellowing round
Till toes mastered a sweet measure
Mouth mastered a sweet sound;
Prancing round and prancing up
Until they pranced upon the top.

That golden king and that wild lady
Sang till stars began to fade
Hands gripped in hands, toes close together,
Hairs spread on the wind they made;
That lady and that golden king
Could like a brace of blackbirds sing.

"It's certain that my luck is broken"
That rambling jailbird Billy said,
"Before nightfall I'll pick a pocket
And snug it in a feather bed.
I cannot find the peace of home
On great grandfather's battered tomb."

March 1918.

Tom O' Roughley

"Though logic choppers rule the town,
And every man and maid and boy
Has marked a distant object down,
An aimless joy is a pure joy,"
Or so did Tom O'Roughley say
That saw the surges running by,
"And wisdom is a butterfly
And not a gloomy bird of prey.

"If little planned, is little sinned
But little need the grave distress.
What's dying but a second wind?
How but in zig-zag wantoness
Could trumpeter Michael be so brave"?
Or something of that sort he said.
"And if my dearest friend were dead
I'd dance a measure on his grave."

February 16, 1918.

A Prayer on going into my House

God grant a blessing on this tower and cottage
And on my heirs, if all remain unspoiled,
No table, or chair or stool not simple enough
For shepherd lads in Galilee; and grant
That I myself for portions of the year
May handle nothing and set eyes on nothing
But what the great and passionate have used
Throughout so many varying centuries
We take it for the norm; yet should I dream
Sinbad the sailor's brought a painted chest,
Or image, from beyond the Loadstone Mountain
That dream is a norm; and should some limb of the devil
Destroy the view by cutting down an ash
That shades the road, or setting up a cottage
Planned in a government office, shorten his life,
Manacle his soul upon the Red Sea bottom.

DE BOSSCHERE'S STUDY OF ELSKAMP *

Ezra Pound

I CONFESSED in my February essay my inability to make anything of Max Elskamp's poetry, and I have tacitly confessed my inability to find any formula for hawking De Bosschère's own verse to any public of my acquaintance; De Bosschère's study of Elskamp, however, requires no advocacy; I do not think it even requires to be a study of Max Elskamp; it drifts as quiet canal water ; the protagonist may or not be a real man.

"Ici, la solitude est plus accentuée: souvent, pendant de longues minutes, les rues sont désertes. . . . Les portes ne semblent pas, ainsi que dans les grandes villes, s'ouvrir sur un poumon de vie, et être une cellule vivante de la rue. Au contraire, toutes sont fermées. Aussi bien, les façades de ce quartier sont pareilles aux murs borgnes. Un mince ruban de ciel roux et gris, à peine bleu au printemps, dé-

* "*Max Elskamp*"; essai par Jean De Bosschère, Bibliothèque de l'Occident, 17 rue Eblé, Paris. fr. 3.50.

coupe les pignons, se tend sur le marché désert et sur le puits profond des cours."

From this Antwerp, De Bosschère derives his subject, as Gautier his "Albertus" from

Un vieux bourg flamand tel que peint Tèniers;
trees bathing in water.

"Son univers était limité par: 'le grand peuplier'; une statue de Pomone, 'le grand rocher', et 'la grand grenouille'; ceci était un coin touffu où il y avait de l'eau et où il ne vit jamais qu'une seule grenouille, qu'il croyait immortelle". De Bosschère's next vision of Elskamp is when his subject is pointed out as "le poète décadent", for no apparent reason save that he read Mallarmé at a time when Antwerp did not. The study breaks into a cheerful grin when Elskamp tells of Mallarmé's one appearance in the sea-port:

"Le bruit et les cris qui furent poussés pendant la conférence de Mallarmé, l'arrêtèrent plusieurs fois. L'opinion du public sur sa causerie est contenue en ces quelques mots, dits par un général retraité, grand joueur de billard, et qui du reste ne fit qu'une courte absence de la salle de jeu, pour écouter quelques phrases du poète. "Cet homme est ivre ou fou", dit-il fort haut, en quittant la salle, où son jugement fit loi. Anvers, malgré un léger masque de snobisme, qui pourrait tromper, n'a pas changé depuis. Mallarmé, même pour les *vertis*, est toujours l'homme ivre ou fou."

The billard player is the one modern touch in the book; for the rest Elskamp sails with sea-captains, apparently in sailing ships to Constantinople, or perhaps one should call it Byzantium. He reads Juan de la Cruz and Young's Night Thoughts, and volumes of demonology, in the properly dim library of his maternal grandfather. "Sa passion en rhétorique fut pour Longfellow, il traduisait "Song of (sic) Hiawatus. ' "

The further one penetrates into De Bosschère's delightful narrative the less real is the hero; the less he needs to be real. A phantom has been called out of De Foe's period, delightful phantom, taking on the reality of the fictitious; in the end the author has created a charming figure, but I am as far as ever from making head or tail of the verses attributed to this creation. I have had a few hours' delightful reading, I have loitered along slow canals, behind a small window sits Elskamp doing something I do not in the least understand.

II

So was I at the end of the first division "Sur la Vie" de Max Elskamp. The second division, concerned with "Oeuvre et Vie", but raised again the questions that had faced me in reading Elskamp's printed work. He has an undercurrent, an element everywhere present, differentiating his poems from other men's poems. De Bosschère scarcely helps me to name it. The third division of the book, at first reading, nearly quenched the curiosity and the interest aroused by the first two thirds. On second reading I thought better of it. Elskamp, plunged in the middle ages, in what seems almost an atrophy, as much as an atavism, became a little more plausible. (For what is it worth, I read the chapter upon a day of almost complete exhaustion).

"Or, quand la vision lâche comme une proie vidée
le saint, il demeure avec les hommes."

"Entre le voyant et ceux qui le sanctifient il y a un précipice insondable. Seul l'individu est béatifié par sa croyance; mais il ne peut *l'utiliser* au temporel ni la partager avec les hommes, et c'est peut-être la forme unique de la justice sur terre."

The two sentences give us perhaps the tone of De Bosschère's critique "Sur le Mysticisme" of Elskamp.

It is however not in De Bosschère, but in *La Wallonie* that I found the clue to this author :

Consolatrice des Affliges

Et l'hiver m'a donné la main,
J'ai la main d'Hiver dans les mains,

et dans ma tête, au loin, il brûle
les vieux étés de canicule;

et dans mes yeux, en candeurs lentes,
très blanchement il fait des tentes,

dans mes yeux il fait des Sicile,
puis des îles, encore des îles.

Et c'est tout un voyage en rond
trop vite pour la guérison

à tous les pays où l'on meurt
au long cours des mers et des heures;

et c'est tout un voyage au vent
sur les vaisseaux de mes lits blancs

qui houlent avec des étoiles
à l'entour de toutes les voiles.

or j'ai le goût de mer aux lèvres
comme une rancoeur de genièvre

bu pour la très mauvaise orgie
des départs dans les tabagies;

puis ce pays encore me vient:
un pays de neiges sans fin. . . .

Marie des bonnes couvertures,
faites-y la neige moins dure

et courir moins comme des lières
mes mains sur mes draps blancs de fièvre.

— *Max Elskamp in "La Wallonie", 1892.*

The poem appears in Van Bever and Léautaud's anthology and there may be no reason for my not having thence received it; but there is, for all that, a certain value in finding a man among his native surroundings, and in finding Elskamp at home, among his contemporaries, I gained first the advantage of comprehension.

PROSE POEMS

John Rodker

T h e s e u s

WHEN the brass door of the labyrinth clanged behind him he was in darkness. The noise reverberated in his ears and grew fainter, like an omen called from hill-top to hill-top till it died ten thousand miles into the heart of a continent. He waited for the last echo to fade; for the hollow sound lay about him like a wild beast's eyes. But however faint and ultimate the hullo-ing grew, always further and fainter and more ominous, another echo woke. He waited an eternity. The last remote vibration died. He put one foot forward: stealthily and so faintly that an effort to strain his ears to catch the sound, seemed to burst a blood-vessel deep in his brain; another echo awoke. He could not stand it. "Haia" he shouted into the dark, "Haia": determined to kill forever that globular and staring echo. The sound went crashing along the dark galleries, and came spitting and crashing back to him like thunder, and ready to bring the walls down about him.

He was afraid and lifted his shield above his head.

"Mother", he cried, instinctively.

He began to go forward. His feet made no sound: he could see nothing. When he touched the wall he drew his hand away: it was wet and slimy and felt like a snake's skin. Sometimes he turned right-angles, following the walls. It did not matter.

He tried not to think of the approaching encounter, so that he might reserve his strength, but in its place he only saw Ariadne whom he hated. He tried to think of the girl he had left behind, but her face had grown vague and her eyes ghostly.

Still he marched on. At first he had walked warily, dreading surprise at each moment, but as he saw that the corridors were only a man's breadth he regained confidence.

He walked till each step had become automatic. He had forgotten whether he walked or not. Only if he stopped could he know, but this did not occur to him.

A sudden turn brought him up sharp, and he stopped. The muscles of his legs and calves began to twitch spasmodically and with excruciating pain. He was forced to go on.

Still the dark held, and though he strained his eyes to see what lay before him, he only saw lines of white fire darting across his sight, and these burst with a little splatter when they reached the edge of his retina.

At first he thought he was seeing light: then he knew that the gods were laughing at him.

He saw pale outlines of a stomach appear on the dark before him, and it was like a drawing on a slate. He knew by that he was hungry.

His bowels began to gripe, caling for food, and the peristalt drew for him a figure 8, with the long axis lying horizontal. The motion of each foot as it touched ground translated itself into a circle of fire, flashing first on one side of his brain and then on the other.

He did not know if he walked or not. He felt his eyes bursting from his head. Purkinje's figures danced before him, making a pink haze. There was a little tug behind him — and a cord snapped.

D a n c e r

Gyroscope hums immutably through buttocks — threatens and terrifies — pervading obscure oscillation. A world set into motion, uncontrollable.

But in opposite direction and actually and with a more furious obscurity of oscillation hips burn with more febrile and human life. Then the shoulders — and, moving down like a snake, the ribs prepare for action. Furiously the head gyrates, veers — a synthetic five moon of Saturn. Thighs and legs are pivotted on quicksilver — they cannot give — head and buttocks dangle from Sirius.

Buttocks sway alternately — a floating pier — one is terrified lest they break away, continue their ponderous flight, through a space where there is no darkness, for we are atoms glued to their axes.

Neck and head joggle like five mad moons in steel blue. But from the bulb one yellow shaft swerves out — blinding. The machine clanks — shivers on quicksilver, a surface cut to files by winds denser than metals — but the gravid beauty totters, then stands, for quintessential concentrations jab one from the heel.

The trunk twists like a reed upon the sinister lake of dynamism

made by buttocks — yet revolves about them. From each heel the marvellous upthrust makes the buttocks topple from one side of the strut to the other.

Machine accreted from birth, oiled much. Such a belly—tight like a drum.

One hundred rotations in as many planes.

Buttocks strutted recklessly, firm against quicksilver, heeling, terribly immutable.

Trunk wavers and twists.

And on an agate edge the head turns wildly with its blurred wings of ears, emitting its shrill blue and bright bulbray.

G o d

The Dramatist sat working. He saw his hero young, handsome, and gifted with valuable gifts. He saw him married, weighed down by life (it was a Tragedy, "bien entendu"). He saw him finally overcome. He grew sad when he thought of his hero, sometimes even wept. Often he said to himself: "There, but for the grace of God, goes . . ."

Then the play was staged and was an instant success. Touring companies were sent out, translations made. The play was performed in every capital in Europe. But the Dramatist had forgotten the old play, for he was working on another.

And every night while the Dramatist slept, ate, entertained, loved: at eight o'clock precisely a certain theatre in London would be filled with beautiful women in beautiful wraps, virile men in evening dress, shop girls and clerks in the gallery. At 8.10 his hero would walk on the stage, take off his "gibus" with verve and develop his part. The heroine would fling herself into his arms, threaten suicide; in short be adorable. The whole long play would be gone through, word for word as it had been written, with exactly the right curve of wrist for holding a cigarette. To the Dramatist, when he thought about it, these were people he had met vaguely at dinner.

On the Continent at varying times the same scene was enacted, The same sort of theatre was filled with the same sort of people who were shown the play exactly as it had been written, word for word.

Another replica of the hero; an identical heroine: angry,

sobbing, despairing. The same emotions evoked all over the world.

And every evening, while the author of their being slept, ate, loved or entertained; somewhere a thousand miles away a beautiful, straight and immaculate hero would suddenly break off his own sleeping, eating, entertaining or loving to knock at a door, walk on to a stage, throw his "gibus" on to a divan, and pull up his trousers a little at the knee before he knelt to make his grand declaration of passion. Every evening, a hundred similar heroes and heroines all over the world.

It was like an action that, once done, goes careering through space forever and forever.

But the Dramatist was working on a new play. He had forgotten what his old play was about. He even repeated one of the scenes, with a difference.

T h e a t r e M u e t

The curtain is raised upon Autumn and closely interwoven trees. Dead leaves in profusion. Behind is seen a long field with stocks of corn which mist is clotting.

Behind — mountains.

Curtain drops.

The curtain is raised again and a woman is standing beneath the trees, half in shadow. It is the first phase of twilight.

Evidently she is waiting.

The mist grows denser and gradually envelopes the trees so that the woman is blotted out.

The trees multiply rapidly; she is in a dense thicket (clearing disappears); the mist rises.

Steps are heard in the leaves — the trees dwindle; they become bushes.

The sky grows darker but clearer — the evening star ascends.

A man — and she rushes to meet him. Everything quickly blots out in curtain of black and yellow with spots and streaks that whirl excentrically as they embrace. This disappears as they draw apart. Trees gradually climb higher again and while they regard each other the landscape resumes its appearance as at the opening of the scene.

They approach and seize each other. The swirl of colour

again appears but with the original landscape diminished upon it.
They separate.

They have become colossal in comparison with what is around them, but gradually as they are sucked into it the trees resume their normal size, the mist creeps out thickly.

It grows darker with more stars. The time for parting approaches.

The trees grow higher and higher, become a thick forest, very cold. The mist threads the trunks milkily.

It is evident he must go.

They embrace, and for a moment the trees seem to dwindle and then shoot up terrifically engulfing her. She cowers.

Rustling of leaves, — his receding footsteps.

A f t e r H a f i z

Iris Barry

Dawn seemed so slow in coming
the earliest hour of morning drove me to the garden
as mad as a nightingale for the comfort of the roses.

My rose loomed through the dusk
like a red lam of loveliness:

proud of her youth:

careless of the notes of her lovers the birds:

at her feet

the tulip's heart was stained with stripes of passion
and the narcissus dropped tears of envy from her dark eyes.

I cried to my rose: "Laila! I too would be tranquil as your sweet
silken robe

Might I like it enfold you."

Alas! Her breast and shoulder, her breast and shoulder have
quite ruined my heart.

I ask of the nightingales what remedy for a poor lover?

Altogether they sing sadly "Her sweet mouth, her desired mouth!"

POEMS

Jean de Bosschere

D e a r !

Pourquoi est-tu dans Little Russell street,
Et pourquoi me parles-tu, Dear?
Tu es venue de Pise,
Par Milan ou tu fus initiée.
Pourquoi me parles-tu le mauvais anglais
Que je te répons?
Et pourquoi n'est-tu pas à quatre pattes,
Sans cette poignée de boutons et d'agraffes,
Et dix mètres de ruban?
Toutes ces choses nouées sur l'ombilic
Me rendent avide dans l'Assyrie du British.

Plus bête dans ton jupon vert, jaune et bleu,
Mais splendide et baroque!
Et c'est la volupté!
Avec tes pantalons noirs moulés,
Et ton sein comme un oeuf
que pond ton corset rose.
Pourquoi me dis-tu des choses trop idiotes?
En parlant l'anglais par l'italien à un Français?

Avance a quatre pattes, petit ivoire bête,
Tu seras magique,
Avec tes cuisses un peu roses,
Mais bleu-rose et de satin violet
Entre le genou et la tignasse de Venus,
Pourquoi m'as-tu parlé en anglais cassé,
Dear, dans Little Russell street,
Si, maintenant vides,—
Toi, grotesque,
Moi burlesquement lucide,—
Tu ne peux pas grimper à quatres pattes?

Réponds, animal,
Et ne te fie plus à ton art trop antique!



M o m i e

Au Bodéga une momie cherche son amant.
Elle est faite de creux,
Un squelette vide.
Des trous sombres pour le ventre et pour les yeux;
Les joues limées à l'ocre;
Des sillons obscurs de l'œil à la bouche plus noire;
Sous le cou la robe courbe dans l'illiaque,
Et penche vers les pieds.

Elle s'est brulée dans les pensées d'amour;
Elle est faite de larmes et de bitume.
Dans sa chambre des rubans et des fleurs
pour Lui!
Quant à elle, le feu dévore tout cela.
Les fleurs fanent à son souffle;
Les rubans sont pour d'autres,
Blondes et bleues, moins furieuses.

Quant à elle,
Sous le cuir jaune d'amour et de pleurs,
Elle est rouge et brune.
Dans sa cuvette une chemise est trempée;
L'odeur des ambres plane dans sa chambre;
Et de la poussière fait armure aux meubles.
Et toujours son cœur se rétrécit,
Pôle ardent dans le feu qui la mange.

Du fond des yeux elle cherche l'amant,
Et, courbée un peu,
Jaune dans le drap vert.
Elle regarde par le guichet de la porte d'acajou:
Oeil d'or du hareng violet et bleu,
Aux fentes des caques disjointes.



S i l e n c e

Avec d'autres masques, La lie prend du thé;
Lo'n, je n'entends point ces mouettes travesties,
Ni aucun autre bruit de mauvaise poulie.
Alors ce soir, Harpocratès est venu me visiter.

Il a bien tardé, j'ai tout empoisonné,
Donnant de la flamme aux racines,
De la flame aux fleurs,
Aux coeurs triangulaires des femmes.

Harpocratès tu viens trop tard,
Mais je te comprends,
Dieu demeuré dans le brouillard.
Vous me regardez, Grec divin,
Et même votre regard ne dit rien.
Dis-moi l'honneur sombre-t-il dans le silence?
Il ne dit rien.

Une fois, Lalie prenait du thé,—
Harpocratès écoutait un chevalier,—
Harpocratès sans mot dire,
Riait comme tous les Dieux.



Le Chien Domestique

Castor le braque de Pollux est mort.
"Ils s'aimaient"
Dit quelqu'un, mais c'est un homme
dont la logique est toute petite
Dans la pivoine blanche de la cervelle.

S'aimaient-ils,
Le chien et l'homme?
Lui baissait le nez nu et blanc,
L'autre levait le museau de glue noire:

Entente avec télégraphie,
Même pendant la station aux arbres.
Ce langage du nez blanc
Et du nez noir
M'écorçait tout vivant.

A table, les odeurs,
Celle de l'homme et celle du braque
Appelaient dans les viandes et les sauces,
Non pas le poivre cavalier,
Ni le sel au froid d'aurore,
Mais le fumet de la truie grecque,
Et des Hybrides:
Métamorphoses;
Ragoût de petits vices simplistes;
Enfin, l'insoutenable chien domestique.

De plus, l'un d'eux Pollux,
Tenait l'autre attaché:
Petite chaîne de cuir jaune,
Et, dans le mystère,
Il y avait peut-être des liens de fer.

Castor est mort.
Pollux, ô Pollux, petit enfant
De cinquante ans!



Sa femme console le survivant
Remue ses babouches,
Fait geindre le fauteuil,
Se rappelle, pitoyable, dans la cervelle,
Dans le crâne étroit de Pollux,
Par vingt bruits familiers,
Y compris sa toux courte.
Mais Pollux pique la terre
Du nez froid et innocent, nu.

Or moi, chrétien ancien,
Et qui connaît maintes amours ,
Et la peine de la solitude,
Peine dans l'homme qui tremble
Au bain glacé, ici, Hô ici, certes!
Or moi pieux,
J'ai choisi ma plus rousse poule,
Poule que renard ne mangerait,
— Trop belle en vérité,—
Que ni Rothchild ni Rothmaler affamés
N'oseraient manger,
Poule à peindre sur enseigne, or,
Et tête rouge, oeil de sable rose.
Elle me regarde comme la fleur épiaïae

J'ai envoyé ma poule d'or à Pollux.
Déjà elle picorait le grain dans ma main.
C'est une poule domestique.
Et j'y ajoutai une la'sse, un cordon de soies
Promenades!

BREVIORA

Ezra Pound

POETRY is the statement of overwhelming emotional values
all the rest is an affair of cuisine, of art.

On n'émeut que par la clarté. Stendhal is right in that clause.
He was right in his argument for prose, but Poetry also aims at
giving a feeling precisely evaluated.

Satire is the expression of disgust with false evaluations.

A passage is "poetic or "unpoetic" in two respects:

(a) the degree in which the emotional element inheres.

(b) the justness of the evaluation.

It is good or bad poetry according to the quality of the expression.

Sentimentality, sob-stuff: false statement of values.

Good art is expression of emotional values which do not give
way to the intellect. Bad art is merely an assertion of emotion,
which intellect, common-sense, knocks into a cocked hat.

Wordsworth, emotion almost null, emotional element scarcely
present, and evaluation largely humbug.

Milton, baroque.

Dante: Era già l'ora che volge il desio.

Victorians, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, all given to "lay-
ing it on" in one way or another; not but what there are sound
things in both Swinburne and Browning. Kipling, a mere exagger-
ation of Victorianism, banjo rendering of the Brown-Swinburnian
compost.

The better tradition of English:

"Seafarer", lines in the "Wanderer", parts of Lay-
aman, Chaucer, Gavin Douglas, Golding, Marlowe (translations
as well as original work), William Shakespeare (as certain other
critics have noted), Ballads and Elizabethan songs (rigorously se-
lected), Wyatt, Donne, Waller, Herrick, later a few catches of
Dorset and Rochester, Crabbe, Landor (selected and sifted).

In Latin:

Catullus, of the most poignant poets.

Horace, complicated proposition, to be dealt with elsewhere.

Ovid, particularization, sense of the Gods, very great poet, underestimated during the last 150 or 200 years, perhaps underestimated ever since the renaissance.

Propertius, quality (more anon).

Gallus, too little honoured.

Martial, valuable for his opposition to the rhetoricians. This importance not understood until one realizes that he *was* in such opposition; similiar situation now, literati vs. journalism. "The rhetoricians ruined the empire."

The rhetoricians amylowellized Cicero.

NOTE UPON FASHIONS IN CRITICISM

J. H. Le Monier

APRÈS une visite de plusieurs mois en Amérique où j'avais accepté un poste de professeur dans une des universités du Centre-Ouest, et après avoir assisté à nombre de conférences dans les réunions des différents "Discussion Circles"; je remarquai chez l'Américain cultivé un curieux enthousiasme superficiel à recueillir des informations sur la chose du moment, en même temps qu'une également curieuse et fondamentale répugnance à comprendre aucune nouveauté ayant trait à autre chose.

Je suis donc peut-être mieux à même de juger que la plupart des autres Français des difficultés qui ont du assillir la "Little Review" en présentant à son public le numéro français. L'accueil qui fut fait à ce numéro par d'autres revues, soit-disant modernes, fut, il me semble, inutilement grossier. "Poetry", magazine qui s'intitule fièrement "La plus vivante expression de cet art" (poésie), me paraît dans un article "Our Contemporaries" superlativement inexacte.

"The anthology fever has not hit the French publishers quite as it has the American." "Le fieire des anthologies n'a pas frappé les éditeurs français tout à fait aussi rudement que les Américains.

Je ne sais trop s'ils en sont frappés *tout-a-fait* aussi rudement que les Américains, mais à coup sur, il y a un nombre respectable d'anthologies en France.

2. Monsieur S. W. dit que le commentaire de Monsieur P. est

toujours contradictoire. Ce commentaire contredit peut-être en effet le goût courant de l'Université de l'Illinois, ou de Chitauqua, et très certainement le goût de Monsieur S. W., mais il ne se contredit lui-même en aucune manière; il est, en fait, parfaitement cohérent.

3. Monsieur S. W. nous annonce que Bryon et Alfred de Musset furent à portée de voix, à "Shouting distance" l'un de l'autre. "Shouting distance" est plaisant! Leur période fut sans doute plus impétueuse que la nôtre; ils furent tous deux de vagues romantistes se souciant peu de la technique de leurs vers. Il n'y a pourtant dans Musset rien qui ressemble à Don Juan.

4. Swinburne a eu beau admirer Gautier: seul un lecteur sans discernement parlera de proche parenté entre l'oeuvre de ces deux hommes.

5. Monsieur S. W. dit que Monsieur P. choisit des poèmes qui n'auraient jamais tenté le traducteur. Traducteur dans ce cas, signifie évidemment Monsieur S. W.

6. Il déclare que le choix des poètes fait par Monsieur P. est une liste dressée au hasard. La fausseté de ce jugement peut être démontrée par quiconque voudra bien se donner la peine d'observer que Monsieur P. fournit toujours des raisons spécifiques pour traiter chacun des poètes qu'il inclut.

7. Voici d'ailleurs qui peut servir comme échantillon de l'inexactitude secondaire caractéristique des mauvais journalistes qui pullulent également en France, en Angleterre et en Amérique. Il cite Monsieur P. et lui fait dire: "Nous *avons* (We *have*) beaucoup de parnassiens". Si Monsieur P. avait dit cela, il aurait, ce me semble, fait erreur, si je puis m'en rapporter à la poésie contemporaine d'Amérique que j'ai lue. Mais voici textuellement ce que Monsieur P. a dit: "L'Amérique *a eu* (Has *had*) suffisamment de parnassiens, peut être de second ordre, mais pourtant suffisamment."

Monsieur S. W. conclut en faisant remarquer que Monsieur P. insiste sur un point, à savoir: qu'il y a des mauvais poètes en Français aussi bien qu'en Anglais.

Monsieur P. constate légèrement. Faut-il insister?

ULYSSES

James Joyce

E p i s o d e V I I.

GROSSBOOTED draymen rolled barrels dullhudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels, dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float.

— There it is, John Murray said. Alexander Keyes.

— Just cut it out, will you? Mr. Bloom said, and I'll take it round to the *Telegraph* office.

— The door of Rutledge's office creaked again.

John Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes.

— I'll go through the printing works, Mr. Bloom said, taking the cut square.

— Of course, if he wants a par, John Murray said earnestly, we can do him one.

— Right, Mr. Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We.

John Murray touched Mr. Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered:

— Brayden.

Mr. Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered from Prince's street. Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed statelily up the stair case, steered by an umbrella, a solemn beardframed face. The broadcloth back ascended each step: back. All his brains are in the nape of his neck, Simon Dedalus says. Fat folds of neck, fat, neck, fat, neck.

— Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? John Murray whispered.

The door of Rutledge's office whispered: ee: cree.

Our Saviour: beardframed oval face: talking in the dusk. Mary, Martha. Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights: Mario the tenor.

— Or like Mario, Mr. Bloom said.

— Yes, John Murray agreed. But Mario was said to be the

picture of Our Saviour.

Jesusmario with rougy cheeks, doublet and spindle legs. Hand on his heart. In Martha.

*Co-ome thou lost one,
Co-ome thou dear one!*

— His grace phoned down twice this morning, John Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish Neck.

Mr. Bloom said slowly:

— Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counter-flap, as he passed in through the sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage, along the now reverberating boards. Thumping, thumping.

He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered, stepping over strewn packing paper. Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet.

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thump-thump. This morning the remains of the late Mr. Patrick Dignam. Machines. His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in.

Mr. Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring the glossy crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green. He ran that workaday worker tack for all it was worth.

The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no-one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head.

— Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet

silently over the dirty glass screen.

— Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

Mr. Bloom stood in his way.

— If you want to draw, the cashier is just going to lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb.

— Did you? Hynes asked.

— Mm, Mr. Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.

— Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.

He hurried on eagerly towards the *Freeman's Journal*.

Three bob I lent him in Meagher's.

Mr. Bloom laid his cutting on Mr. Nannetti's desk.

— Excuse me, councillor, he said. Th's ad, you see. Keyes, you remember.

Mr. Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded.

— He wants it in for July, Mr. Bloom said.

The foreman moved his pencil towards it.

— But wait, Mr. Bloom said. He wants it changed. Keyes, you see. He wants two keys at the top.

Hell of a row they make. Maybe he understands what I.

The foreman turned round to hear patiently and, lifting an elbow, began to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket.

— Like that, Mr. Bloom said, crossing his forefingers at the top.

Let him take that in first . . .

Mr. Bloom, glancing sideways up from the cross he had made, saw the foreman's sallow face, think he has a touch of jaundice, and beyond the obedient reels feeding in the huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels: various uses, one thing or another.

Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork.

— Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.

Better not teach him his own business.

— You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?

The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.

— The idea, Mr. Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliment. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that *voglio*. But then if he d'ldn't know only make it awkward for him. Better not.

— We can do that, the foreman said. Have you the design?

— I can get it, Mr. Bloom said. It was in a Kilkenny paper. He has a house there too. I'll just run out and ask him. Well, you can do that and just a little par calling attention. You know the usual Highclass licensed premises. Longfelt want. So on.

The foreman thought for an instant.

— We can do that, he said. Let him give us a three month's renewal.

A typesetter brought him a limp galley page. He began to check it silently. Mr. Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching the silent typesetters at their cases.

Want to be sure of his spelling. Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee 'conundrum this morning. It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra-two ars is it? double essment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry.

I could have said when he clapped on his topper. Thank you. I ought to have said something about an old hat or something. No, I could have said. Looks as good as new now. See his phiz then.

Sllt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Sllt. Almost human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt.

The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly, saying:

— Wait. Where's the archbishop's letter? It's to be repeated in the *Telegraph*. Where's what's his name

He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines.

— Monks, sir?

— Ay. Where's Monks?

— Monks!

Mr. Bloom took up his cutting. Time to get out.

—Then I'll get the design, Mr. Nannetti, he said, and you'll give it a good place I know.

— Monks!

— Yes, sir.

Three month's renewal. Want to get some wind off my chest first. Try it anyhow. Rub in August: good idea: horseshow month. Ballsbridge. Tourists over for the show.

He walked on through the caserom, passing an old man, bowed, spectacled, aproned. Old Monks, the dayfather. Queer lot of stuff he must have put through his hands in his time: obituary notices, pubs' ads, speeches, divorce suits, found drowned. Nearing the end of his tether now. Sober serious man with a bit in the savings bank I'd say. Wife a good cook and washer. Daughter working the machine in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn nonsense.

He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type. Reads it backwards first. Quickly he does it. Must require some practice that. mangiD kcirtaP. Poor papa with his haggadah book, reading backwards with his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of Egypt *alleluia*. *Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu*. No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher and then then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and and the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr. Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps. Better phone him up first. Number? Same as Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over these walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something I forgot. Just to see: before: dressing. No. Here. No.

A sudden screech of laughter came from the *Evening Telegraph* office. Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is.

He entered softly.

— The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane.

Mr. Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly:

— Agonizing Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

— *Or follow the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way to Neptune's blue domain, mid mossy banks, played on by the glorious sunlight or among the shadows cast upon its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest.* What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper.

— Changing his drink, Mr. Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees repeating:

— *The pensive bosom and the overarching leafage.* O boys! O boys!

— That will do, professor MacHugh cried from the window. I don't want to hear any more of the stuff.

He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see. Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does. He has influence, they say. Old Chatterton, the vicechancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle. Ninetyfive they say. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two.

- Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.
- What is it? Mr. Bloom asked.
- A recently discovered fragment of Cicero's, professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone. *Our lovely land.*
- Whose land? Mr. Bloom said simply.
- Most pertinent question, the professor said between his chews, with an accent on the whose.
- Dan Dawson's land, Mr. Dedalus said.
- Is it his speech last night? Mr. Bloom asked.
- Ned Lambert nodded.
- But listen to this, he said.
- The doorknob hit Mr. Bloom in the small of the back as the door was pushed in.
- Excuse me, J. J. O'Molloy said, entering.
- Mr. Bloom moved nimbly aside.
- I beg yours, he said.
- Good day, Jack.
- Come in. Come in.
- Good day.
- How are you, Dedalus?
- Well. And yourself?
- J. J. O'Molloy shook his head.
- Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline, poor chap. Touch and go with him.
- *Or again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks.*
- You're looking as fit as a fiddle.
- Is the editor to be seen? J. J. O'Molloy asked, looking towards the inner door.
- Very much so, professor MacHugh said. To be seen and heard. He's in his sanctum with Lenchan.
- J. J. O'Molloy strolled to the sloping desk and began to turn back the pink pages of the file.
- Practice dwindling. Losing heart. Used to get good retainers from D. and T. Fitzgerald. Believe he does some literary work for the *Express* with Gabriel Conroy. Well-read fellow. Myles Crawford began on the *Independent*. Funny the way they veer about. Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then hail fellow well met the next moment.
- Ah, listen to this for God's sake, Ned Lambert pleaded. *Or*

again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks

— Bombast! the professor broke in testily. Enough of the windbag!

— *Peaks*, Ned Lambert went on, *to bathe our souls, as it were*

— Bathe his lips, Mr. Dedalus said. Yes?

— *As it were, in the peerless panorama of besky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight.* . . .

— The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet.

— *That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shines forth to irradiate her silver effulgence* . . .

— O! Mr. Dedalus groaned helplessly. Onions! That'll do, Ned. Life is too short.

He took off his silk hat and, blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache, began to rake through his hair with his fingers.

Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside, chuckling with delight. An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectaled face.

— Doughy Daw! he cried.

All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff. He was in the bakery line too wasn't he? Why they call him doughy Daw. Feathered his nest well anyhow. Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor. Hooked that n'cely. Entertainments. Big blowout. Wetherup always said that. Get a grip of them by the stomach.

The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face, crested by a comb of feathery hair, thrust itself in. The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked:

— What is it?

And here comes the sham squire himself, professor MacHugh said grandly.

— Getououthat, you bloody old pedagogue! the editor said in recognition.

— Come, Ned, Mr. Dedalus said, putting on his hat. I must get a drink after that.

— Drrink! the editor cried. No drink served before mass.

— Quite right too, Mr. Dedalus said, going out. Come on, Ned.

Ned Lambert sidled down from the table. The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr. Bloom's face, shadowed by a smile.

— Will you join us, Myles? Ned Lambert asked.

— North Cork militia! the editor cried, striding to the mantelpiece. We won every time! North Cork and Spanish officers!

— Where was that, Myles? Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps.

— In Ohio! the editor shouted.

— So it was, begad, Ned Lambert agreed.

Passing out, he whispered to J. J. O'Molloy:

— Incipient jigs. Sad case.

— Ohio! the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face. My Ohio!

— A perfect cretic! the professor said. Long, short and long.

He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and, breaking off a piece, twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth.

— Bingbang, bangbang!

Mr. Bloom seeing the coast clear, made for the inner door.

— Just a moment, Mr. Crawford, he said. I just want to phone about an ad. He went in.

— What about that leader this evening? professor MacHugh asked, coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder.

— That'll be all right, Myles Crawford said more calmly. Never you fret. Hello, Jack.

— Good day, Myles. J. J. O'Molloy said, letting the pages he held slip limply back on the file. Is that Canada swindle case on today?

The telephone whirred inside.

— Twenty eight. . . No, twenty. . . Doublefour. . . Yes.

Lenahan came out of the inner office with tissues.

— Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Sceptre with O. Madden up.

He tossed the tissues on to the table.

Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open. Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps. The tissues rustled up in the draught, floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth.

— It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir.

— Throw him out, the editor said. What does he want?

Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor, grunting as he stooped twice.

— Waiting for the racing special, sir, the newsboy said. It was Pat Mullins shoved me in, sir.

He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.

— Him, sir.

— Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.

He thrust the boy out and banged the door to.

— Yes . . . *Evening Telegraph* here, Mr. Bloom phoned from the inner office. Is the boss . . . ? Yes, *Telegraph* . . . To where? . . . Aha! Which auction rooms? . . . Aha! I see. . . Right. I'll catch him.

The bell whirled again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue.

— *Pardon, monsieur*, Lenehan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace.

— My fault, Mr. Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a hurry.

— Knee, Lenehan said.

He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:

— The accumulation of the *anno Domini*.

— Sorry, Mr. Bloom said.

He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:

— *We are the boys of Wexford*

Who fought with heart and hand.

— I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr. Bloom said, about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he's round there in Dillon's.

He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand, suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.

— Go, he said. The world is before you.

— Back in no time, Mr. Bloom said, hurrying out.

J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them without comment.

— He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

— Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr. Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

— Look at the young guttersnipes behind him, Lenehan said, and you'll kick. Taking off his flat spaugs and the walk. Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka swiftly across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands.

—What's that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two gone?

— Who? the professor said turning. They're gone round to the Oval for a drink.

—Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Wher's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, jingling his keys in his pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

— He's pretty well on professor, MacHugh said in a low voice.

— Seems to be, J. J. O'Molloy said, taking out a cigarette case. Who has the most matches?

He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself. Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn. J. J. O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it.

— Thanky vous, Lenehan said, helping himself.

The editor came from the inner office, a straw hat awry on his brow. He declaimed in song, pointing sternly at professor MacHugh:

— 'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,

'Twas empire charmed thy heart.

The professor grinned, locking his long lips.

— Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said.

He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him with quick grace, said:

— Silence for my brandnew riddle!

— *Imperium romanum*, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow

of fat in the fire.

Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.

— That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.

— Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We musn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended his arms, pausing:

— What was their civilization? Vast, I allow: but vile. *Cloacac*: sewer. The jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said: It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah. The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about h'm in his toga and he said: It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.

— Our old ancient ancestors, Lenehan said, were partial to the running stream.

— They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also Roman law.

— And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.

— Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molly asked.

— First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?

Mr. O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered.

— *Entrez, mes enfants!* Lenehan cried.

— I escort a suppliant, Mr. O'Madden Burke said melodiously.

— How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your governor is just gone.

Lenehan said to all:

— Silence! What opera resembles a railwayline? reflect, ponder, excogitate, reply.

Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the title and signature.

— Who? the editor asked.

Bit torn off.

— Mr. Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.

—That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken?

*On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale phantom,
Mouth to my mouth.*

— Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth. ? Are you turned. . . ?

Bullockbefriending bard.

— Good day, sir, Stephen answered, blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr. Garret Deasy asked me to

— O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho!

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greek's. O'Rourke's wife, prince of Breffni.

— Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

—Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von Tirconnel in Ireland. Wild geese. O, yes, every time. Don't you forget that!

—The point is did he forget it. J. J. O'Molloy said quietly. Saving princes is a thankyou job.

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

— And if not? he said.

— I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one day. . .

— We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never loyal to the successful. We serve them. I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. *Dominus!* Lord! Where is the spirituality? Lord Jesus! Lord Salisbury. . . A sofa in a westend club. But the Greek!

A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, his long lips.

— The Greek! he said again. *Kyrios!* Shining word! *Kyrie!* The radiance of the intellect. I ought to profess Greek, the lan-

guage of the mind. *Kyrie eleison!* The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never be lords of our spirit. We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an *imperium*, that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami. Yes, yes. They went under. Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece. Loyal to a lost cause.

He strode away from them towards the window.

— They went forth to battle, Mr. O'Madden Burke said greyly, but they always fell.

— *There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh*

Who wears goggles of ebony hue:

As he mostly sees double,

To wear them why trouble?

I can't see the Joe Miller. Can you?

In my mourning for Sallust, Mulligan says. Whose mother is beastly dead.

Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket.

— That'll be all right, he said. I'll read the rest after. That'll be all right.

Lenehan extended his hands in protest.

— But my riddle! he said. What opera is like a railwayline?

— Opera? Mr. O'Madden Burke's vague face repeated.

Lenehan announced gladly:

— *The Rose of Castile.* See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!

He poked Mr. O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen. Mr. O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella, feigning a gasp.

— Help! he sighed.

Lenehan, rising to tiptoe, fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues.

The professor, returning by way of the files, swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr. O'Madden Burke's loose ties.

— Paris, past and present, he said. You look like communards.

— Like fellows who had blown up the Bastille, J. J. O'Molloy said in quiet mockery. Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you. You look as though you had done the deed. General Bobrikoff.

— We were only thinking about it, Stephen said.

— All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics. . .

— The turf, Lenehan put in.

— Literature, the press.

— If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of advertisement.

— And Madam Bloom, Mr. O'Madden Burke added. The vocal muse. Dublin's prime favorite.

Lenehan gave a loud cough.

— Ahem! he said very softly. I caught a cold in the park. The gate was open.

The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.

— I want you to write something for me, he said. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face.

See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer.

— Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried scornfully. Great nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldozing the public. Give them something with a bite in it. Put us all into it, damn its soul. Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

— We can all supply mental pabulum, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.

Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare.

— He wants you for the pressgang, J. J. O'Malley said.

— You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, clenching his hand in emphasis. Wait a minute. We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughranun. That was pressman for you. You know how he made his mark? I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known. That was in eightytwo, time of the invincibles, murder in Phoenix park, before the you were born. I'll show you.

He pushed past them to the files.

— Look at here, he said, turning. The *New York World* cabled for a special. Remember that time?

Professor MacHugh nodded.

— The *New York World*, the editor said, excitedly pushing back his straw hat. Where it took place. Where Skin-the-goat-drove the car. Whole route, see?

— Skin-the-goat, Mr. O'Madden Burke said. Fitzharris. He has that cabman's shelter they say, down there at Butt bridge.

Holohan told me. You know Holohan?

— Hop and carry one, is it? Myles Crawford said.

— And poor Gumly is down there too, he told me minding stones for the corporation. A nightwatchman.

Stephen turned in surprise.

— Gumly? he said. A friend of my father's, is he?

— Never mind Gumly, Myles Crawford cried angrily. Let Gumly mind the stones, see they don't run away. Look at here. What did Ignatius Gallaher do? I'll tell you. Inspiration of genius. Cabled right away. Have you *Weekly Freeman* of 17 March? Right. Have you got that?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.

— Take page four, advertisement for Bransom's coffee, let us say. Have you got that? Right.

The telephone whirled,

— I'll answer it, the professor said, going.

— B is parkgate. Good.

His finger leaped and struck point after point, vibrating.

— T is viceregal lodge. C is where the murder took place. K. is Knockmaroon gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarched dicky juttet up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waiscoat.

— Hello? *Evening Telegraph* here. . . Hello? . . . Who's there? . . . Yes . . . Yes. . . Yes.

— F to P is the route. Skin-the-goat drove the car. F. A. B. P. Got that? X is Burke's publichouse 'n Baggot street.

The professor came to the inner door.

— Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

— Tell him to go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Burke's publichouse, see?

— Clever, Lenehan said.

— Gave it to them on a hot plate, Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody history.

Nightmare from which you will never awake.

— I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present, Dick Adams and myself. Out of an advertisement. That gave him the leg up. Then Tay Pay took him on to the Star. Now he's got in with Blumenfeld. That's press. That's talent.

-- Hello? . . . Are you there? Yes, he's here still. Come across your self.

-- Where do you find a pressman like that now, eh? the editor cried.

He flung the pages down.

-- Clever idea, Lenehan said to Mr. O'Madden Burke.

-- Very smart, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.

Professor MacHugh came from the inner office.

-- Talking about the invincibles, he said, did you see that some hawkers were up before the recorder

-- O yes, J. J. O'Molloy said eagerly. Lady Dudley was walking home through the park and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. And it turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Skin-the-goat. Right outside the viceregal lodge, imagine!

-- They're only in the hook and eye department, Myles Crawford said. Psha! Press and the bar! Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows, like Whiteside, like Isaac Butt, like silvertongued O'Hagan? Eh? Ah, bloody nonsense! Only in the halfpenny place!

His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain.

Would anyone wish that mouth for her-kiss? How do you know? Why did you write it then?

Mouth, south. Is the mouth south someway?-- Or the south a mouth? Must be some. South, pout, out, shout, drouth. Rymes: two men dressed the same, looking the same, two by two.

..... *la tua pace*

..... *che parlar ti piace*

..... *Mentreche il vento, come fa, si tace*

He saw them three by three, approaching girls, in green, in rose, in russet, entwining, *per l'aer perso*, in mauve, in purple, *quella pacifica oriafiamma*, in gold of oriflamme, *di rimirar fe piu ardenti*. But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted: mouth, south: tomb womb.

-- Speak up for yourself, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.

J. J. O'Molloy, smiling palely, took up the gage.

-- My dear Myles, he said, flinging his cigarette aside, your Cork legs are running away with you. Why not bring in Henry

Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke? Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelized boss, Harmsworth of the farthing press, and his American cousin of the Bowery gutter-let. Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside? Efficient for the day is the newspaper thereof.

— Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor said in his face. Irish volunteers. Where are you now? Dr. Cas. Who have you now like John Philpot Curran? Psha!

— Well, J. J. O'Molloy said, Seymour Bushe, for example.

— Bushe? the editor said. Well, yes. : Bushe, yes. He has strain of it in his blood. Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe.

— He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said. . . .

J. J. O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly:

— One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe. It was in that case of fratricide, the Childs murder case. Bushe defended him.

And in the porches of mine ear did pour

By the way how did he find that out? He died in his sleep . . . the other story, beast with two backs?

— What was that? the professor asked.

— He spoke on the law of evidence, J. J. O'Molloy said, of man justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the *lex Moysis*. And he spoke of the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican.

— Ha.

Pause. J. J. O'Molloy took out his cigarettcase.

False lull. Something quite ordinary.

Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar.

I have often thought since on looking back over that strange case that it was that small act, trivial in itself, the striking of a match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives.

J. J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

— He said of it: *that stony effigy, horned and terrible, that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soul-transfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live, deserves to*

live.

His sl'm hand with a wave graced echo and fall.

— Fine! Myles Crawford said at once.

— You like it? J. J. O'Molloy asked Stephen.

Stephen, his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture blushed. He took a cigarette from the case. J. J. O'Molloy offered his case to Myles Crawford. Lenehan lit their cigarettes a before and helped himself.

— Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you, J. J. O'Molloy said to Stephen. What do you think really of the hermetic crowd the opal hush poets: A. E. the mastermystic That Blavatsky woman started it. She was a nice old bag o' tricks. A. E. has been telling some interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes o' consciousness. Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A. E.'s leg. He is a man of the very highest morale, Magennis.

Speaking about me. What did he say? What did he say? What did he say about me? Don't ask.

— No, thanks, professor MacHugh said, waving the cigarette case aside. Wait a moment. Let me say one thing. The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John I. Taylor at the college historical society. Mr. Justice Fitzgibbon the present lord justice of appeal, had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue.

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said:

— You know Gerald Fitzgibbon. Then you can imagine the style of his discourse.

— He is sitting with Tim Healy, J. J. O'Molloy said on the Trinity college estates commission.

— He is sitting with a sweet thing in a child's frock, Myles Crawford said. Go on. Well?

— It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator, full of courteous haughtiness and pouring I will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumel upon the new movement. It was then a new movement.

He closed his long thin lips an instant but, eager to be occupied, raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and, with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims, steadied them to a new focus.

In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O'Molloy:

— Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sick bed. That he had prepared his speech I do not believe. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it. He wore a loose checkcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man.

His gaze turned at once towards Stephen's face and then bent once to the ground, seeking. His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head, soiled by his withering hair. Still seeking, he said:

— When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F. Taylor rose to reply. As well as I can bring them to mind his words were these.

He raised his head firmly. His eyes bethought themselves of more. Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro, seeking outlet.

He began:

— *Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen: in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my friend it seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful ones.*

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. *And let our smoked smokes.* Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?

— *And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me.*

It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good, could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That's saint Augustine.

— *Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen we are a mighty people. You have no cities nor no wealth: our cities are cities of humanity and our galleys, trireme and quadrireme, laden*

with all manner of merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive condition: we have a literature, a priesthood, an age-long history and a polity.

Nile.

Child, man, effigy,

By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes a man supple in combat: stonehorned, stonebearded, heart of stone.

— You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majes and mysterious, are the abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at our name.

A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech. He lifted his voice above it boldly:

— But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their household bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tablets of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw.

He ceased and looked at them, enjoying silence.

J. J. O'Molloy said not without regret:

— And yet he died without having entered the land of promise.

— A sudden-at-the-moment-though-from-lingering-illness-or previously-expectorated-demise, Lenehan said. And with a gasp of future behind him.

The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hall and pattering up the staircase.

— That is oratory, the professor said, uncontradicted.

Gone with the wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara: the kings. Miles of eaves of porches. The tribune's words hoarse and scattered. Dead noise. Akasic records of all that ever was where wherever was.

I have money.

— Gentlemen, Stephen said. May I suggest that the house do now adjourn?

— It is not a French compliment? Mr. O'Madden Burke asked.

— All who are in favour say ay, Lenehan announced. The contrary no. I declare it carried. To which particular boosing-shed . . ? Mooney's?

He led the way.

Mr. O'Madden Burke, following close, said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella:

— *Lay on, Macduff!*

— Chip of the old block! the editor cried, slapping Stephen on the shoulder. Let us go. Where are those bloody keys?

He fumbled in his pocket, pulling out the crushed typesheets.

— Foot and mouth. I know. That'll be all right. That'll go in. Where are they?

He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office.

J. J. O'Molloy, about to follow him in, said quietly to Stephen:

— I hope you will live to see it published. Myles, one moment.

He went into the inner office, closing the door behind him.

— Come along, Stephen, the professor said. That is fine, isn't it? It has the prophetic vision.

The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street, yelling:

— Racing special!

Dublin.

They turned to the left along Abbey street.

— I have a vision too, Stephen said.

— Yes? the professor said, skipping to get into step. Crawford will follow.

Another newsboy shot past them, yelling as he ran:

— Racing special!

Dubliners.

— Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane.

— Where is that? the professor asked.

— Off Blackpitts, Stephen said.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darlint!

On now. Let there be life.

— They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar. They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox. They shake out threepenny bits and a sixpence and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife. Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers. They put on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain.

— Wise virgins, professor MacHugh said.

— They buy oneandfourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins, proprietress . . . They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase, grunting, encouraging each other, afraid of the dark, panting, one asking the other have you the brawn, praising God and the Blessed Virgin, threatening to come down, peeping at the airslits. Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that high.

Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe. Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father. Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday.

— Antithes's, the professor said, nodding twice. I can see them. What's keeping our friend?

He turned.

A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scampering in all directions, yelling, their white papers fluttering. Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps, his hat aureoling his scarlet face, talking with J. J. O'Molloy.

— Come along, the professor cried waving his arm.

He set off again to walk by Stephen's side.

— Yes, he said, I see them.

Mr. Bloom, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the steps, called:

— Mr. Crawford! A moment!

— *Telegraph!* Racing special!

— What is it? Myles Crawford said, falling back a pace.

A newsboy cried in Mr. Bloom's face:

— Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!

— Just this ad, Mr. Bloom said, pushing through and taking the cutting from his pocket. I spoke with Mr. Keyes just now. He'll give a renewal for two months, he says. After he'll see. But he wants a par to call attention in the *Telegraph* too, the Saturday pink. And he wants it if it's not too late. I told councillor Annetti from the *Kilkenny People*. I can get it in the National Library. House of keys, don't you see? His name is Keyes. It's play on the name. But he says he'll give the renewal. But he wants the par. What will I tell him, Mr. Crawford?

— Will you tell him he can kiss my arse? Myles Crawford said, throwing out his arm for emphasis. Tell him that straight from the stable.

A bit nervy. All off for a drink. Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond. Wonder is that young Dedalus standing. Has a good pair of boots on him today. Last time I saw him he had his heels on view. Been walking in muck somewhere. Careless chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?

— Well, Mr. Bloom said, his eyes returning, if I can get the sign I suppose it's worth a short par. He'd give the ad. I think. I'll tell him . . .

— He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him.

While Mr. Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile strode on jerkily.

— *Nulla bona*, Jack, he said, raising his hand to his chin. I'm up to here. I've been through the hoop myself. I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week. Sorry, Jack. With a heart and a half if I could.

J. J. O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently. They caught up on the others and walked abreast.

— When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer the railings.

— Something for you, the professor explained to Myles Crawford. Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar.

— That's new, Myles Crawford said. Out for the waxies?

Dargle. Two old trickies, what?

— But they are afraid the pillar will fall, Stephen went on. They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are: Rathmines' blue dome, Adam and Eve's, saint Laurence O'Toole's. But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts

— Easy all, Myles Crawford said. We're in the archdiocese here.

— And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehanded adulterer.

— Onehanded adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. see the idea. I see what you mean.

— It gives them a crick in their necks, Stephen said, and they are too tired to look up or down or to speak. They put the bag of plums between them and eat the plums out of it, one after another wiping off with their handkerchiefs the plumjuice that dribbles out of their mouths and spitting the plumstones slowly out between the railways.

He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. Lenehan and Mr. O'Madden Burke, hearing, turned, beckoned and led on across towards Mooney's.

— Finished? Myles Crawford said. So long as they do not worse.

— You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of Gorgias the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble and a bondswoman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.

They made ready to cross O'Connell street.

— But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the plums?

— Call it, wait, the professor said, opening his long lips wide to reflect. Call it, let me see. Call it: *deus nobis haec otia fecit*.

— No, Stephen said, I call it *A. Pisgah Sight of Palestine*.

— I see, the professor said.

He laughed richly.

— I see, he said again with new pleasure. Moses and the promised land. We gave him that idea, he added to J. J. O'Molloy

J. J. O'Molloy sent a weary sidelong glance towards the statue and held his peace.

— I see, the professor said.

He halted on Sir John Gray's pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson through the meshes of his wry smile.

— Onehanded adulterer, he said grimly. That tickles me I must say.

— Tickled the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the truth was known.

(To be continued)

ALBERT MOCKEL AND "LA WALLONIE"

Ezra Pound

AMONG the "rewards" for our February number is a letter from Albert Mockel written with a **graciousness** not often employed by English and American writers in communication to their juniors. Indeed the present elder generation of American "respectable" authors having all their lives approached so **nearly** to death, have always been rather annoyed that American letters did not die utterly in *their* personal dessications. Signs of vitality; signs of interest in, or cognizance of, other sections of this troubled planet have been steadily and papier-mâchéedly deprecated. The rubbish bins of *Harpers* and the *Century* have opened their lids not to new movements but only to the diluted imitations of new movers, etc.

La Wallonie, beginning as *L'Elan Littéraire* in 1885, endured seven years. It announced for a full year on its covers that its seventh year was its last. Albert Mockel has been gracious enough to call it "*Notre Little Review à nous*", and to commend the motto on our cover, in the letter here following :

109, Avenue de Paris

La Malmaison Rueil

Monsieur et cher confrere,

8 mai 1918

Merci de votre aimable envoi. *La Little Review* m'est sympathique à l'extrême. En la feuilletant j'ai cru voir renaître ce temps doré de ferveur et de belle confiance où, adolescent encore, et tâtonnant un peu dans les neves régions de l'Art, je fondai à Liège notre *Little Review à nous*, *La Wallonie*. Je retrouve justement quelques

livraisons de cette revue et je vous les envoie; elles ont tout au moins le mérite de la rareté.

Vous, mon cher confrère, déjà ne marchez plus à tâtons mais je vous soupçonne de n'être pas aussi terriblement, aussi criminellement jeune que je l'étais à cette époque-là. Et puis trente ans ont passé sur la littérature, et c'est de la folie d'hier qu'est faite la sagesse d'aujourd'hui. Alors le Symbolisme naissait; grâce à la collaboration de mes amis, grâce à Henri de Régnier et Pierre M. Olin qui dirigèrent la revue avec moi, *La Wallonie* en fut l'un des premiers foyers. Tout était remis en question. On aspirait à plus de liberté à une forme plus intense et plus complète plus musicale et plus souple, à une expression nouvelle de l'éternelle beauté. On s'ingéniait, on cherchait . . . Tâtonnements? Certes et ils étaient inévitables. Mais vif et ardent effort, désintéressement absolu, foi juvénile et surtout "No compromise with the public taste" . . . N'y a-t-il point là quelques traits de ressemblance avec l'oeuvre que, vous tentez aujourd'hui en Amérique, et, à trente années d'intervalle, une sorte de cousinage? C'est pourquoi mon cher confrère, j'ai lu avec tant de plaisir la *Little Review* dont vous avec eu la gentillesse de m'adresser la collection.

Croyez-moi sympathiquement vôtre,

Albert Mockel.

With a native mistrust of *la belle phrase*; of "*temps dore*", "*ferveur*", "*belle confiance*", etc., and with an equally native superiority to any publication not printed LARGE, I opened *La Wallonie*. The gropings, "tâtonnements", to which M. Mockel so modestly refers, appear to have included some of the best work of Mallarmé, of Stuart Merrill, of Max Elskamp and Emile Verhaeren. Verlaine contributed to *La Wallonie*, De Regnier was one of its editors . . . Men of since popular fame — Bourget, Pierre Louys, Maeterlinck — appeared with the rarer spirits.

If ever the "amateur magazine" in the sense of magazine by lovers of art and letters, for lovers of art and letters, in contempt of the commerce of letters, has vindicated itself, that vindication was *La Wallonie*. Verhaeren's "*Lès Pauvres*" (which we gave in our February issue) first appeared there as the second part of series: "*Chansons des Carrefours*," (Jan '92) . . . The Elskamp I have just quoted appeared there with other poems of Max Elskamp. Mallarmé is represented by the exquisite:

S o n n e t

Ses purs ongles très haut dédiant leur onyx,
L'Angoisse ce minuit, soutient, lampadophore,

Maint rêve vespéral brûle par le phénix
 Que ne recueille pas de cinéraire amphore
 Sur les crédences, au salon vide: nul ptyx,
 Aboli bibelot d'inanité sonore,
 (Car le maître est allé puiser des pleurs au Styx
 Avec ce seul objet dont le Néant s'honore.)

Mais proche la croisée au nord vacante, un or
 Agonise selon peut-être le décor
 Des licornes ruant du feu contre une nixe,

Elle, défunte nue en le miroir encor
 Que, dans l'oubli fermé par le cadre, se fixe
 De scintillations sitôt le septuor.

—Mallarme in "La Wallonie" Jan. 1889.

An era of Franco-Anglo-American intercourse is marked by his address to:

The Whirlwind

Pas les rafales à propos
 De rien comme occuper la rue
 Sujette au noir vol des chapeaux;
 Mais une danseuse apparue

Tourbillon de mousseline ou
 Fureur éparses en écumes
 Que soulève par son genou
 Celle même dont nous vécûmes

Pour tout, hormis lui, rebattu
 Spirituelle, ivre, immobile
 Foudroyer avec le tutu,
 Sans se faire autrement de bile

Sinon rieur que puisse l'air
 De sa jupe éventer Whistler.

— Mallarme in "Wallonie", Nov. 1890.

If I owe Albert Mockel a great debt in having illuminated my eye for Elskamp I owe him no less the pleasure of one of Merrill's most delicate triumphs in the opening of

Ballet

Pour Gustave Moreau

En casque de cristal rose les baladines,
 Dont les pas mesurés aux cordes des kinnors
 Tintent sous les tissus de tulle roidis d'ors,
 Exultent de leurs yeux pâles de xaladines.

Toisons fauves sur leurs lèvres incarnadines,
 Bras lourds de bracelets barbares, en essors
 Moelleux vers la lueur lunaire des décors,
 Elles murmurent en malveillantes sourdines:

"Nous sommes. ô mortels, danseuses du Désir,
 Salomés dont les corps tordus par le plaisir
 Leurrent vos heurs d'amour vers nos pervers arcanes.

Prosternez-vous avec des hosannas, ces soirs!
 Car, surgissant dans des aurores d'encensoirs,
 Sur nos cymbales nous ferons tonner vos crânes."

Stuart Merrill in "La Wallonie", July '98.

The period was "glaque" and "nacre", it had its pet and too-petted adjectives, the handles for parody; but it had also a fine care for sound, for sound fine-wrought, not mere swish and resonant rumble, not "Dolores, O hobble and kobble Dolores .

O perfect obstruction on track."

The particular sort of fine workmanship shown in this sonnet of Merrill's has of late been too much let go by the board.

Hanton is gently didactic:

Le Bon Grain

"Déjà peinent maints moissonneurs dont
 la mémoire est destinée à vivre."

Celestin Demblon.

Amants des rythmes en des strophes cadencées,
 Des rimes rares aux splendeurs évocatoires,
 Laissant en eux comme un écho de leurs pensées,
 Comme un parfum de leurs symboles en histoires:

Tels les poètes vont cherchant en vrais glaneurs
 Les blonds épis qui formeront leur riche écrin.

Ils choisiront, comme feraient les bons vanneurs,
Parmi les blés passés au crible, le beau grain.

Et germèra cette semence bien choisie,
Entre les roses et les lys, pour devenir
Riche moisson de la fertile fantaisie.

L'ardent soleil de Messidor fera jaunir
Les tiges souples d'une forte poésie
Qui dresseront leurs fiers épis vers l'avenir!

— *Edmond Hanton in "La Wallonie", July '88.*

Delaroche is, at least in parts, utterly incomprehensible, but there
an interesting experiment in sound-sequence which begins:

Sonnets Symphoniques

En la langueur
accidentelle
de ta dentelle
où meurt mon cœur

Un profil pleure
et se voit tel
en le pastel
du divin leurre

Qu'or végétal
de lys s'enlise
au froid santal

Si n'agonise
occidental
qui s'adonise.

— *Achille Delaroche in "La Wallonie", Feb. '89.*

I do not know that we will now be carried away by Albert Saint-
ul's chinoiserie, or that she-devils are so much in fashion as when
les Bois expended, certainly, some undeniable emotion in addressing
em :

Pétales de Nacre

En sa robe où s'immobilisent les oiseaux,
Une émerge des fleurs comme une fleur plus grande.

Comme une fleur penchée au sourire de l'eau,
 Ses mains viennent tresser la traînante guirlande
 Pour enchaîner le Dragon verte — et de légende!
 Qui de ses griffes d'or déchire les roseaux,

Les faisceaux de roseaux: banderolles et lances.

Et quand le soir empourprera le fier silence
 De la forêt enjôleuse de la Douleur,
 Ses doigts, fuseaux filant au rouet des murmures
 Les beaux anneaux fleuris liant les fleurs aux fleurs,

Ses doigts n'auront saigné qu'aux épines peu dures.

— *Albert Saint-Paul in "La Wallonie", Jan. '91.*

Pour la Demone

Un soir de joie, un soir d'ivresse, un soir de fête,
 — Et quelle fête, et quelle ivresse, et quelle joie! —
 Tu vins. L'impérial ennui sacrait ta tête;
 Et tu marchais dans un bruit d'armure et de soie.

Tu dédaignas tous les bijoux et l'oripeau
 De ruban, de dentelle et d'éphémère fleur. . .
 Hermétique,* ta robe emprisonnait ta peau.
 Oui, la fourrure seule autour de ta pâleur.

Tu parus. Sous tes yeux que le kh'ol abomine,
 Le bal fut la lugubre et dérisoire histoire.
 Les hommes des pantins qu'un vice mène et mine,
 Les femmes, coeurs et corps fanés, — — et quel déboire!

* *Laforge?*

Pour la Demone

V.

Elle est folle, c'est sûr, elle est folle la chère;
 Elle m'aime à n'en pas douter, mais elle est folle,
 Elle m'aime et, compatissez à ma misère,
 Avec tous, avec toutes, elle batifole.

Un passe. . . Elle s'élance à lui, coeur présumé. . .
 Elle s'offre et le provoque, puis elle fuit
 Vers ailleurs . . . si fidèle encore au seul-aimé,
 Mais elle est folle et je m'explore dans la nuit.

Pour quelque amie aux délicatesses félines,
Elle glisse vers les caresses trop profondes.
... "Tu vas, folle, oublier mes rancœurs orphelines."
Mais sa lèvre pensive hésite aux toisons blondes.

— Jules Bois in "*La Wallonie*", Sept. '90.

In part we must take our reading, of *La Wallonie* as a study of the
te of symbolism from 1885 to '92.

Rodenbach displays the other leaf of the diptych: the genre,
homely Wallon landscape, more familiar to the outer world in
haeren, but not I think, better painted.

Paysages Souffrants

II.

A Emile Verhaeren.

Là-bas, tant de petits hameaux sous l'avalanche
De la neige qui tombe adoucissante et blanche,
Tant de villages, tant de chaumines qui sont
Pour le reste d'un soir doucement assoupies,
Car le neige s'étend en de molles charpies
Sur les blessures des vieilles brigues qui n'ont
Rien senti d'une Soeur sur leur rougeur qui saigne!
Mais, ô neige, c'est toi la Soeur au halo blanc
Qui consoles les murs malades qu'on dédaigne
Et metsun peu d'ouate aux pierres s'éraflant.

Là! rien ne guérira les chaumines — aieules
Qui meurent de l'hiver et meurent d'être seules. . .
Et leurs âmes bientôt, au gré des vents du nord.
Dans la fumée aux lents départs, seront parties
Cependant que la neige, à l'heure de leur mort,
Leur apporte ses rafraichissantes hosties!

— Georges Rodenbach in "*La Wallonie*", Jan. '88.

Rodenbach is authentic.

Vielé-Griffin who, as Stuart Merrill, has always been known in
nce as "an American" contributed largely to *La Wallonie*. His
Tombeau d'Hélène" ends

H e l e n e

Me voici:

J'étais là dès hier, et dès sa veille,

Ailleurs, ici;
 Toute chair, a paré, un soir, mon âme vieille
 Comme léternité du désir que tu vêts.
 La nuit est claire au firmament . . .
 Regarde avec tes yeux levés:
 Voici — comme un tissu de pâle feu fatal
 Qui fait épanouir la fleur pour la flétrir —
 Mon voile où transparait tout assouvissement
 Qui t'appelle à la vie et qui t'en fait mourir.
 La nuit est claire au firmament vital . . .

Mes mythes, tu les sais:
 Je suis fille du Cygne,
 Je suis la lune dont s'exubèrent les mers
 Qui montent, tombent, se soulèvent;
 Et c'est le flot de vie exultante et prostrée,
 le flot des rêves,
 le flot des chairs,
 le flux et le reflux de la vaste marée.

Mon doute — on dit l'Espoir — fait l'action insigne:
 Je suis reine de Sparte et celle-là de Troie,
 Par moi, la douloureuse existence guerroye
 Je meus toute inertie aux leurres de ma joie,
 Hélène, Séléné, flottant de phase en phase.
 Je suis l'Inaccédée et la tierce Hypostase
 Et si je rejetais, désir qui m'y convies,
 Mon voile qui promet et refuse l'extase,
 Ma nudité de feu résorberait les Vies

—Viele-Griffin in "La Wallonie", Dec. '91.
 (Complete number devoted to his poems).

Mockel is represented by several poems rather too long to quote — "Chantefable un peu naïve", "L'Atithèse", suggestive of the Gmont litany; by prose comment, by work over various pseudonyms "A Clair Matin" is a suitable length to quote, and it is better perhaps to represent him here by it than by fragments which I had intended to cut from his longer poems.

A Clair Matin

La nuit au loin s'est effacée
 comme les lignes tremblantes d'un rêve;

la nuit s'est fondue au courant du Passé
et le jour attendu se lève.

Regardez! en les courbes molles des rideaux
Une heure attendue se révèle
et ma fenêtre enfin s'éclaire,
cristalline du givre où se rit la lumière.

Une parure enfantine de neiges
habille là-bas d'immobiles eaux
et c'est les cortèges des fées nouvelles
à tire d'ailes, à tire d'ailes
du grand lointain qui toutes reviennent
aux flocons de ce jour en neiges qui s'épèle.

Des courbes de mes rideaux clairs
— voici! c'est un parfum de ciel! —
blanc des guirlandes de l'hiver
le jeune matin m'est apparu
avec un visage de fiancée.

Des fées
(ah je ne sais quelles mortelles fées)
jadis elles vinrent toucher la paupière
d'un être enfantin qui mourut.
Son âme, où se jouait en songes la lumière,
diaphane corolle épanouie au jour
son âme était vive de toute lumière!
Lui, comme un frère il suivait ma course
et nous allions en confiants de la montagne à la vallée
par les forêts des chênes, des hêtres
— car eux, les ancêtres, ils ont le front grave
ils virent maints rêves des autres âges
et nous parlent, très doucement, comme nos Pères.

Mais voyez! à mes rideaux pâles
le matin glisse des sourires;
car la fiancée est venue
car la fiancée est venue
avec un simple et très doux visage,
avec des mots qu'on n'entend pas,
en silence la Fiancée est apparue
comme une grande soeur de l'enfant qui mourut;

et les hêtres, les chênes royaux des forêts
 par douce vocalise égrenant leur parure,
 les voix ressuscitées en la plaine sonore
 et toute la forêt d'aurore
 quand elle secoue du crépuscule sa chevelure,
 tout chante, bruit, pétille et rayonne
 car la céleste Joie que la clarté délivre
 d'un hymne répercute aux miroirs du futur
 le front pâle où scintille en étoiles le givre.

Albert Mockel in "*La Wallonie*", *Dernier fascimile* '92.

I have left Gide and Van Lerberghe unquoted, unmentioned, but I have, I dare say, given poems enough to indicate the quality and the scope of the poetry in *La Wallonie*.

In prose their cousinage is perhaps more quickly apparent. Almost the first sentence I come upon (I suspect it is Mockel's) runs as follows:

"*La Revue des deux Mondes* publie un roman de Georges Ohnet, ce qui ne surprendra personne."

This is the proper tone to use when dealing with elderly mutton-heads; with the *Harpers* of yester year. *La Wallonie* found it out in the eighties. The symboliste movement flourished on it. American letters did not flourish, partly perhaps for the lack of it, and for the lack of unbridled uncompromising magazines run by young men who did not care for *reputations surfaites*, for elderly stodge and stupidity.

If we turn to Mockel's death notice for Jules Laforgue we will find *La Wallonie* in '87 awake to the value of contemporary achievement.

Jules Laforgue

Nous apprenons avec une vive tristesse, la mort de Jules Laforgue, l'un des plus curieux poètes de la littérature aux visées nouvelles. Nous l'avons désigné, jà deux mois: un Tristan Corbière plus argentin, moins âpre. . . Et telle est bien sa caractéristique. Sans le moindre soupçon d'imitation ou de réminiscences, Jules Laforgue a sauvegardé une originalité vivace. Seulement, cette originalité, par bien des saillies, touche à celle de Tristan Corbière. C'est une même raillerie de la Vie et du Monde; mais plus de sombre et virile amertume émouvait en l'auteur des *Amours Jaunes*, dont cette pièce donnera quelque idée:

LE CRAPAUD

Un chant dans une nuit sans air . . .

— La lune plaque en métal clair

Les découpures du vert sombre.

. . . . Un chant; comme un écho, tout vif

Enterré, là, sous le massif . . .

— Ce se tait; viens, c'est là, dans l'ombre . . .

Un crapaud!

— Pourquoi cette peur,

Près de moi, ton soldat fidèle!

Vois-le, poète tondu, sans aile,

Rossignol de la boue . . .

— Horreur! —

. . . Il chante. — Horreur!! — Horreur pourquoi?

Vois-tu pas son oeil de lumière . . .

Non, il s'en va, froid, sous sa pierre.

Bonsoir. — ce crapaud-là c'est moi.

Chez Laforgue, il y a plus de gai sans-souci, de coups de batte le pierrot donnés à toutes choses, plus de "vaille-que-vaille la vie", lit d'un air de moqueuse résignation. Sa rancoeur n'est pas encombrante. Il était un peu l'enfant indiscipliné qui rit à travers les groncleries, et fait la moue à sa fantaisie; mais son haussement d'épaules gamin, et ses "Après tout?" qu'il jette comme une chiquenaude au visage du Temps, cachent toujours au fond de son coeur un lac mélancolique, un lac de tristesse et d'amours flétris, où vient se refléter la claire imagination. Témoins ces fragments pris aux *Complaintes*:

Mon coeur est une urne où j'ai mis certains défunts,

Oh! chut, refrains de leurs berceaux! et vous, parfums.

Mon coeur est un Néron, enfant gâté d'Asie,

Qui d'empires de rêve en vain se rassasie.

Mon coeur est un noyé vidé d'âme et d'essors,

Qu'étreint la pieuvre Spleen en ses ventouses d'or.

C'est un feu d'artifice, hélas! qu'avant la fête,

A noyé sans retour l'averse qui s'embête.

Mon coeur est le terrestre Histoire-Corbillard

Que traînent au néant l'instinct et le hazard.

Mon coeur est une horloge oubliée à demeure

Qui, me sachant défunt, s'obstine à marquer l'heure.

Et toujours mon coeur ayant ainsi déclamé,
En revient à sa complainte: Aimer, être aimé!

Et cette pièce, d'une ironie concentrée:

COMPLAINTÉ DES BONS MENAGES

L'Art sans poitrine m'a trop longtemps bercé dupe.
Si ses labours sont fiers, que ses blés décevants!
Tiens, laisse-moi bêler tout aux plis de ta jupe
Qui fleure le couvent.

La Génie avec moi, serf, a fait des manières;
Toi, jupe, fais frou-frou, sans t'inquiéter pourquoi . . .

Mais l'Art, c'est l'Inconnu! qu'on y dorme et s'y vautre,
On ne peut pas l'avoir constamment sur les bras!
Et bien, ménage au vent! Soyons Lui, Elle et l'Autre.

Et puis n'insistons pas.

Et puis? et puis encore un pied de nez mélancolique à l' destinée:

Qui m'aima jamais? Je m'entête
Sur ce refrain bien impuissant
Sans songer que je suis bien bête
De me faire du mauvais sang:

Jules Laforgue a publié outre les *Complaintes*, un livret de vers dégingandés, d'une raillerie splénétique, à froid, comme celle qui sied aux hommes du Nord. Mais il a su y ajouter ce sans-façon et ces choses dites à l'aventure, et tout un parfum de lumière argentine comme les rayons de *Notre-Dame la Lune* qu'il célèbre. Le manque de place nous prive d'en citer quelques pages. Nous avons lu aus cette étrange Nuit d'Etoiles: le *Council Féérique*, un assez court poème édité par la "Vogue;" divers articles de revue, entre lesquels cette page ensoleillée, parue dans la Revue Indépendante: *Pan et la Syrinx*. Enfin un nouveau livre était annoncé: *de la Pitié, de la Pitié!*, déjà préparé par l'une des Invocations du volume précédent, et dont nous croyons voir l'idée en ces vers des *Complaintes*:

Vendange chez les Arts enfantins; sois en fête
D'une fugue, d'un mot, d'un ton, d'un air de tête.

Vivre et peser selon le Beau, le Bien, le Vrai?
O parfums, ô regards, ô fois! soit, j'essaierai.

... Va, que ta seule étude
Soit de vivre sans but, fou de mansuétude —

— Albert Mockel in "*La Wallonie*", 1887.

I have quoted but sparingly, and I have thought quotation better than comment, but despite the double meagreness I think I have given evidence that *La Wallonie* was worth editing.

It began as *L'Elan Littéraire* with 16 pages, and an edition of 100 copies; it should convince any but the most stupid that size is not the criterion of permanent value, and that a small magazine may last much bulkier printings.

After turning the pages of *La Wallonie*, perhaps after reading only this so brief excerpt, one is ready to see some sense in even such a phrase as "temps doré, de ferveur et de belle confiance".

In their seven years' run these editors, one at least beginning with "teens", had published a good deal of the best of Verhaeren, the published work by Elskamp, Merrill, Griffin, Louys, Maeterlinck, Verlaine, Van Lerberghe, Gustave Kahn, Moreas, Quillard, André Gide; had been joined in their editing board by De Régnier, (remember that they edited in Liège, not in Paris; they were not at the hub of the universe, but in the heart of French Belgium); they had not made any compromise. Permanent literature, and the seeds of permanent literature, had gone through proof-sheets in their office.

There is perhaps no greater pleasure in life, and there certainly have been no greater enthusiasm than to have been young and to have been part of such a group of writers working in fellowship at the beginning of such a course, of such a series of courses as were indicated in *La Wallonie*.

If the date is insufficiently indicated by Mallarmé's allusion to the stroller, we may turn to the art notes:

"eaux-fortes de Mlle Mary Cassatt . . . Lucien Pissaro, Sisley . . . lithographies de Fantin-Latour . . . Odillon Redon."

"J'ai été un peu à Paris, voir Burne Jones, Moreau, Delacroix . . . l'panse du ventre, et les adorables Javanaises. C'est mon meilleur souvenir, ces filles "très parées" dans l'étrange demi-jour de leur toilette et qui tournent lentement dans la stridente musique avec de si rythmatisées et si matinales inflexions de mains et de si souriantes poursuites les unes dans les yeux".

Prose poetry, that doubtful connection, appears at times e
to advantage:

"Séléné, toi l'essence et le regard des infinis, ton mal nous
rait la félicité suprême. O viens à nous, Tanit, Vierge Tanit, f
métallique épanouie aux plaines célestes!" — *Mockel*.

THE READER CRITIC

Danish Consulate, Paris;

Little Review desperate camouflage, noble but fr
attempt to make it look as if America had an intellectual life.

S. A., Neuilly, Seine et Oise:

Je vous remercie de m'avoir révélé Laforgue que je connais
seulement par les extraits publiés dans la première Anthologie
volume par Van Bever et Leautaud.

The Audience

"Art should conceal art", said the parrot.

"Art is ennobling", said the parrot.

"Art is the ultimate combustion of the social-consciousness
the proletariat into the fine flower of penultimate culture; it is
expression of the soul-wave into the infinite of the ununderstand
je ne sais quoi", said the parrot.

Damn the parrot!

Damn the parrot, although there is a faint dilution of veri
each of these three remarks.

The "Heroic Deads"

Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:

. . . . to His Brightness the Pound!

I read your criticism on my drawings printed in "L. R."
Your remarks are very good and I agree with you to each
however you even did not say all . . . only observations we
obvious that after hearing much of heroic deads I am greatly
appointed to see Heracles straining his divine "I can" on cra
nut . . . He pushed himself against wall—but fell through for i
made of tissue paper.

Your applauding

Szukalski

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

ELKIN MATHEWS, Publisher and Vendor of Choice and Rare Editions in Belles Lettres. 4a Cork Street, London W. 1.

Note to Collectors

Early editions of Mr. Pound's books, as follows:

A Lume Spento (Antonelli, Venice, 1908). Last copy sold at £8.

Quinzaine (Pollock, 1908), unobtainable.

Quinzaine (my edition), unobtainable.

Personae (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included) \$1.25.

Exultations (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included) \$1.25.

Canzoni (1911), not to be reissued. \$1.00 (postage included).

Personae and *Exultations*, in one volume, 1913; none remain.

Canzoni and *Ripostes*, in one volume, 1913. 25 copies remain. \$1.25 (postage included).

Lustra (private edition, 124 pages), 1916, with photogravure. 21 copies offered at \$3.00 (postage included).

Lustra (public edition with photogravure), 116 pages, \$1.50, postage included, binding in heavy canvass.

Some features of the November number:

Poems by Andre Spire

Nine poems by Ezra Pound

A review of H. D.'s *Choruses* from *Epoch*

A story by Ben Hecht

Imaginary Letters

The Tariff and Copyright

"Founding Ezra" by Ben Hecht

December will be an American number

No Other Typewriter Can Do This--

*Enable the amateur to write as neat-appearing letters
from the very beginning as the experienced typewriter*

The only typewriter that can do this easily

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND "WRITING MACHINE"

Many Typewriters in One



Two styles of type or two
different languages always on the
MULTIPLEX. Any other two
substituted in a few seconds.

Fill in the coupon and mail it
today. We will send you our new
PORTABLE FOLDER

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY
558A East 69th Street — New York City

CUT THIS ON A POSTAL

Please send literature without obligation for

Name _____

Address _____

L. R. _____

1905.

NW 33. Incub. 6/16/1

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

163 Williams Ave. N.Y.C. 10012

Review for 2nd (1904)

Devoted chiefly to Ezra Pound . . .

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

NOVEMBER, 1918

Nine Poems	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Mr. Villerant's Morning Outburst (Four Letters)	
Two Poems	<i>Andre Spire</i>
H. D.'s Choruses from Euripides	<i>E. P.</i>
Tariff and Copyright	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Memorabilia	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
Notes of Music, Books, and the Theatre	<i>Margaret Anderson</i>
A List of Books	<i>John Rodker</i>
An International Episode	<i>jh</i>
Pounding Ezra	<i>Ben Hecht</i>
Major Robert Gregory	<i>William Butler Yeats</i>
The Disease of "American" "Criticism"	
The Reader Critic	

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor

EZRA POUND, London Editor

JULES ROMAINS, French Editor

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English, 12/- a year.
Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

*Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.*

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 7

NINE POEMS

Ezra Pound

Cantus Planus

The black panther lies under his rose tree
And the fawns come to sniff at his sides:

Evoe, Evoe, Evoe Baccho O
ZAGREUS, *Zagreus*, Zagreus,

The black panther lies under his rose tree.

Hesper adest. Hesper adest. Hesper
adest.

Chanson Arabe

I have shaken with love half the night.

The winter rain falls in the street.

She is but half my age;

Whither, whither am I going?

I have shaken with love half the night.

She is but half my age.

Whither, whither am I going?

Dawn on the Mountain

Peach flowers turn the dew crimson,

Green willows melt in the mist,

The servant will not sweep up the fallen petals,

And the nightingales

Persist in their singing.

Omakitsu

W i n e

Dew, clear as gilt jewels, hangs under the garden grass-blades.
 Swift is the year, swift is the coming cold season,
 Life swift as the dart of a bird :

Wine, wine, wine for a hundred autumns,
 And then on wine, no wine, and no wine.

Rihaku

Φ α ν ο π ο ε ι α

I.

ROSE WHITE, YELLOW, SILVER

The swirl of light follows me through the square,
 The smoke of incense
 Mounts from the four horns of my bed-posts,
 The water-jet of gold light bears us up through the ceilings,
 Lapped in the gold-coloured flame I descend through the aether.
 The silver ball forms in my hand,
 It falls and rolls at your feet.

II.

SALTUS

The swirling sphere has opened
 and you are caught up to the skies,
 You are englobed in my sapphire.

Io! Io!

You have perceived the blades of the flame
 The flutter of sharp-edged sandals

The folding and lapping brightness
 Has held in the air before you.

You have perceived the leaves of the flame.

III

CONCAVA VALLIS

The wire-like bands of colour involute
 mount from my fingers,
I have wrapped the wind round your shoulders
And the molten metal of your shoulders
 bends into the turn of the wind,

AOI !

The whirling tissue of light
 is woven and grows solid beneath us;
The sea-clear sapphire of air, the sea-dark clarity,
 stretches both sea-cliff and ocean.

*Glamour and Indigo***A Canzon from the Provencal of "En Ar. Dan'el"*

I

Sweet cries and cracks
 and lays and chants inflected
By auzels who, in their latin belikes,
Chirme each to each, even as you and I
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;
Are but more cause that I, whose overweening
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster
Lines where no word cracks wry, no rhyme breaks gauges.

II

No culs de sacs
 nor false ways me diflected
When first I pierced her fort within its dykes,
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.

Welcome not lax,
and my words were protected,
Not blabbed to other. When I set my likes
On her, not brass but gold was 'neath the die,
That day we kissed, and after it she flacked
O'er me her cloak of indigo, for screening
Me from all culvertz eyes, whose blathered bluster
Can set such spites abroad; win jibes for wages.

God, who did tax
 not Longus' sin, respected
That blind centurion beneath the spikes
And him forgave, grant that we two shall lie
Within one room, and seal, therein, our pact,
Yea, that she kiss me in the half-light, leaning
To me, and laugh and strip and stand forth in the lustre
Where lamp-light with light limb but half engages.

The flowers wax
 with buds but half perfected;
Tremble on twig and shake when the bird strikes —
But not more fresh than she! No empery,
Tho' Rome and Palestine were on compact,
Would lure me from her; and with hands convening
I give me to her. But if kings could muster
In such like homage, you would count them sages.

Mouth, now what knacks ! !
 What folly hath infected
 Thee? Gifts, that th' Emperor of the Salonikes
 Or Lord of Rome were greatly honoured by,
 Or Syria's Lord, thou dost from me distract;
 O fool I am! to hope for intervening
 From Love that shields not love! Yea, it were juster
 To call him mad, who 'gainst his joy engages.

VII

The slimy jacks

 with adders' tongues bisected,
I fear no whit, nor have; and if these tykes
Have led Galicia's king to villeiny —
His cousin in pilgrimage hath he attacked —
We know — Raymon the count's son — my meaning
Stands without screen. The royal filibuster
Redeems not honour till he unbar the cages.

C o d a

I should have seen it, but I was on such affair,
Seeing the true king crowned, here in Estampa.

*Foot-note: I had not intended to print this translation or any other of the complete set of Daniel's canzos apart from their Provençal originals, in a separate booklet. But as the full Mss., an affair scholastic rather than artistic, yet of interest to serious students of the craft, appears to be spurlos verschwindet, along with the Clark's Press, of Cleveland Ohio (fate not unique with Mss. sent to America) I make sure of this much of the work before leaving my papers for an indefinite period. I find my spare copies of the remaining translations rather too overscored to be much use to anyone but myself, but could probably duplicate the printer's copy with time.

Vivien. strophe II. "nebotz Sain Guillem" is an allusion to the romance "Enfances Vivien". Longus is the centurion in the Crucifixion legend, political allusions in the last strophes need to be regarded as an integral part of the canzo.

The passages containing

"E quel remir contral lums de la lampa" and

"Ges rams floritz

de floretas envoutas

Cui fan tremblar auzelhon ab lurs becs

Non es plus frescs, per qu'ieu no vol Roam . . ."

should help explain Dante's partiality for Arnaut Daniel as expressed in the treatise "De Vulgari Eloquio".

Lavaud notes the historical allusions as follows:

Lord of the Gallicians, Ferdinand second king of Galicia.

Upon the Harps of Judea

The noble sentiments
Which fill the form of this unbearable Jew
(four ft. 9 in. by 3 ft.)

Overflow into his countenance
and out of his countenance
and into his gestures
and into his carriage
to the devastation of everyone;

The Chinese gentleman and his heroically red-haired mistress
Shrink as he claims former acquaintance.
He exudes benevolence upon the timidly smirking daughter,
and upon the occidental and wounded Tommy of an inferior class,
Whom the timidly smirking daughter has captivated;

The second and younger semite
slides to a second table.

The round and elder semite
relapses into sulks and rotundity.
He rises. And pokes his bald head
into the retired younger semite's steaming dishes.
Such are the effects of benevolence.

*In ripis Babiloniis, in ripis Babiloniis
In ripis Babiloniis, planga-a-a-a-avimus.*

1157-88. son of Berangere, sister of Raimon Berengar (vide Dante: quattro figlie ebbe R. B.) IVth of Aragon, count of Bracciona whose second son was lieutenant in Provence from 1168.

King at Etamps, Philippe August, crowned May 29, 1180, at the age of 16. Might well set date of Arnaut's birth as early as 1150.

MR. VILLERANT'S MORNING OUTBURST (F o u r L e t t e r s)

My dear Imogene:

You ask me to "save him from the mire that sickens him". Really!! I am tired of these operatic contortions. Est-ce qu'on exige la chasteté d'un homme vers sa quarantaine! Why mire? Why "sickens him"? There are plenty of quite nice young ladies; a little too sentimental perhaps; too religious; too bourgeois and domestic. They read you letters from sister Alice in the convent at Wicklow; above their atrociously belaced beds you are stared at by the photo-enlargement of the darling child; you are let in for the emotions of maternity; you are introduced to styles of furnishing which you hoped you had escaped once and for all when you escaped from the life of cheap lodgings; or you land a grade or two higher and are let in for reminiscence of the appalling dullness of some blasted suburban watering place when they had to stay there with their late husband (old army). Or once in the rarest of whiles you find affection and a temperament.

But why this animal should scribble to you about mire, and deck himself in the blatencies of repentance ajh!!

If he would pick his company and then inebriate, instead of inebriating and then picking his company! In short if he weren't a dog-dasted fool, and likely to be a bore in all companies; if he weren't too full of sloth mental and physical to aspire to amateurs; if he would study the rudiments of physiognomy and make some sort of selection, SELECTION, my dear Imogene, which is even easier, even more practicable in acquaintances of the moment than in relationships inherited from one's family etc and let us have done with him.

In matters of this sort, as in all other human relations, a man takes his own mire with him, or his own disinfectants, or even his own free-air and sea-scape if he have a fortunate disposition.

True they are sometimes fussy when they think they are being imperious; this is the first mark of vulgarity, but it is a characteristic of all stupid women, and often triumphs over breeding. It is perhaps as common amid palatial surroundings as it is among the ambiguous.

Sincerely yours,

W. V.

II.

No, My dear Caroline:

Russians!! Am I never to hear the last of these Russians! I have shut up the esteemed and estimable William, and now you take up the pillows.

The Russian (large R., definite article, Artzibasheff, Bustikosseff, Slobingobski, Spititoutski and Co. Amalgated, communitated, etc.), "The Russian" my dear Caroline, is nothing but the western European with his conning-tower, or his top-layer, or his upper-story, or his control-board removed. As neither the governed Frenchman, nor Englishman (undermined by sentimentality, but still sailing in ballast), nor the automatic American barge about in this rudderless fashion, one makes comparisons with the Russian "élan", Russian "vigour" etc.

Civilized man, *any* civilized man who has a normal lining to his stomach, may become Russian for the price of a little mixed alcohol, or of, perhaps, a good deal of mixed alcohol, but it is a matter of shillings, not a matter of dynamic attainment.

Once, and perhaps only once, have I been drunk enough to feel like a Russian. Try it, my dearest young lady, try it. Try it and clear the mind, free your life from this obsession of Russians (if Lenin and Co., have not freed you).

What are we told about Russians: vast humanity, brotherly love, above all, vast tolerance. All for a job lot of bottles. Note the attention to detail. In Russian fiction, in Dostoevsky, and in the next drunk you see brushing a non-extant crumb from the imaginary crease in his waist-coat. Precisely! Vast attention to detail, always detail uncorrelated with anything else. The drunk sits in his little clearing, he is enclosed by a vast penumbra of shadows, a penumbra of things dimly seen, he has infinite concern with some object still within optical focus. (Vide Dostoevsky).

He has moments of phenomenal energy. At times his stride increases, he turns a corner with marvellous exactness of angle, and hits the wall six steps later. He tries to lift the policeman. He is filled with the blessings and beamings of tolerance.

I, my dear Caroline, a person dour enough in this climate, have observed myself mellow and human, I have observed myself practicing fellowship, mingling with the products of democracy. In

my normal West-European condition I cannot talk to the English "lower-classes". I can converse with French peasants and workmen, I can play *bocchi* in the back-yard of a Trattoria, but with the English of "different station" I am at loss for a subject. But Russian I am filled with invention. I will, by gad, I will pass myself off for a Frenchman. I do it triumphantly, liquor perhaps shielding my accent, I translate into broken English. The Tommy next to me in the "Tube" is returning to Amiens in the morning, we are full of mutual recognitions, I am his noble, his affectionate ally. He kisses me on both cheeks at departing. I present him with my last shilling. I had three-ha'pence in the morning, but these details are but pay no attention to that in our conversations."

I have fathomed the Russians.

Yours eternally,

Walter Villerant.

III

Hepsibah!

I decline to write of religion. Christianity as we understand it", i. e., as it is presented to our gaze in the "occident", has reduced itself to one principle:

"Thou shalt attend to thy neighbour's business in preference to thy own."

It is upon this basis that the churches are organized, it is upon this basis that they flourish, (bar one old established conspirator's club which exploits a more complicated scenic arrangement). They equally blame themselves on the victimized Galilean. Against all of which I have no defence save the eleventh chapter of the Lun-Yu, the 25th section:

Tseu-lou, Thseng-sie, Yan-yeou, and Kong-si-hoa were seated beside the Philosopher, who said "I am older than you are but pay no attention to that in our conversations."

He continued, "we sit apart and in solitude, we are unrecognized, but if someone should recognize you, what would you do about it?"

Tseu-lou replied lightly but respectfully, "Let us imagine a kingdom of ten thousand war-chariots, stuffed in between other kingdoms, let them be full of levies, let the first kingdom suffer death and famine should your friend (Little Tseu-lou) be set in power, he would put things right in less

then three years, the people would put on their courage."

The philosopher smiled at these words. And said,

"And you Thseng-sie?"

Thseng replied respectfully, "Let us imagine a province of sixty or seventy *li*, or even of fifty to sixty *li*, put me in charge of it and in less than three years the people will have enough, and I will put the instruction in rites and in music in charge of an exceptional man."

"And you Yan?" said the Master.

"I am not sure I could do these things, I should much rather study. I should be happy in wearing the cobalt robes of an acolyte in the great ceremonies at the Temple of Ancestors, or in the public processions."

"And you Si-hoa?" said the Philosopher.

The last pupil picked a few odd chords on his viol, but the sounds continued echoing in the bowl of it. He put it aside and rose, and then respectfully, "My opinion is entirely different from any among my companions." The Philosopher answered "Who forbids you to express it? Here each one may say what he likes."

Si-hoa continued, "The spring being passed over and my spring clothes put in the chest, and wearing the bonnet de virilité *, with five or six men and a half dozen young chaps, I should like to go to the old swimming hole on the Y (near Kou village), and feel the wind in that country where they offer rain-sacrifice in the summer; and sing a little, and make a few tunes, and then go back to my homestead."

The philosopher sighed, and added, "I am rather of Si-hoa's opinion."

Three disciples took leave but Thseng-sie (presumably the Rodyheaver, or potential Xtn convert of the company) remained and asked after an interval "What should one think of the speeches of these three disciples?"

Kung-fu-tseu said "Each one has expressed his own temperament. That is the end of the matter."

Yours,

Walter Villerant.

And damn the occident anyhow!

*Kuan, cap which boy receives from his father upon his coming of age.

IV

My dear Imogene:

You! complain to me about Joyce's language. I will not bother to answer, I will point merely to a recent article on Joyce in *The Future* (an English periodical, not to be confused with *Die Zukunft*). The author says, and I think with reason, that wherever Joyce has made use of lice, or dung, or other disgusting unpleasantness he has done so with the intention, and with, as a considerable artist, the result of heightening some effect of beauty, or twisting tighter some other intensity.

The metal finish alarms people. They will no more endure Joyce's hardness than they will Pound's sterilized surgery. The decayed-lily verbiage which the Wilde school scattered over the decadence is much more to the popular taste. Vomit, carefully labled "Beauty", is still in the literary market, and much sought after in the provinces. I am not throwing that into contrast with Joyce's novels.

I have a much finer question, and one which I probably waste in sending you. It is of the contrast between Gautier and Beaudelaire, so we are well up beyond the Wilde level.

I take it that art rises in some measure in proportion to its inimitability, even its untranslability. And I have never yet found Gautier in English; nor do I see any ready means of saying

Le squelette était invisible
Au temps heureux de l'art païen;
L'Homme, sous la forme sensible, etc.

in English.

"The skeleton was invisible in the happy era of pagan art", is felicitous, it is better than "happy time" or "happy days"; "era" has come to as I write this, after years of thought on the matter. But I am not ready to translate Gautier into English.

Beaudelaire had, we presume, a "message". He had also a function in the French verse of his time. The poetic language had grown stiff, even Gautier is less miraculous if one consider the tradition of French eighteenth century writing, the neatness of Bernard, (whom Voltaire addresses as "Gentile . . . dont la muse féconde, doit faire encore delices" . . .) ; the tone of

Si tu ne peux vivre
Sans un Apollon,

C'est Anacreon,
 Ami, qu'il faut suivre.
 Apprends à monter
 Ta galante lyre:
 Si tu veux chanter,
 Que Bacchus t'inspire
 Le tendre délire
 Qui, cher à Thémire,
 S'en fait écouter.

had probably constricted French poetry, and there was doubtless need of some new shaggy influx.

But the Beaudelairian "vigour" seems to me now too facile a mechanism. Any decayed cabbage, cast upon any pale satin sofa will give one a sense of contrast. I am not saying that Beaudelaire is nothing but cabbages cast upon satin sofas, but merely that in many poems one "unpleasant" element is no more inevitable than another, and that for a great many of his words and lines other words and lines might be substituted; and that he can be translated very roughly without losing any of his quality.

The stuff looks more vigorous than it is As indeed bad graphic art often looks more skillful than it is

Passons . . .

Villerant.

P. S. Bad Beaudelaire in English has come from trying to do him in a lilies and clematis vocabulary; fitter for Alfred de Musset.

TWO POEMS

Andre Spire

Saint-Moritz

Ouvrier, ouvrier,
J'étais, je pense, un naïf jeune homme.
Quand je trahis ma classe pour la tienne.
Mais notre amour ne dura guère.
Nous nous sentions si mal à l'aise ensemble.
Tu ne comprenais pas mon besoin de loisirs.
Ni mon besoin de livres;
Moi, je trouvais ta vie si douloureuse
Que je ne comprenais pas comment tu pouvais rire,
Et ma pitié t'agacait.

Travail fiévreux, plaisirs rapides,
Thés, bavardages, musées, concerts,
Métaphysique, Bergsonisme, et conversation de mes amis,
Paris a de quoi occuper son homme.
Mais je n'arrivais pas, camarade,
A te chasser de ma pensée.
Tu étais collé à mon âme .

Je me suis enfui chez tes maîtres
Assemblés dans ces palais monstrueux.

Ils sont ici, venus des quatre coins du monde,
Bien portants ou malades, déprimés, excités,
Princes, marchands, juges, soldats, banquiers,
Les hommes durs nourris par le travail des autres;
Et leurs femmes, sous le ciel saphir,
Glissent, dans leurs "sweaters" éclatants,
Comme d'insolentes fleurs méridionales.

Et tout leur appartient ici.
Tout un peuple, gens et bêtes, leur est asservi,

Et la neige, et le givre, et les fluides et les pentes,
Et, sur le lac gelé, transformé en Longchamp,
Les traîneaux qui s'élancent,
Et les bobsleighs qui volent sur la glace des "runs".

Ça et là, un petit monument indique, à vrai dire,
Qu'un gentleman, à ces jeux là perdit sa vie.
Mais y peut on penser, quand on sait que, demain,
Toutes les boutiquières de ce nombril du monde
Pendront à leur vitrine les traits de votre face,
Ou qu'on rentre des courses
Etendu, accoudé, avec des jeunes filles,
Sur les longs coussins des bobsleighs, solennels
Comme le chaste lit des noces Aldobrandines,
Le bonnet, la poitrine recouverte d'insignes,
Dans la douceur d'un soir havane et grenadine.

Maintenant, ouvrier,
Regardons nous en face,
Non en amis génés, . . .
En adversaires loyaux.

Tu sais bien que j'aurai le cœur de te combattre,
Si, jamais, tu touchais aux choses que j'aime,
Puisque j'ai retrouvé chez des hommes de ma classe
Ce que j'avais été chercher chez toi, dans ma jeunesse,
Ton mépris de la mort, ta naïveté.

St. Moritz février 1914.

Blamont

Quand j'allais en vacances
A Blamont-en-Lorraine
Le coq me réveillait,
Le coq dans le soleil,
Les poules dans les corbeilles
Du jardin de ma grand'mère
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

Quand le troupeau rentrait
Agneaux suivant leurs mères,
Je pensais à la laine
Où mes deux mains plongeaient
Aux rues qu'ils animaient,
Du pays de ma grand'mère
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

Quant j'allais à l'étable
Où le veau roux tétait,
Je pensais aux prairies
Où bientôt il brouterait,
Aux seaux blancs et au lait
Du pays de ma grand'mère
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

Lorsque j'allais en plaine
Voir les boeufs labourer,
Les boeufs rouges, les boeufs beiges
Qui me semblaient éternels,
Je pensais aux épis
Du pays de ma grand'mère
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

La maison est à bas,
Le pays est par terre,
Les laboureurs tués;
J'essaye de chanter
Chanter comme naguère;
Mais je ne peux penser
Qu'au couteau, qu'au boucher;

Mais je ne peux penser
Qu'aux couteaux, aux bouchers
Du pays de ma grand'mère.
Aux moutons égorgés
Aux méchants, au cimetière
Du pays de ma grand'mère
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

20 Aout 1918.

H. D's CHORUSES FROM EURIPIDES

E. P.

Setting out in a purely quixotic attempt to learn something about English literature, and in the present instance something about English versions of the "classics" — an attempt which can only win me the greater detestation from the elder generation of American writers and publishing houses who have never heard of the classics and who are therefore annoyed when one mentions them; and from the younger generation who have heard of these things but do not wish to be reminded of them; and in particular from professors who think the classics are their private ice-box, and who resent the intrusion of "mere men of letters" thereinto: — plunging however into these ancient sources of deliverance from small tyranny, it is born in upon me that H. D's "Choruses from Iphegenia in Aulis" are worth more praise than I have yet got round to giving them; all the more if one compare them with the signal botch which the usually very intelligent Robt. Browning made when he attempted the Agamemnon of Aeschylus; not that I am convinced one can approach the Greek drama via Euripides, or that the isolated choruses form a fair avenue of approach in themselves, or are likely to be of proportionate interest taken alone.

But if, via Homer and Aeschylus one have contracted an interest in the Atreidae, H. D's choruses should be a great relief from other windy and verbose translators.

Also she has spared us the celebrated cocoa outburst

MAKARES OI METRIAS THEOU
META TE SOPHROSUNAS METE
SXON LEKTRON APHRODITAS,

(reader will pardon this transalphabetisation, but bitter experience has led me to suspect that the man who prints this magazine has no hellenic font at his elbow). The French commentator gives it:

"Heureux ceux qui dans un chaste hymen usent modérément des plaisirs de Vénus."

One cannot help sympathising with Aristophanes, and I do not offer H. D's choruses as any untempered incense to Euripides, or

as an offset for Mrs. Browning's remarks. I can not tell how much interest they will stir, or have stirred, of themselves as poems isolated, but certainly the first, second, third, fourth and ninth strophes of the first chorus, and the brief second chorus, as H. D. has given them, are enough to make anyone with an interest in Greek drama in English wish that more of it were available in this form.

I

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF CHALKIS

I

I CROSSED sand-hills.

I stand among the sea-drift before Aulis.
I crossed Euripos' strait—
Foam hissed after my boat.

I left Chalkis,
My city and the rock-ledges.
Arethusa twists among the boulders,
Increases—cuts into the surf.

I come to see the battle-line
And the ships rowed here
By these spirits—
The Greeks are but half-man.

Golden Menelaos
And Agamemnon of proud birth
Direct the thousand ships.
They have cut pine-trees
For their oars.
They have gathered the ships for one purpose:
Helen shall return.

There are clumps of marsh-reed
And spear-grass about the strait.
Paris the herdsman passed through them
When he took Helen—Aphrodite's gift.
For he had judged the goddess

More beautiful than Hera.
Pallas was no longer radiant
As the three stood
Among the fresh-shallows of the strait.

2

I crept through the woods
Between the altars:
Artemis haunts the place.
Shame, scarlet, fresh-opened—a flower,
Strikes across my face.
And sudden—light upon shields,
Low huts—the armed Greeks,
Circles of horses.

I have longed for this.
I have seen Ajax.
I have known Protesilaos
And that other Ajax—Salamis' light
They counted ivory-discs.
They moved them—they laughed
They were seated together
On the sand-ridges.

I have seen Palamed,
Child of Poseidon's child:
Diomed, radiant discobolus:
Divine Merion, a war-god,
Starling to men:
Island Odysseos from the sea-rocks:
And Nireos, most beautiful
Of beautiful Greeks.

3

A flash—
Achilles passed across the beach.
(He is the seawoman's child
Chiron instructed.)

Achilles had strapped the wind
About his ankles,
He brushed rocks
The waves had flung.
He ran in armour.
He led the four-yoked chariot
He had challenged to the foot-race.
Emelos steered
And touched each horse with pointed goad

I saw the horses:
Each beautiful head was clamped with gold.

Silver streaked the centre horses.
They were fastened to the pole.
The outriders swayed to the road-stead.
Colour spread up from ankle and steel-hoof.
Bronze flashed.

And Achilles, set with brass,
Bent forward,
Level with the chariot-rail.

4

If a god should stand here
He could not speak
At the sight of ships
Circled with ships.

This beauty is too much
For any woman.
It is burnt across my eyes.

The line is an ivory-horn.
The Myrmidons in fifty quivering ships
Are stationed on the right.

These are Achilles' ships.
On the prow of each

A goddess sheds gold:
Sea-spirits are cut in tires of gold.

I have heard all this.
I have looked too
Upon this people of ships.
You could never count the Greek sails
Nor the flat keels of the foreign boats.

I have heard—
I myself have seen the floating ships
And nothing will ever be the same —
The shouts,
The harrowing voices within the house.
I stand apart with an army:
My mind is graven with ships.

• *Second Chorus*

Paris came to Ida.
He grew to slim height
Among the silver-hoofed beasts.
Strange notes made his flute
A Phrygian pipe
He caught all Olympos
In his bent reeds.
While his great beasts
Cropped the grass,
The goddesses held the contest
Which sent him among the Greeks.
He came before Helen's house.
He stood on the ivory steps.
He looked upon Helen and brought
Desire to the eyes
That looked back—

The Greeks have snatched up their spears.
They have pointed the helms of their ships
Toward the bulwarks of Troy

TARIFF AND COPYRIGHT

Ezra Pound

"IF WE don't get to know these people" (i.e. English, French, Italian, our allies) "better, this war is a *failure*."

These words were addressed to me by George Russel in the office of the United States Department of Public Information, London, and they are the finest words spoken by any American official since the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Among the present hinderances to communication two at least are utterly needless; the first, America's demoded and mediaeval import duty on books, an atavism which the city of Paris had dispensed with in the sixteenth century, and the elimination of which aided in no small degree to keep Paris a centre of civilization;

The second hindrance is the red tape and insecurity of the copyright regulations.

Of these two, the first is America's sole affair, at least she alone can rectify the present stupidity.

The second calls for reciprocal intelligence and reciprocal action between England and America.

The tariff on books should be removed because it is an hindrance to international communication, serious at any time, and doubly serious now when we are trying to understand France and England more intimately.

This question of tariff on books should be wholly dissociated from the question of tariffs on anything else. Books have an immaterial as well as a material component, and because of this immaterial component they should circulate free from needless impediment. They should not be hindered in migration *even* for the sake of slight material gain.

George Haven Putnam has buried his argument of the case in his excellent volumes on "Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages". The question has been confused by the Free Trade Association, or a body of some such title, who have entangled it in their anti-protection campaign.

The tariff on books is specially noxious in the case of technical works and of important serious work of small circulation which can not be classed as "technical", such works for example as H. A. Ren-

nert's "Life of Lope de Vega" or James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist".

The government's income from import duty on serious literature is negligible. The sole result is to handicap American authors and to preserve a provincial tone in American literature to its invalidation.

The expression of thought is a process capable of improvements as complex and as important as the improvements of material mechanical processes.

The American writer hears of such improvements ten years late, and begins with that handicap.

For example the American novice begins to imitate a mode ten years late, about the time when Europe has got tired of the fashion.

Also they get these crazes untempered, they get the outstanding quality unbalanced by surrounding factors.

Even in a period when English literature is weak, they do not know of this weakness in time and are not driven to investigating French work, as for example from 1870 to 1900 when France was in a period of unusual vigour.

The case does not rest on a personal opinion about particular dates, authors, influences.

In any science you would recognize that a man not aware of the last technical discoveries was at a disadvantage. So is the American author. The disadvantage is NOT compensated by his being "protected by a tariff."

In the arts the only thing worth a damn is the thing which does not need protection.

Until America can produce such work, her artists are merely injuring the public intelligence by circulating the second rate.

The serious worker is penalized. Some of the best American work has been published abroad and the American author penalized for trying to send it home.

(The present writer is no longer in a position personally to benefit by removal of the tariff as his work is now published in both countries, and his American publication for the present rather ahead of his English publication).

Serious literary work can not be regarded as a commerce or as manufacturing. For example my redaction of Fenollosa's work

on the Japanese Classical Drama costs twenty years work to Fenollosa and includes my skill acquired by ten years constant practice. No possible or at any rate no probable sales can compensate this at the rate of unskilled day labour or pay it a "living wage".

Should one be taxed on top of this? Taxed for wishing to share the result with a limited American public?

Dr. Rennert's work on Lope de Vega falls under the same category.

Serious works of realism, works which should serve as stimulæ and as models to young writers have their entry into America *retarded*, the young men in Bloomsbury gets ten years start of the young man in New York or Indianapolis. With the cost of living higher, with the chances of leisure less, with life brief as it is, ten years handicap is almost insurmountable.

I am in touch with promising young American writers, I have seen men with good natural equipment who never get their perceptions recorded in prose firm enough to last or to compete with European prose.

AT LEAST the first 3000 copies of ANY book of which there is no American edition should go in free.

After that there may be some question of favoring the printer at the expense of the public.

The country, any country, wants all the books it can get. ONLY cheap GOOD books can compete with cheap bad books.

It would even be a blessing if all the second-hand book shops in Charing Cross Road could be dumped in any American city.

You have now a sane law about the importation of works of art, painting and sculpture.

I think even in the case of cheap reprints like Dent's "Everyman" series there is much to be said for getting rid of the tariff. There are plenty of good classics which Dent does not reprint.

The general level of intelligence would be improved much more by an American firm's reprinting OTHER classics even if the volume cost ten cents more, than by advancing the cost of Dent classics ten cents to the poor man, and having American firms try to compete by a series of reprints of the SAME books.

If for example an American firm were running a DIFFERENT set of books in competition I should have two chances of getting a cheap issue of Golding's *Ovid*, or Gavin Douglas' *Virgil*, which now

I can not get save by sheer luck in finding a 1719 issue of one and a three dollar reprint of the other.

Only those who are FED UP with poor books hunt out the good ones.

Literature should compete by QUALITY not by cheapness.

Literature is more important than the printing trade. And the dual nature, intellectual and material, or books should wrench them out of the doctrinaire inclusion in a general discussion of economics.

The law of supply and demand does not COVER the matter.

In ANY CASE the NON-COMPETITIVE books should go in free, the first 3000 should go in free.

C o p y r i g h t

It should be easier for a book to be copyright than for it to be not copyright.

It should be easier for a man to keep or keep the right to the work of his hands, *or of his brain*, than for another to steal it.

The present American copyright law is understood by few people and is of advantage neither to the public nor to the authors.

The copyright of any book printed *anywhere* should be and remain automatically the author's. The author should in return for thos protection place on file copies of his book at the national library, Washington, and in the municipal libraries of the four largest American cities.

Such placing on file of the work should dispose of any further dispute over the matter.

(I need hardly point out that said libraries would under this system acquire invaluable collections free of cost to the public).

Copyright from present date should be perpetual.

In my own case I wish to leave my royalties as a literary endowment; I should be able to do this with as much security as if I had acquired oil stock, or government bonds, instead of producing literature.

Secondly: the present law by which copyright expires permits dead authors to compete on unjust terms with living authors. Unscrupulous but well-meaning publishers, well serving the public, print dead authors more cheaply than living ones BECAUSE *they do not have to pay royalties*.

This is to the disadvantage of contemporary literature, to

the disadvantage of literary production. As America has less past literature than other countries it is particularly to American advantage that the living author should not fare at least as well as the dead one.

BUT the heirs of an author should be powerless to prevent the publication of his works or to extort excessive royalties.

If the heirs neglect to keep a man's work in print and at a price not greater than the price of his books during his life time, then unauthorized publishers should be at liberty to reprint said works, paying to heirs a royalty not more than 20% and not less than 10%.

BUT the protection of the author should not enable him to play dog in the manger.

IF having failed to have his works printed in America, or imported into America, or translated into American, an American publisher or translator apply to said author for premission to publish or translate a given work or works, *and receive* no answer within reasonable time, say six months, and if author do not give notice of intending other American publication (quite definitely stating where and when) within reasonable time, or designate some other translator as the authorized translator, then the first publisher or translator shall have the right to publish or translate any work, paying to the original author a royalty of not more than 20% and not less than 10% in the case of an English book published, and a royalty of not more than 10% and not less than 5% in the case of a foreign work translated. The original author shall have right at law to the minimum of these royalties.

But no unauthorized translation should inhibit the later publication of an authorized translation. Nevertheless an authorized translation appearing later should not in any way interfere with preceding translations save by fair and open competition in the market.

No perpetual copyright should come into effect without these safeguards. They are very important.

In addition: After a man's works have sold a certain number of copies, let us say 100,000, there should be no means of indefinitely preventing a very cheap reissue of his work, at let us say 25 cents a volume. Royalty on same payable at rate of 20% to author or heirs.

MEMORABILIA

Ezra Pound

"Patriotism in the arts consists in getting the best. It does not consist in a demand for the local product."

—William Atheling (*music critic*)
the "New Age", London.

THERE is still an American import duty on books. It is less than it was once. It is less than it was when the present author first began objecting to it, *but* it exists. It is not a war measure designed to increase revenue. It is part of an old obstructionism; part of an old hatred of intercommunication.

The world's immediate need is to annihilate the Prussian military tyranny. Other tyrannies and oppressions should follow said tyranny to the dung-heap. There are however plenty of people who are not working at the first job, nor in any way preparing for the second.

Kipling, at times a most execrable writer, has written
"Transportation is civilization."

This fact *can not* be too widely recognized. It is *not yet* half recognized.

People still having unused leisure can occupy some of it developing an objection to impeding the inflow of enlightenment.

There should be no import tax on books (not even on bad ones, not even on Marie Corelli and Hall Caine). But above all there is no sense in and not even a printers profit derivable from, an import tax on books which have a sale of only a few thousand copies.

It is merely a pettifogging obstruction.

Someone has just given \$15,000,000 to Yale; professors in a nickle-plated "civilization" being more highly valued than men of letters; the parroting of accepted opinions being more valued than invention.

French resistance to the Prussian demonstrates the value of a national consciousness, of an intelligent national consciousness; this

comes only from clear thought, freely and clearly expressed. The French defence proves that literature *pays* a nation.

The stamina of France is due in part to Théophile Gautier, to the Académie de Goncourt; to the French care for art and letters.

France spends more on literature and art than either England or America, both the latter being much larger and richer countries.

The rates for unpopular work are higher in France. France spends in prizes, rewards, endowments, direct on the creators.

France recognizes the economy of permitting the special talent to apply itself to the special labour.

When will the American endower learn to knock off 2% of his endowings and settle that fraction on literature ? ? ? ?

When, indeed ? ? ? ?

Ultior motives in literature are *the* curse. The patron, the desire to please the patron, had become a plaguing ulterior motive. Sam. Johnson bashed it in the head, he led a dog's life and freed English authors from the domination of patrons.

The demand that the public shall agree with the author's utterance has become the curse of contemporary letters. It has got to be bashed on the head.

The authentic presentation of his subject is job enough for any author; very few have attained it.

The intelligent man must fight the dominant imbecilities of his time, whether they are "aristocratic" or "democratic", mono-tyrannic or demo-tyrannic.

The man who states the fact as he sees it is of more "value to the state" than the man who receives a salary for uttering a set programme (religious, economic, political or literary, or "educational"). His value is proportionate to the clarity and precision of his statement; to the closeness of correspondence between his statement and fact.

There is a "body" called "The American Academy of Art and Letters".

What about it ?

There is also another "body" or periphery called "The American Institute of Art and Letters".

What about it ?

It can not be called a periosteum.

NOTES ON MUSIC, BOOKS, AND
THE THEATRE

Margaret Anderson

Alfred Cortot

Cortot is one of the people who matters. He plays the piano better than almost any one. He plays like a poet, like a religieuse. He is a master of all the nuances of the piano, and he uses his mastery as an act of worship. His first recital in New York was the kind of thing you are willing to wait years to hear. I could easily fall into superlatives, so I will merely say: do not miss this man. He has the *schöne tiefe seele*.

Harold Bauer

I have written so much of my predilection for Harold Bauer's playing that I need not go into detail of his first recital of the season. It seems to me that he is playing "drier" this year,—I mean, like wine. His César Franck has never been so mellow. He and Cortot are so different that it might be interesting to discover their starting-points. It is as though Bauer said: "Life has taught me much, and I play of forgotten beauty"; and Cortot: "Life has taught me nothing and I play of that beauty which I cannot forget". It is to this particular type of what may be called "arrested development" that Cortot owes the complete loveliness of his music. His Chopin is heartbreaking. Bauer's Chopin is always without this induced and essential melancholy.

Serge Prokofieff

This pianist has been widely heralded as "the greatest composer of Russia", — I believe they have even reported that he makes Scriabine and Stravinsky sound pale and melodious. Mr. Prokofieff played an all-Russian program of his own music, to which he added some etudes of Scriabine and Rachmaninoff. He is not a pianist in any sense of the word. He plays as nearly all composers play, — with a large carelessness of sound and a complete disregard — no, a complete ignorance — of the registers of the piano keyboard. But what interested me was to discover

that he is not a composer either.

He has simply strung together a series of modern tendencies and moods, but underneath them there runs no indication of an essential feeling. When he began playing Scriabine the difference between great composition and that effort *which assembles but cannot compose* became too apparent: the kind of thing that embarrasses you and fills you with strange feelings of shame. The audience did not share my reactions, but gave him an ovation; and I have been afraid to look at the criticisms. I know what will be said of him: "he played with great fire and his own compositions were remarkable", etc. It will all be terribly untrue. If there is any interest in getting at the truth, this could be said: he plays the piano with the quality of a skilled rag-time performer and his own music is a sort of Francis Grierson hodge-podge à la mode.

Yvette Guilbert

Yvette Guilbert is having a series of Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights at Maxime Elliott's Theatre. In some of her new songs she seems more inimitable than ever. She is of course incomparable and I have no new words with which to glorify her. I have just been reading her book, "How to Sing a Song" (Macmillan). It is nearly always a sad experience to hear what an artist has to say about his work. I am coming to think that there is just one unfailing test of an artist's greatness: that he shall be completely uninteresting about general ideas. For instance, the kind of thing that fills up Mme. Guilbert's book: "Observation is the faculty of seeing men and things quickly and justly", or "the inventive power of an artist is Imagination", or "the soul is a compound of all our intellectual faculties", etc., etc. None of these remarks means anything, necessarily; if it does it means something to be dismissed before any interesting talk can be produced on the subject. But the book is so charming in its naiveté and so interesting in its specific expression that you will not want to miss it. Of course you will find Clayton Hamilton airing his usual ineptitudes in the preface, such as that "except in rare instances, like that of Keats, it may be assumed that nobody has anything to say till after he is thirty", etc. But you already know Mr. Hamilton's capacity for imbecilities: the thing that will puzzle you is how Mme. Guilbert can tolerate such boredom.

"Can Grande's Castle"

Amy Lowell's new book (Macmillan) shares this typical lack of cerebration, in its preface, but the poetry she has made is characteristically incisive and sensuous. I have never known a poet, it happens, who likes Amy Lowell's poetry. This is a subject worth speculation, but I can't go into it just now. I like nearly all the poetry Miss Lowell writes, — with the exception of her long New England narratives; but those I don't call poetry.

Bertha Kalich

Bertha Kalich is doing a Danish play called "*The Riddle: Woman*" with intelligence and beauty. The play is a drama with only two or three psychological flaws (a soothing minimum), and I use the word "beauty" with discrimination. Bertha Kalich must have brains: she is so good to look at. It is the kind of look that argues an idea of beauty, and it is the rarest kind of thing to find on the American stage. It is the only hint of the exotic that I know of on the stage in this country. Nazimova has nothing of it: nothing of this contained and rhythmic distinction. Kalich is tempered, suave, still, dark and strange. It is a pity that such an actress has to depend upon the commercial theatre.

"The Living Corpse"

Tolstoy's story has been made into a play called "Redemption" and John Barrymore is starring in it. I think Mr. Barrymore has some idea of himself as an interesting decadent, and he will probably treat the public to a series of plays in which he can figure as the conventional aesthete and incidentally preach the conventional ideal of the mob's relation to the individual. Since Mr. Barrymore knows none of the closer aspects of these questions his appearance in such plays will continue to thrill the infantile and bore the sophisticated. As it stands "Redemption" is a kind of disintegrated Broadway "show", serving Mr. Barrymore as a vehicle for breaking into Art; with its gypsies and its music and its home-made costumes it is as suggestive of Russian drama as college theatricals or a Streets of Cairo. Of course the fault is Tolstoy's too. Tolstoy has no compelling drama for us. We are interested in the human being who finds himself an exile in the world, but not if his exile depends upon a general imperception of himself and the rest of mankind; just as we are inter-

ested in a man and woman who find some psychological barrier in the way of their marriage, but not if that barrier depends upon the prospective mother-in-law's idea of the conventions. Etc., etc., etc.

Mischa Levitski

The interesting thing about Levitski's playing is that he demonstrates so clearly what it is to have everything except the thing that differentiates, and therefore the thing that counts.

Eugene Berton

A seventeen-year old baritone made his debut in Aeolian Hall last month and the critics were very enthusiastic but said the usual unspecific things. Eugene Berton is a real singer, by some token of racial inheritance. He is a Russian Jew and looks charmingly like a Japanese doll. To hear this little Oriental singing Debussy and Rimskey-Korsakov and Barthélemy with all the authority of a grand opera star is an amazing and amusing and delightful phenomenon.

LIST OF BOOKS

John Rodker

Mina Loy's poems in the new "*Others*" Anthology, (Knopf, \$1.50) are in sufficient quantity to enable one to estimate her actual significance. Certainly she is a poet, but her work remains only-very interesting. Between that and poetry that matters remains still a wide gulf. Her visualisation is original, often brilliant, but head-work is cold comfort and her capacity for feeling is rather a cold indignation of the sort that finds expression in tags like 'Honesty is the best policy'.

When lines like this occur however:

He for the blue and red of her
The silent eyelids of her
The shiny smile of her.

one feels that some day emotion of good quality may be welded to her present method. I think that neither she nor Marianne Moore

realize that as words grow away from monosyllables they lose WEIGHT and significance and what vague richness of sound is gained leads only to diffusion of theme and of directness. This leads, after elucidation of one of Miss Moore's poems, merely to the conviction that her brain must be very large and particularly spongy. Her pyramids contain no Pharaohs: eviscerated kittens rather.

Mina Loy's "Human Cylinders" is a good poem. Simplified it might be great. She has the "cosmic touch": that hitching-on which pulls a theme or a treatment together — this being incidentally where Miss Moore fails.

I quote from "Human Cylinders":

Where each extrudes, beyond the tangible
One thin pale trail of speculation
From among us we have sent out
Into the enervating dusk
One little whining beast
Whose longing
Is to shrink back into antediluvian burrows
And one elastic tentacle of intuition.

Certainly it is all over the place, but the stuff is there. It appears that any deep quantity of emotion in this anthology is left to the men. Cannell, whom I think extremely good ("The Coming of Night"); Eliot who is represented by the "Preludes" and "Rhapsody of a Windy Night" and Wallace Stevens whose "Night piece" printed long ago in *Others* remains in my memory.

The women other than those already mentioned are charming, though again, not so harming as the men; Stevens, Bodenheim, Johns, etc; they all have good brains except perhaps Mary Carolyn Davies.

"Jonah" by Aldous Huxley (printed privately) is witty and accomplished and contains some of the most finished poems produced in this country during the war. The French poems are only comparable with those of Mr. Eliot which appeared in this review. The Oxford Volunteers is a tour-de-force and I am sorry that the war will not allow me to quote it. "The Betrothal of Priapus" is an excellent poem worthy of his master Laforgue. "Jonah," "Behemoth," "Minoan", "Porcelain" are brilliant.

"*Al Que Quiere*" by William Carlos Williams (Four Seas Company) is the most important book which has come from among the Imagists. It cost a dollar and the publisher says that he does not give a damn whether you like it or not because he has "the profound satisfaction of publishing a book in which the poets of the future will dig for material as the poets of to-day dig in Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. For once a publisher's notice contains some measure of truth. "Spring-strains" is a marvellous poem. All the poems are direct in treatment and confined as nearly as possible to the monosyllable. Every word has therefore WEIGHT, place and individual significance — there is no turgidity. It is a fallacy to assume that turgidity of emotion or of atmosphere must or even can be reproduced by obscurity of writing or implied in a web of onomatopoeic sound. Many of the poems are already known to me, but the consistency of his achievement was not apparent until they were collected in this book. It also clears up the "Improvisations" which appeared some time ago in this paper.

"*Poems of To-day* (Sidgwick and Jackson) for the use of children already familiar with the classics is a little presumptuous in imagining that such children will want to read Ada Smith, Margaret L. Woods, Newbolt etc., on England, Home and Beauty. There are however Sturge Moore and Yeats among them. The intelligent child will find its way. So will the stupid.

"*Wilderness Love Songs*" (Headley Brothers), by Mary Raleigh Richardson, has directness of treatment and a certain naiveté of expression. Unfortunately the view-point is vulgar and her directness mixed with usual poetic slush. A poem "The C. O. and the V. C." shows her sympathies are in the right place. Grammar frequently awful.

Ford Madox Hueffer's "On Heaven" is at last in volume form (John Lane). Unfortunately it is impossible to criticise a good poem. One just says that it is good and leaves it. The newer poems in this book are some of them equally good, although coherence is occasionally broken by sudden interpolation of a too personal set of symbols. His danger is, I think, a too easy and unreserved response to emotion. He ought to be a bad warrior since he wears no armour.

An International Episode

(Reprinted from "Poetry")

Some of our readers have asked me what number of the *English Review* would contain my reply to Edgar Jepson's article of last May. Let me answer with the following correspondence:

Mr. Austin Harrison, Editor of The English Review, to Miss Monroe, returning the latter's manuscript, "Mr. Jepson and United States Poetry":

Dear Miss Monroe:

I really think it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy over Jepson's article. We are very full at this moment and I could not in any case find room now.

Miss Harriet Monroe to Mr. Austin Harrison:

My dear Mr. Harrison:

Your letter of July 9th, returning my comments on Mr. Jepson, reminds me of the Kaiser's reply to Belgium. You invade our province, quite uninvited and undesired, and kill off its most prominent citizens. Then, when I protest, you inform me that "it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy."

It would have been more in accordance with the British tradition of fair play if this consideration had caused you to decline Mr. Jepson's egregiously caddish article.

And so ends an international episode.

Or perhaps not quite ends. For the *Little Review*, now under the dictatorship of Ezra Pound, reprints a condensation of Mr. Jepson's article in its latest number, Mr. Pound stating in his footnote that the article was "ordered" by *Poetry* "and then rejected for its lack of flattery." Let us take the trouble to set Mr. Pound right: our letter to Mr. Jepson saying that we might wish to use his proposed "appreciation" of American poetry was not an "order" and our rejection of it was not due to its "lack of flattery," but to its cheap incompetence. By the reprint Mr. Pound freshens up, so to speak, the article's attack on *Poetry*, a magazine which, during the past six years, he has so amiably represented in London. Evidently this poet obeys the scrip-

tural injunction not to let his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

Perhaps Mr. Harrison was not without excuse in declining my article, for Mr. Jepson's was certainly not worth a controversy—the only wonder is that any editor, however insular, could consider it worth his space. Opinionating, however denunciatory, is not criticism. To call Mr. Frost's "Snow" "a maundering burble," or to dispose of "The Chinese Nightingale" as "harmless enough verse . . . inspired by "The Ingoldsby Legends" (which Mr. Lindsay had never heard of), or to dismiss with scorn Cloyd Head's closely woven "Grotesques" after reading "at random" four lines, proves nothing except that Mr. Jepson should apply to himself his condemnation of Edgar Lee Masters by admitting that he has "no poetic quality of any kind"—or critical either.

Harriet Monroe.

The Episode Continued

jh

I suppose there are a lot of things to be said about the above and about a number of other things if one had the interest or the inclination.

Judging from the reverberations a great many people got excited over Mr. Jepson's article and a great many more suffer loudly and continually over Mr. Pound.

Miss Monroe is not the first to tell us that the *Little Review* is under the dictatorship of Pound. Our idea of having a foreign editor is not to sit in our New York office and mess up, censor, or throw out work sent to us by an editor in London. We have let Ezra Pound be our foreign editor in the only way we see it. We have let him be as foreign as he likes: foreign to taste, foreign to courtesy, foreign to our standards of Art. All because we believe in the fundamental idea back of our connection with Mr. Pound: the interest and value of an intellectual communication between Europe and America. If anyone can tell us of a more untiring, efficient, better-equipped poet to take over the foreign office let us hear from him.

I cannot understand how any one with enough intelligence to read the *Little Review* could have thought of Mr. Jepson's article as aesthetic criticism. Aesthetic criticism can only deal with work in which aesthetic activity is present... Mr. Jepson uses all the threadbare terminology of half-baked aesthetic criticism: "hammering out his idea", "the poet's vision of the world", "fine flower of the spirit" etc., to place work which he claims has no more to do with poetry than with "rat-catching". Why any confusion? Aesthetic criticism of rat-catching? Medical criticism of ship-building? Religious criticism of farming?

That Mr. Jepson reads Homer "beautifully" or discourses on Catallus can scarcely excuse the shallowness of such assertions as that the technical activity is the prime activity of Art, or his discussion of subject matter, voices, times or places as if these things had anything to do with the intuition of Beauty.

Of course I don't know what may have been Mr. Jepson's idea but Pound calls his article criticism in a footnote. Cursing, endless repetitions of abuse of all outsiders, and a mutual advertising agency for themselves, seem to be a popular kind of in-door-sport of the literary lizards in London. They call it criticism.

Neither can I quite see literature reduced to a profession of the mind in just the way these men do it. Among other things I am thinking of the Henry James number with its legal smell: "Step into my office and I will tell you of Mr. James".

We believe in the ancient truth that real appreciation of the arts is in some degree related to creation and cannot be taught, learned, willed or filched; much less can it be hammered into people or put upon them by threats, jeers and revilings. Pound's animadversions of his own countrymen induce a sullen boredom and a greater inattention of the arts, while his "slurs" and "insults" of foreign races and nationalities living here arouse anger and bewilderment. I have had countless letters from Jews, Letts, Greeks, Finns, Irish, etc., protesting against Mr. Pound's ignorance and indiscrimination. I have answered that this is always true of mushroom nations: this fixed imperception of the qualities and culture of all other nations. And then there are some of us who come from races of ancient culture to whom Mr. Pound's ravings sound but the torturings of an inferiority complex.

... and all this has nothing to do with editing a magazine. Criticism, praise, contempt, commiseration, — there is not enough r.

distance in the whole country for one grown human being. As long as Mr. Pound sends us work by Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, de Bosschere, — work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence — we have no complaint of him as an editor. If we are slightly jarred by his manner of asking for alms, or by any other personal manifestation, we can take care of that outside the magazine. We need no commiseration for our connection with Mr. Pound. We are not blind deficient children. All this again I say has nothing to do with editing a magazine of the arts. It is all very much only the outermost vibrations of discussions and replies.

I think I really started to write this because I scented an implied criticism of Chicago in Mr. Jepson's article. Every one gets jumpy over criticism for one cause or another: if not from mental timidity, from sentimentality. I reject all criticism of Chicago, sentimentally. I have seen some of the great cities of the world and many of the poorer ones. I know Chicago to the skin and bone. And Chicago has no thrall.

I know it has an Art Institute which advertises Art and Commerce. It has electric-lighted statues in its parks and will be ruined forever by a "city beautiful" plan designed by some of its aunts of art. I know its "artistic" life is segregated to a few blocks on the boulevard and can be easily avoided. Its artists live like refugees or work on newspapers. I know its blatancies, its swaggers, its displays, its timidities of approaching adolescence. Its people: infantile. I know all the other obvious, chronic things.

I know its glamour.

Pounding Ezra

(A Conversation)

THERE is about the writings of Ezra Pound the dubious charm of a graceful old maid. I find in him an elusive boredom. His poetry is an etiquette, his prose a less meticulous but not quite persuasive gesture. His whims are tired, his fancies keep falling asleep.

In essaying this sort of rigamarole judgment of Pound, I subscribe to no standards he may have violated nor nurse any tenets of which he may have fallen short. In fact my complaint against Ezra is that, having attracted me time and again with the promise of de-

lightful cerebral embraces, he is forever bidding me adieu with no more than a languid handshake—a suave, a fastidious, an irreproachable, but still a handshake. And thus I report now from no other inspiration than the petulance of one who, rushing forward to sin, remains to pray.

Perhaps Pound's place is, as others have fervently pointed out, in the literary politics of the day rather than in its literature. He may be an influence, the patriarch cod of the *vers libre* school or anything of the sort which it beguiles less fallible historians than myself to nominate him. My relations with his work, however, are entirely personal. I am unable to perceive any influence in it. The various rules for the writing of poetry which he has from time to time handed down from his fastidious Sinai, I have regarded always as the surviving and irrepressible capers of the pedagogue either Pound was in his youth or in a previous incarnation. Rules and don'ts are things more applicable to hotel bath rooms than to poetry. I do not understand how rules for the writing of poetry can possibly produce a poet. And without producing a poet other than himself I can see no credit in being an Influence.

That Pound has flushed covey upon covey of irritating imitators is too obvious for comment. I dismiss this political aspect of his work with the report, based entirely upon prejudice, that Pound to me has appeared always as some Pied Piper luring his swarm of literary rodents out of their conventional stables to their doom.

A man is an influence by what he does rather than by the facile explanations of how he happened to do it. Or—in the words of my grammar school copy book But the matter is dismissed.

I concern myself with the things Ezra Pound has written. Of these I have read only a book of poems called "Lustra", an indefinable volume called "Pavannes and Divisions" and four or five scattered *és* says, five or six scattered poems which may have been collected elsewhere. From this reading I have achieved the conviction that Pound's is a sane, clear visioned, cultured mind. I dislike calling people cultured but the man "knows" so hopelessly many more things than do I that the word comes naturally to my aid. My usual weapon for creatures who have had the leisure to assimilate more than I is the bloody and terrifying mace Academic. This, Pound is not. He has devoured the devil knows how many books but he has digested them. Perhaps he is too full—perhaps his languor is that of the bride rather than the old maid. Such distinction is, however, beside the

issue. The point is that nothing Pound has devoured has stuck in his throat to be spewed up as statistics with which to embarrass the young. The things that Pound has got out of esoteric volumes have made him merry rather than profound.

Of James Branch Cabell, a writer whom I cannot regard other than as professor, I once wrote . . . "the disillusion of a man who has read too much rather than lived too completely . . . A wistful librarian spying upon the world through the dust of ancient manuscripts."

For saying this I was solemnly spanked. Nevertheless I still believe it. Not so of Pound.

However, I am being betrayed by my natural admiration for the man into praise, which is not my intention. In order, nevertheless, to satisfy my little-exercised sense of justice, I will go on. Cultured Pound is, and more than that, sane and clear visioned. His reflections upon the art of others are based upon shrewd, definite understandings, and upon intuitions of taste more fluid and sensitive than those of Pollard, Mencken, Huneker, Ellis. By this I mean nothing more than that I agree with him. Although I was once pleased by "The Tidings Brought to Mary"—a play by Caudel under whose Catholic seat Ezra is continually exploding firecrackers.

In addition to his critical genius Pound has also ideas about life to which I subscribe. He is ready with a pensive razzberry for every variety of sham in the calender of the saints. The decay of the soul under religious morality inspires him to proper protest. And his irony is not the clumsy irony of Cabell who bids one look at the world from a perch amid the stars and see how little it is. Pound's irony is not the Teutonic shrug of "what will it all matter a hundred years from now?"

Also he is a decadent,—famous generality. I mean by this, however, that as an artist he is concerned with the color of a cat's eyes rather than with the animal's place in the social system. All this about Pound is what lures me to him with the promise of cerebral embrace. And yet I have just come away from another languid handshake: "Pavannes and Divisions."

What is it, then, wrong with Pound—for it does not occur to me to blame myself? I can answer this thing convincingly to myself.

There is no ecstasy in Pound. There is no tumult in him. Hell, take the quibble about emotion—personal emotion—in art. I am not referring to that. I know of no lines or ideas that Pound has

ever plagiarized. And yet he has always about him the air of a mimic. His style appeals to me not as the cunning mask for ideas but as inflections borrowed, as posturings filched for a moment from a scholastic wardrobe trunk. He does not present to me a style—but a series of portrayals. Elsie Janis doing Bernhart, Eddie Foy and George Cohan . . .

Also, he writes like an "old master" looks—faded and impressive. He is too damned careful of his lamentable rules and regulations. He is timorous of disonances and strophes and rhythyms and what not. He launches his phrases with the nervous scrupulous air of one launching tiny ships upon too broad a sea.

His vocabulary shudders at itself and bids itself take heed—there are the entities and the verities and, God help him, the proprieties to observe. What makes the stylist? With my friend Mr. Wallace Smith I repeat. "I'll bite?"

I do not know what makes the stylist any more than I know what is art, and what, by the whiskers of all prophets, is not until I see a work of art itself. And then, beyond certain elementals, the matter, as like as not, depends upon the condition of my bowels and the color of the day.

"Pavannes and Divisions" is a composition to inspire respect and admiration. Its opening bit of irony and its chapter on De Gourmont particularly appealed to me. In them Pound successfully refutes most of what I can scrape up against him.

But the book is—to revert to my favorite habit of generalizing—a talented dancer handicapped by an aversion to rouge and legs more than ethereally thin. I do not intend to argue that rouge and a shapely leg make the stylist. I do not intend to argue anything.

"Remy de Gourmont," writes Pound, "has embedded his philosophy in a luxurious mist of the senses."

Were Pound writing of himself he might say, "Ezra Pound of Idaho has etched his philosophy upon a moonbeam."

Undoubtedly the faults that my prejudice for "luxurious mists of the senses" manages to find in Pound are the virtues of which he is most pleasantly conceited. Undoubtedly it may be said that the desire for stronger music and for madder wine argues a taste a bit coarsened. And yet, I cling to the stubborn disillusion of the yokel lured into the tent by the seductive lithographs without. To me Pound remains the exquisite showman minus a show.

I conclude full of ethical confusions. The whimsical canaille who police the arts with their yelps do not fancy Pound. To his immortal credit let it be shouted that they consider him a low and vulgar ass, a sort of filthy smart aleck. To his everlasting fame let it be heralded that in the eyes of the literary laws of his day Pound was a primping and obnoxious clown. I know of no greater praise for him than that the fraternity of half-witted hacks, diapered pundits and flatulent night-school wits who constitute the general run of newspaper editorial writers, book reviewers, and column conductors of the day, consider him as they do. I envy him his enemies. Billingsgate for Billingsgate, I know of no more agreeable pastime than "defending" Ezra against the redolent sutterings of the half dead.

It is for this reason that I assume an apologetic vagueness in talking of him as I have. It is a vagueness I do not actually feel.

Major Robert Gregory*

(*A Note of Appreciation from the "Observer", February 17, 1918.*)

W. B. Yeats

I have known no man accomplished in so many ways as Major Robert Gregory, who was killed in action a couple of weeks ago and buried by his fellow-airmen in the beautiful cemetery at Padua. His very accomplishment hid from many his genius. He had so many sides: painter, classical scholar, scholar in painting and in modern literature, boxer, horseman, airman — he had the Military Cross and the Legion d'Honneur — that some among his friends were not sure what his work would be. To me he will always remain a great painter in the immaturity of his youth, he himself the personification of handsome youth. I first came to understand his genius when, still almost a boy, he designed costumes and scenery for the Abbey Theatre. Working for a theatre that could only afford a few pounds for the staging of a play, he designed for

* *Editor's note: Since the publication of Mr. Yeats's poem on Robert Gregory which appeared in the September number we have received so many letters asking for particulars about Robert Gregory, and whether he was the son of Lady Gregory, that I feel we can do no better than to reprint this beautiful note of appreciation.*

Lady Gregory's *Kinkora* and her *Image* and for my *Shadowy Water* and for Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* — decorations which, obtaining their effect from the fewest possible lines and colours, had always the grave distinction of his own imagination. When he began to paint, accustomed to an older school of painting, I was long perplexed by what seemed to me neglect of detail. But in a few years I came to care for his paintings of the Clare coast, with his close shadows upon blue-grey stony hills, and for one painting of a very different scenery by his friend, Innes, more than for any contemporary landscape painting. A man of letters may perhaps find work such as this, or in old Chinese painting, in the woodcuts and etchings of Calvert and Palmer, in Blake's woodcuts to *Thornton's Virgil*, in the landscape background of Mr. Ricketts' "Wise and Foolish Virgins," something that he does not find in the great modern masters, and that he cares for deeply. Is it merely that these men share certain moods with great lyric poetry, with, let us say, the "Leach Gatherer" of Wordsworth; or that their moods, unlike those of men with more objective curiosity, are a part of the traditional expression of the soul? One always understood by something in his selection of line and of colour that he had read his Homer and his Virgil and his Dante; that they, while giving something of themselves, had freed him from easy tragedy and trivial comedy.

Though he often seemed led away from his work by some other gift, his attitude to life and art never lost intensity — he was never the amateur. I have noticed that men whose lives are to some extent an ever-growing absorption in subjective beauty — and I am now mainly remembering Calvert's philosophy of myth and his music theory, or Verlaine's sensuality, or Shelley's politics — seek through some lesser gift, or through mere excitement, to strengthen that sense which unites them to ordinary men. It is as though they hesitate before they plunged into the abyss. Major Gregory told Mr. Bernard Shaw, who visited him in France, that the months since he had joined the army had been the happiest of his life. I think they brought him peace of mind, an escape from that shrinking, which I sometimes saw upon his face, before the growing absorption of his dream, the loneliness of his dream, as from his constant struggle to resist those other gifts that brought him ease and friendship. Leading his squadron in France or in Italy, mind and hand were at one, will and desire.

The Disease of "American" "Criticism"

In turning over the pages of the bound volume of the *Little Review* 1917-18 my eye is caught by a phrase so symptomatic of the dry rot of American art-talk that I must needs dig it up and reprint it. The thing in itself is trifling. In my opening salute I made certain remarks about English literature *during the last three years*. I named a precise and definite period of *three years*. No one but a matoid could have misunderstood the simple phrase "during the past three years". A child of seven would have been amply qualified to comprehend both the numerical adjective "*three*" and the substantive "*years*".

What happens. In the next number we find a letter to the *Little Review*, attacking my remarks in the May number. Excellent. Let us have free discussion. But note the method. My remarks about "three years" are translated into remarks about "recent times". "During recent times" so and so

That sloppiness is so utterly and absolutely symptomatic, — and damn the state of mind whereof it is symptomatic! — that I wish to focus some light upon it. It is a "trifle" but it is the sort of thing that *goes on all the time* and utterly vitiates nine tenths of artistic discussion.

There is not a serious and careful statement made by any careful critic of our decade (decade, *ten years*) but some soap-mouthed inaccuratist flies into a froth and writes pages, usually in corner columns and for pay, stating that the first critic has said something or other, superficially like, but actually different from what the first writer did actually say . . . This inexact statement he proceeds to call "absurd". It is his (the second critic's) proposition.

Men writing about art and letters, for cash, and in a hurry, are not expected to preserve the rules of intellectual honesty. They haven't time or energy to preserve anything. They make the excuse that they are "only journalists" and nothing else can be expected of them.

These excuses, poor as they are, do not apply to people writing unpaid letters, or to people pretending to care for the arts.

The term *fumiste* is not sufficiently used in our country.

A technical Newspaper-man's paper has asked me to write an indictment of the American press. Perhaps I shall get round to it in

time.

It will not be an indictment of "News", which is I believe a process in which a certain amount of honesty can be employed.

It will be an indictment of the ignorance, carelessness, inaccuracy of practically every statement made concerning literature and the arts in practically every paper that pretends to treat of these subjects.

"Based on the supposition that the moon is thirty miles from St. Louis" . . . this sentence beginning an article would notify the reader that a "rag" was intended. But sentences of equal import have so long prefaced discussions of literature in both England and America that editors and readers alike have contracted the habit of treating the adjacent and following "copy" with seriousness and of according to it the "respect due to our elders".

It is the dance of foetid frivolity. The British Empire is no better off.

—E. P.

THE READER CRITIC

The Audience *

"The use of articulate speech by human beings is inconsiderate", said the pig. "They should consider our capacity for comprehension. We can neither express ourselves in this fashion, nor can we comprehend the utterance of these humans". "O que le monde soit porcine!"

*(Special dedication to E. Hamilton of Chicago).

Comments

B. O. N., Chicago:

Won't you ask Ezra to go ahead and make some remarks that would be considered bright in the twentieth century?

Jean de Bosschere

(to notice and to not)

Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:

When artist's work is executed in desire to reach expression with usual interpretation of forms it is not surprising to notice that

people of extreme texture of talents will be very often close to being same.

Like: works of Dürer, da Vinci, Holbein will in some instances appear unclassifiable as to style.

But if ! artist's work is of interpretative style, that is each form is translated by maker into art with his colouring of laughter, pity, sarcasm or English respect for respectable beauty, his work will be more dressed into style of surfaces, and in such moments it is not forgivable if he dresses his "likings" as "likings" of others are dressed; and so—

First page drawing of Jean de Bosschère—because of its execution of "forms" — is squeezed out in momentary influence of Frederick J. Waugh. And! absence of personality of drawing is proving only—that not always we can dance with feeling if shoed in not our own boots.

Second page drawing? same. It is Egyptianized: Klimt (Vienesé artist—see *Die Kunst*).

This is not to notice about Bosschère.

Now! let us come close and listen to his laughs, pressing our ears to his stomach, for he holds them there, reboiling them into black ear which runs into veins that feed his shrieking pen.

This man goes not to circus. He stays with his friends and spends no money for admission . . . If I was flea and went among my brethren that is villaged somewhere between hips of elephant I would become artist and would draw my friends trying to humanize them so they may be more dignified.

It is easy to imitate Beardsley for real artist can not be imitated. Beardsley would be expressing himself if his "self" was long enough to reach very tip of drawing pen. But unfortunately is stopped about one inch from its end. He was "all pretense" and if sincerity broke through it was then when he was "absent". Artist who does not feel his very tip of—let us say brush, pen, pencil, or so—is not one who wants or is able to "give",—he only cares to "receive" and he easily can be imitated.

As for first two drawings I care not to notice them, and as to last two remaining I have tremblance of enthusiastic appreciation.

When artist "gives" and is present on his very end of tip he will get breathless respond. He forces his audience to "give" appreciation.

Ay! but you gave beautifully! Bosschère!

Breakfast Resume

Marsden Hartley, Taos, New Mexico:

I sit with tea and toast, and honey made from flowers in New Mexico. There is an abundance of sweet peas in the flavour. Before me rests the optically distressing green of the *Little Review*. I have laid the others away. In the presence of this exceptionally colourful country there is too much of superficial Chinese in the neurotic cerise, egotistic green, feline orange, and neurasthenic citron. What is inside happily changes the tone somewhat for the eye at least, and helps tea and toast and honey along. In the Yeats poem we have an unsuspected letdown, excepting for a line or two. I for one was looking for a work of art with the name Yeats, in the latest stages of the fullness of that poet. It is hardly to be found here. Comes the "Western School" of Edgar Jepson; Why western, with Frost in, and Sandburg out? Frost is in no way western. It is nevertheless a worthy tearing down of idols, and much of what Jepson says is true and ought to be good for those men who are considered. The examples cited are hardly the best of these men, Masters or Frost. I am one who does not care for the American language in its present stage and yet I think Jepson stretches points in spots. I think English as it stands is good enough for poets of sincerity to adhere to, and for those who are fond of words. It seems a pity to use words at all where there is not a real admiration for them. There are fine things in the poets Jepson chooses to flay, and yet I think something is to be said against the liberties they take. Lindsay has certainly been anxious lest the world should overlook the drum and the megaphone.

I personally do not like jingle, and Lindsay is bent double with jingle. If Jepson knew the yankee and his country, and he may know it better than the yankee himself, he would, I think, find much in roost to commend for its sincerity at least. His quality of "muttering to himself", "mulling over an idea" as it is sometimes called, is so essentially yankee in the New England sense that it is this if nothing else which makes him interesting. He has put New England down in a way that no one else has done.

Robinson and Gould are New England also, but they are another pole. These two latter are more specifically Maine, and Gould is more Maine than anybody. Music is probably the thing that

unts after all in poetry, and there is frequently not much of music Masters or Sandburg, and some wonder if it is good prose also.

Jepson's appreciation of T. S. Eliot is hardly borne out by the poems that follow him in the *Little Review*, though we do know that S. E. has done far better things. These in hand will hardly bear out upon either for fine Americanism, or for fine construction. We all not expect T. S. E. to live long on them. When I hit upon the word "polyphiloprogenitive" as a first word and the whole line of a poem, I am at a loss for the feeling of music, as well as the beauty in the word. Then the avalanche that follows! I have to give the teapot another twist to keep my eye from skewing it. "Paraclete", "pustular", "piaculative", "epicene", "polymath", in one little poem. I feel as if lemon juice were running through the optical nerve, down the marrow of my spine. I feel "puckered" with p's, and p is not so handsome as to have run with such eagerness to it. I get little jerks to my morning sensibility, and feel sorry for the piece that has to support so much work for the thin tracery that surmounts it. I had a similar shock in the July neurasthenic citron number from the phrase "pluploisbius twitter" in one of the dissertations of E. P. I have no dictionary of this size in the desert, and yet I thought I saw a procession of Dynosaurus and Ichthyosaurus monsters and the whole line of mastodons coming up over the canyons and the sagebrush when my eye fell on that arrangement. I recovered from the fright, only to take to cover again with Mr. Eliot. Our Americans abroad are certainly formidable in their intelligence. I am wanting to think however that erudition is one thing, the dictionary another, and poetry different from either of them. I suffer for "Little lamb who made thee, dost thou know who made thee" in the presence of the Pound-Eliot phraseology. Poetry may be the place for private excursions into the oddities of language, the journees into the lairs of little known animals, but it does not seem to me the place for the rattling of so much tin. Bronze is all good enough for the common ear.

Yeats and Eliot then give us the drop in this number. An essay by Yeats on Lionel Johnson, Singe, Pollfoxen, "our Sidney" and our perfect man, soldier, scholar, horseman he" etc., would it seem to me have been a happier medium. Perhaps the instinctive song will prove more than diligence at Webster or the Oxford

categories, in the case of the Eliot-Pound method. It is not as good as Browning.

Again, possibly those whose blissful ignorance along their "yokel" road sets them smiling too wilfully, should in all humility genuflect and make the sign of the cross upon their crassly stupid foreheads with thanksgiving, for the rich bestowals of American manna from an English heaven. Pound makes us wonder with his incessantly tedious schoolmaster whippings. Naughty boy, my countryman, not to know so much! A little intellectual "penitente" might be good for him also. Maybe he has suffered enough already, in which case I could urge no more pain. I should be humblest and proudest of all, for Pound once asked me to write for the *Egoist* an elaboration of a preface I write for one of my exhibitions. I appreciate this still and hope one day to rise to the distinction. Pound has stated himself clearly further over in the issue on the value of savantism and literacy. Critics should of necessity know more because they have more to profess. I congratulate E. P. on knowing a genuine lot. There is a something outside of books so engaging however, that many haven't time for the life of the printed page, enticing as it is. Life is such a game, that there are many who can't get down to culture.

In "Senility" Sherwood Anderson shows himself to be a fine artist, in the conte drolatique. Wallace Gould the Maine poet called him once the real successor of Maupassant, which sounds at least possible. I did not feel the same power in "Marching Men". Maybe Anderson is not master of the historical canvas, and after all what difference does it make? Pound gives my feeling on Szukalski. It is for me a sheet out of *Jugend*. He will never be seen by the side of Gaudier Brzeska or Aubrey Beardsley. It is too far a cry from Dürer's "Meancholy" and the exquisite irony of Beardsley to the illustrations of Szukalski. It is belated, and all art overdue is certain to be sad.

Ben Hecht's "Decay." Joyce is Joyce always, light, witty and playfully incisive. What are "soft bubbling alleys"? "Ulcerous shadows" is certainly more painfully vivid in Hecht. What may soft bubbling alleys bubble with, beer, laughter, or fornication or just plain simple human life. Hecht is for me too much steaming stench. I feel my feet clogged with offal from dejected alleys. I like good country mud. I am running in my mind to the Tower

f Silence in India where vultures sit preening a bored wing, with arched and clotted beaks waiting for the dumping of fresh carcasses from the world's death houses. He has an avid eye for dejection and the accompanying miseries. He is certainly a lover of dripping sweat, and the other smelly characteristics of the flesh.

Flesh with air around it smells often like summer fragrance, but in hot tenement I want the wind from the lake. I would suspect Hecht of too much "human sympathy", or may be there is not enough. Howling children, fierce-eyed pregnant women, and the stench of literate skin are a form of art I suppose; I would leave them any minute for a circus parade or the pageantry of an afternoon on the Boulevard. A walk on Picadilly, the Boulevard des Italiens, or Fifth Avenue would give me an irony of a more delectable sort. Photography of microscopic slides are interesting. A cancer has beautiful floral arrangements in it under the glass, and the tracery of tuberculosis is exquisite. It is the removed sense of pattern that makes their portrayal more attractive. It all sounds like a tour through the chamber of horrors of Chicago, and from its reviews it seems to be little else than a smelting furnace, a hog market, and a slum. The picture of grime is not enspiriting, and yet Hecht is masculine, and has hold of what he sees at least. I am too near the smells of the alley in Hecht. I prefer the odours of animals, for they are at least musky. A skunk contributes a piercing and even fragrant reality to your evening airs of summer, and it is as native as the monotone of the whip-poor-will on the roof-ee. I would welcome the barnyard as more within my endurance.

I would say "heavy" a little also with E. P., after going from Hecht across to Joyce and Hueffer. These men have a touch such as beaten metal shows; Joyce will outlive his present method if he has not already. It has its limitations like any other scientific formula in literature.

I should like to ask a little thing. What is the matter with the typesetters of the *Little Review*? So many misprints and omissions that it makes the reading very restless. In two pages, eight misprints and omissions. Either bad linotype keyboard work, or bad hand work. As to E. P.'s habitual flaying of America, even those who understand him best can consider repetitions no more or less than boresome and fatiguing. What with Jepson's plopp-eyed yokel", "fat-headed ruck", and E. P.'s critical insistence,

we might be a lot of groundhogs out before shadowtime. It playful but not true. Mr. Jepson can, if he has not already, he very respectable English, in the east more I must confess, and f enough from Boston not to care. Even Boston, among the bor of the world's cities, can show a thing or two for clear style in co versation among fisherman, truckmen, and like types, or what I might call the eastern equivalent of "yokel". Nasal is surely t American disease, but it is not the national culture. Born English parents among the yankees of Maine, I have experience some good examples of English among such as farmers, both as diction and pronunciation. I cannot say much for the western as yet, as I did not know them as well.

The Henry James Number

H. W. H., Canton, Illinois:

The Henry James number is a masterly job of reviewing: flaw just once where Mr. Pound pauses to dribble hydrophobial froth the Anglican blood-lust with which he is infected.

Mrs. L. K., Brooklyn, New York:

The Henry James number is a great eye-opener to me. never knew there was so much in the man. I recall reading h thirty or so years ago,—a few things that came out in Harper's, believe. I remember wondering why he paid so much attentio to things of little or no importance. Further than that he seem only to be showing me intricate patterns that were difficult to follo I have so much to learn, you see.

Genesis, or, the first book in the Bible ("Subject to authority")

The sacred author of this work complied with the ideas accep able to his era: It was almost necessary: without this ondesce tion he would not have been understood. There remain for merely a few reflections on the physics of these remote times. for the theology of the book: we respect it, we believe it most fir ly, we would not risk the faintest touch to its surface.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth". That is t

* Translated from an eighteenth-century author.

way they translate it, yet there is scarcely anyone so ignorant as not to know that the original reads "the gods created heaven and earth". Which reading conforms to the Phoenician idea that God employed lesser divinities to untangle chaos. The Phoenicians had been long established when the Hebrews broke into some few provinces of their land. It was quite natural that these latter should have learned their language and borrowed their ideas of the cosmos.

Did the ancient Phoenician philosophers in "the time of Moses" know enough to regard the earth as a point in relation to the multitude of globes which God has placed in infinity? The very ancient and false idea that heaven was made for the earth has nearly always prevailed among ignorant peoples. It is rather as if God had created many mountains and one grain of sand: the mountains would have been made for the sand. It is scarcely possible that such good navigators as the Phoenicians should not have had a few decent astronomers, but the old prejudices were quite strong, and were gently handled by the author of Genesis, who wrote to teach us God's ways and not to instruct us in physics.

"The earth was all *tohu bohu* and void, darkness was over the face of the deep, the spirit of God was borne on the waters".

"*Tohu bohu*" means precisely chaos, disorder. The earth was not yet formed as it is at present. Matter existed, the divine power had only to straighten things out. The "spirit of God" is literally the "breath or "wind" which stirred up the waters. This idea is found in fragments of the Phoenician author Sanchoniathon. The Phoenicians, like all the other peoples of antiquity, believed matter eternal. There is not one author of all those times who ever said that one could make something of nothing. Even in the Bible there is no passage which claims that matter was made out of nothing, not but what this creation from nothing is true, but its verity was unknown to the carnal Jews.

Men have been always divided on the eternity of the world, but never on the eternity of matter.

De nihilo nihilum, "*Gigni et in nihilum nil posse reverti*," writes Persius, and all antiquity shared this opinion. God said "Let there be light," and there was light, and he saw that the light was good, and he divided the light from darkness, and he called the light *day* and the darkness *night*, and this was the evening and the morning of the first day. And God also said that the firmament, etc., the second

day . . . saw that it was good."

Let us begin by seeing whether the bishop of Avranches Huet, Leclerc etc., are right, against those who claim that this is a sublime piece of eloquence.

* * * * *

The Jewish author lumps in the light with the other objects of creation; he uses the same turn of phrase, "saw that it was good". The sublime should lift itself above the average. Light is no better treated than anything else in this passage. It was another respected opinion that light did not come from the sun. Men saw it spread through the air before sunrise and after sunset; they thought the sun served merely to reinforce it. The author of Genesis conforms to popular error : he has the sun and moon made four days after the light. It is unlikely that there was a morning and evening before the sun came into being, but the inspired author bows to the vague and stupid prejudice of his nation. It seems probable that God was not attempting to educate the Jews in philosophy or cosmogeny. He could lift their spirits straight into truth, *but he preferred* to descend to their level. One can not repeat this answer too often.

The separation of the light from the darkness is not part of another physical theory; it seems that night and day were mixed up like two kinds of grain, and that they were sifted out of each other. It is sufficiently well established that darkness is nothing but the deprivation of light, and that there is light only in so far as our eyes receive the sensation, but no one had thought of this at that time.

The idea of the firmament is also of respectable antiquity. People imagined the skies very solid, because the same set of things always happened there. The skies circulated over our heads, they must therefore be very strong. The means of calculating how many exhalations of the earth and how many seas would be needed to keep the clouds full of water? There was then no Halley to write out the equations. There were tanks of water in heaven. These tanks were held up on a good steady dome; but one could see through the dome; it must have been made out of crystal. In order that the water could be poured over the earth there had to be doors, sluices, cataracts which could be opened, turned on. Such was the current astronomy, *and* one was writing for Jews; it was quite necessary to take up their silly ideas, which they had borrowed from other peoples only a little less stupid.

"God made two great lights, one to preside over the day, the other the night, and he made also the stars".

True this shows the same continuous ignorance of nature. The Jews did not know that the moonlight is merely reflection. The author speaks of the stars as luminous points, which they look like, although they are at times suns with planets swinging about them. But holy spirit harmonized with the mind of the time. If he had said that the sun is a million times as large as the earth, and the moon fifty times smaller, no one would have understood him. They appear to be two stars of sizes not very unequal.

"God said also: let us make man in our image, let him rule over the fishes etc."

What did the Jews mean by "in our image"? They meant, like all antiquity.

Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta decorum. One can not make "images" save of bodies. No nation imagined a bodiless god, and it is impossible to picture him as such. One might indeed say "god is nothing of anything we know", but then one would not have any idea what he is. The Jews constantly believed god corporal, as did all the rest of the nations. All the first fathers of the church also believed god corporal, until they had swallowed Plato's ideas, or rather until the lights of Christianity had grown purer.

"He created them male and female".

If God or the secondary gods created man male and female in their resemblance, it would seem that the Jews believed God and the Gods were male and female. One searches to see whether the author meant to say that man was at the start ambisextrous or if he means that God made Adam and Eve the same day. The most natural interpretation would be that god made Adam and Eve at the same time, but this is absolutely contradicted by the formation of woman from the rib, a long time after the first seven days.

"And he rested the seventh day".

The Phoenicians, Caldeans, and Indians say that God made the world in six periods, which Zoroaster calls the six gahambars, so celebrated among Persians.

It is incontestable that all these people had a theogeny long before the Jews got to Horeb and Sinai, and before they could have had writers. Several savants think it likely that the allegory of the six days is imitated from the six periods. God might have permit-

ted great nations to have this idea before he inspired the Jews, just as he had permitted other people to discover the arts before the Jews had attained any.

"The place of delight shall be a river which waters a garden, and from it shall flow four rivers, Phison . . . Gehon . . . etc. Tigris, Euphrates . . ."

According to this version the terrestrial paradise would have contained about a third of Asia and Africa. The Euphrates and Tigris have their sources sixty miles apart in hideous mountains which do not look the least like a garden. The river which borders Ethiopia can be only the Nile, whose source is a little over a thousand miles from those of the Tigris and the Euphrates; and if Phison is the Phase, it is curious to start a Scythian river from the fount of a river of Africa. One must look further afield for the meaning of all these rivers. Every commentator makes his own Eden.

Some one has said that the Garden was like the gardens of Eden at Saana in Arabia Felix celebrated in antiquity, and that the parvenu Hebrews might have been an Arab tribe taking to themselves credit for the prettiest thing in the best canton of Arabia, as they have always taken to themselves the tradition of all the great peoples who enslaved them. But in any case they were led by the Lord.

"The Lord took man and set him in the midst of the garden, to tend it." It is all very well saying "tend it", "cultivate the garden", but it would have been very difficult for Adam to cultivate a garden 3000 miles long. Perhaps he had helpers. It is another chance for the commentators to exercise their gifts of divination. . . . as they do with the rivers.

"Eat not of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil". It is difficult to think that there was a tree which taught good and evil; as there are pear trees and peach trees. One asks why God did not wish man to know good from evil. Would not the opposite wish (if one dare say so) appears more worthy of God, and much more needful to man? It seems to our poor reason that God might have ordered him to eat a good deal of this fruit, but one must submit one's reason and conclude that obedience to God is the proper course for us.

"If you eat of the fruit you shall die".

Yet Adam ate, and did not die in the least; they say he lived another nine centuries. Several "Fathers" have considered all this as an alle-

ry. Indeed one may say that other animals do not know that they, but that man knows it through his reason. This reason is the e of knowledge which makes him foresee his finish. This explanation may be more reasonable, but we do not dare to pronounce on it.

"The Lord said also: It is not good that man should be alone, us make him an helpmate like to him." One expects that the rd is going to give him a woman, but first he brings up all the sts. This may be the transposition of some copyist.

"And the name which Adam gave to each animal is its real ne." An animal's real name would be one which designated all qualifications of its species, or at least the principal traits, but s does not exist in any language. There are certain imitative rds, cock and cuckoo, and *alali* in greek, etc. Moreover if Adam l known the real names and therefore the properties of the anils, he must have already eaten of the tree of knowledge; or else would seem that God need not have forbidden him the tree, since already knew more than the Royal Society, or the Academy.

Observe that this is the first time Adam is named in Genesis. e first man according to the Brahmins was Adimo, son of the th. Adam and Eve mean the same thing in Phoenician, another ication that the holy spirit fell in with the received ideas.

"When Adam was asleep etc. . . . rib . . . made a woman." The d, in the preceding chapter, had already created them male and ale; why should he take a rib out of the man to make a woman eady existing? We are told that the author announces in one ce what he explains in another. We are told that this allegory ws woman submitted to her husband. Many people have believed the strength of these verses that men have one rib less than wo- a, but this is an heresy (vide Heresy, later)' and anatomy shows that a woman is no better provided with ribs than her husband.

"Now the serpent was the most subtle of beasts." etc., " he said he woman" etc.

There is nowhere the least mention of the devil or a devil. All physical. The serpent was considered not only the subtlest of all sts by all oriental nations; he was also believed immortal. The ldeans had a fable about a fight between god and a serpent; it is served by Pherecides. Origen cites it in his sixth book against us. They carried snakes in the feasts of Bacchus. The Egypt- attributed a sort of divinity to the serpent, as Eusebius tells us

in his "Evangelical Preparations", book I., chapter X. In India and Arabiā, and in China, the serpent was the symbol of life; the Chinese emperors before Moses wore the serpent sign on their breasts.

Eve is not surprised at the serpent's talking to her. Animals are always talking in the old stories; thus when Pilpai and Locman make animals talk no one is ever surprised.

All this tale seems physical and denuded of allegory. It even tells us the reason why the serpent who ramped before this now crawls on its belly, and why we always try to destroy it (at least they say); precisely as we are told in all ancient metamorphoses why the crow, who was white, is now black, why the owl stays at home in the day time, etc. But the "Fathers" have believed it an allegory manifest and respectable, and it is safest to believe them.

"I will multiply your griefs and your pregnancies, ye shall bring forth children with grief, ye shall be beneath the power of the man and he shall rule over you." One asks why the multiplication of pregnancies is a punishment? It was on the contrary a very great blessing, and especially for the Jews. The pains of childbirth are alarming only for delicate women, those accustomed to work are brought to bed very easily, especially in hot climates. On the other hand animals sometimes suffer in littering and even die of it. As for the superiority of man over woman this is the quite natural result of his bodily and intellectual forces. The male organs are generally more capable of consecutive effort, more fit for manual and intellectual tasks. But when the woman has fist or wit stronger than the man of her husband she rules the roost, and the man is submitted to the woman. This is true, but before the original sin there may have been neither pain nor submission.

"God made them tunics of skin".

This passage proves very nicely that the Jews believed in a corporal god. A Rabbi named Eliezer has written that God covered Adam and Eve with the skin of the tempter serpent; Origen claims that the "tunic of skin" was a new flesh, a new body which God made for man, but one should have more respect for the text.

"And the Lord said 'Behold Adam, who is become like one of us' ". It seems that the Jews at first admired several gods. It is considerably more difficult to make out what they mean by the word God, *Eloim*. Several commentators state that this phrase "one of us" means the Trinity, but there is no question of it.

Trinity in the Bible. *

The Trinity is a composed of several gods, it is also a triple god; the Jews never heard tell of a god in three persons. By these words "like unto us" it is probable that the Jews meant angels, Eloim. For this reason various rash men of learning have thought that the book was not written until a time when the jews had adopted a belief in inferior gods, but this view is condemned.*

"The Lord set him outside the garden of delights, that he might dig in the earth." Yet some say that god had put him in the garden, in order that he might cultivate it. If gardener Adam merely became labourer Adam, he was not so much the worse off. This solution of the difficulty does not seem to us sufficiently serious. It would be better to say that God punished Adam's disobedience by banishing him from his birthplace.

Certain over-temerious commentators say that the whole of the story refers to an idea once common to all men, (i.e.) that past times were better than present. People have always bragged of the past in order to run down the present. Men overburdened with work have imagined that pleasure is idleness, not having had wit enough to conceive that man is never worse off than when he has nothing to do. Men seeing themselves not infrequently miserable forged an idea of a time when all men were happy. It is as if they had said, once upon a time no tree withered, no beast fell sick, no animal devoured another, the spiders did not catch flies. Hence the ideal of the Golden Age, of the egg of Arimane, of the serpent who stole the secret of eternal life from the donkey, of the combat of Typhon and Osiris, of Ophione and the gods, of Pandora's casket, and all these other old stories, sometime very ingenious and never, in the least way, instructive. But we should believe that the fables of other nations are imitation of Hebrew history, since we still have the Hebrew history and the history of other savage peoples is for the most part destroyed. Moreover the witnesses in favour of Genesis are quite irrefutable.

* The reader will remember in Landor's Chinese dialogues, when the returned mandarin is telling the Emperor's children about England, there is one place where they burst into giggles "because they had been taught some arithmetic."

* The reader is referred to our heading: "Subject to authority".

"And he set before the garden of delight a cherubin with a turning and flaming sword to keep guard over the gateway to the tree of life." The word 'kerub' means bullock. A bullock with a burning sword is an odd sight at a doorway. But the Jews have represented angels as bulls and as sparrow hawks, despite the prohibition to make graven images. Obviously they got these bulls and hawks from Egyptians who imitated all sorts of things, and who worshipped the bull as the symbol of agriculture and the hawk as the symbol of winds. Probably the tale is an allegory, a Jewish allegory, the kerub means "nature". A symbol made of a bull's head and a man's head and the hawk's wings.

"The Lord put his mark upon Cain."

"What a Lord!" say the incredulous. He accepts Abel's offering, rejects that of the elder brother, without giving any trace of a reason. The Lord provided the cause of the first brotherly enmity. This is a moral instruction, most truly, a lesson to be learned from all ancient fables, to wit, that scarcely had the race come into existence before one brother assassinated another, but what appears to the wise of this world, contrary to all justice, contrary to all the common sense principles, is that God has eternally damned the whole human race, and has slaughtered his own son, quite uselessly, for an apple and that he has pardoned a fratricide. Did I say "pardoned"? He takes the criminal under his own protection. He declares that anyone who avenges the murder of Abel shall be punished with severer fold the punishment inflicted on Cain. He puts on him his sign as a safeguard. The impious call the story both execrable and absurd. It is the delirium of some unfortunate Israelite, who wrote these inept infamies in imitation of stories so abundant among the neighboring Syrians. This insensate Hebrew attributed his atrocious invention to Moses, at a time when nothing was rarer than books. Destiny which disposes of all things has preserved his work till our day; scoundrels have praised it, and idiots have believed. Thus say the horde of theists, who while adoring god, have been so rash as to condemn the Lord God of Israel, and who judge the actions of the Eternal Being by the rules of our imperfect ethics, and our erroneous justice. They admit a god but submit god to our laws. Let us guard against such temerity, and let us once again learn to respect what lies beyond our comprehension. Let us cry out "O Altitude!" with all our strength.

"The Gods, Elohim, seeing that the daughters of men were fair, took for spouses those whom they choose." This flight of imagination is also common to all the nations. There is no race, except perhaps the Chinese, which has not recorded gods getting young girls with child. Corporeal gods come down to look at their domain, they see our young ladies and take the best for themselves; children produced in this way are better than other folks' children; thus Genesis does not omit to say that this commerce bred giants. Once again the book is key with vulgar opinion.

"And I will pour the water floods over the earth." I would note here that St. Augustin (City of God, no. 8.) says "*Maximum illud diluvium græca nec latina novit historia*". Neither Greek nor Latin history takes note of this very great flood. In truth they knew only Deucalion's and Ogyges' in Greece. These were regarded as universal in the fables collected by Ovid, but were totally unknown in Eastern Asia. St. Augustin is not in error when he says history makes no mention thereof.

"God said to Noah: I will make an agreement with you and with your seed after you, and with all the animals." God make an agreement with animals! The unbelievers will exclaim: "What a contract!" But if he make an alliance with man, why not with the animals? What nice feeling, there is something quite as divine in this sentiment as in the most metaphysical thought. Moreover animals feel better than most men think. It is apparently in virtue of this agreement that St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the seraphic order, said to the grasshoppers, and hares, "Sing, sister hopper-grass, brouse brother rabbit." But what were the terms of the treaty? That all the animals should devour each other; that they should live on our flesh; and we on theirs; that after having eaten all we can we should exterminate all the rest, and that we should only omit the devouring of men strangled with our own hands. If there was any such pact it was presumably made with the devil.

Probably this passage is only intended to show that god is in equal degree master of all things that breathe. This pact could only have been a command; it is called "alliance" merely by an "extension of the word's meaning." One should not quibble over mere terminology, but worship the spirit, and go back to the time when they wrote this work which is scandal to the the weak, but quite edifying to the strong.

"And I will put my bow in the sky, and it shall be a sign of compact." Note that the author does not say "I have put" but "I will put my bow", this shows that in common opinion the bow had never always existed. It is a phenomenon of necessity caused by the rain and they give it as a supernatural manifestation that the world shall never more be covered with water. It is odd that they should choose a sign of rain as a promise that one shall not be drowned. But one may reply to this: when in danger of inundations we may be reassured by seeing a rainbow.

"Now the Lord went down to see the city which the children of Adam had builded, and he said, behold a people with only one speech. They have begun this and won't quit until it is finished. Let us go down and confound their language, so that no man may understand his neighbor". Note merely that the sacred author still conforms to vulgar opinion. He always speaks of God as of a man who informs himself of what is going on, who wants to see with his eyes what is being done on his estate, and who calls his people together to determine a course of action.

"And Abraham; having arrayed his people (they were of the tribe of Shinar), fell upon the five kings and slew them and pursued them even to Hobab on the left side of Damas." From the south side of the lake of Sodom to Damas is 24 leagues, and they still had to cross Libanus and anti-Liban. Unbelievers exult over such tremendous exaggeration. But since the Lord favoured Abraham there is no exaggeration.

"And that evening two angels came into Sodom, etc." The history of the two angels whom the Sodomites wanted to ravish is perhaps the most extraordinary which antiquity has produced. But we must remember that all Asia believed in incubi and succubae demons, and that moreover these angels were creatures more perfect than men and that they were probably much better looking, and lit more like sires in a jaded, corrupt race than common men would have excited. Perhaps this part of the story is only a figure of rhetoric to express the horrible lewdness of Sodom and of Gomorrah. We offer this solution to savants with the most profound self-mistrust.

As for Lot who offered his two daughters to the Sodomites, the rape of the angels, and Lot's wife metamorphosed into the salt image, and all the rest of the story, what can one say of it? The ancient fable of Cinyra and Myrrha has some relation to Lot's

st with his daughters, the adventure of Philemon and Baucis is not without its points of comparison with that of the two angels appearing to Lot and his wife. As for the pillar of salt, I do not know what it compares with, perhaps with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice? A number of savants think with Newton and the learned Leclerc that the Pentateuch was written by Samuel when the Jews had learned reading and writing, and that all these tales are imitation Syrian fable.

But is sufficient for us that it is all Holy Scripture; we therefore receive it without searching in it for anything that is not the work of the Holy Spirit. We should remember, at all times, that these tales are not our times, and we should not fail to add our word to that of so many great men who have declared that the old testament is true history, and that everything invented by all the rest of the universe is mere fable.

Some savants have pretended that one should remove from the canonical books all incredible matters which might be a stumbling block to the feeble, but it is said that these savants were men of a corrupt heart and that they ought to be burned, and that it is impossible to be an honest man unless you believe that the Sodomites were hired to ravish the angels. This is the reasoning of a species of monster who wishes to rule over wits.

It is true that several celebrated church fathers have had the candour to turn all these tales into allegory, like the Jews, and Voltaire in especial. Popes still more prudent desired to prevent the translation of these books into the everyday tongue, for fear men might be led to pass judgment on what was upheld for their edification.

One ought surely to conclude that those who perfectly understand this work should tolerate those who do not understand it, for these latter do not understand it, it is not their fault; also those who do not understand it should tolerate those who understand it most fully.

Savants, too full of their knowledge, have claimed that Moses could not possibly have written the book of Genesis. One of their reasons is that in the story of Abraham, the patriarch pays for his wife's funeral plot in coined money, and that the king of Gerar gives a thousand pieces of silver to Sarah when he returns her, after having stolen her for her beauty in the seventy-fifth

year of her age. They say that having consulted authorities they find that there was no coined money in those days. But it is quite clear that this is pure chicane on their part, since the Church has always believed most firmly that Moses did write the Pentateuch. They strengthen all the doubts raised by the disciples of Aben-Hesra and Baruch Spinoza. The physician Astruc, father-in-law of the controller-general Silhouette, in his book, now very rare, entitled "Conjectures on Genesis", adds new objections, unsolvable to human wisdom; but not to humble submissive piety. The savants dare to contradict every line, the simple revere every line. Guard against falling into the misfortune of trusting our human reason, be contrite in heart and in spirit.

"And Abraham said that Sarah was his sister, and the king of Gerare took her to him." We confess, as we have said in our essay on Abraham, that Sarah was then ninety years old; that she had already been kidnapped by one King of Egypt; and that a king of this same desert Gerare later kidnapped the wife of Abraham's son Isaac. We have also spoken of the servant Agar, by whom Abraham had a son, and of how Abraham treated them both. One knows what delight unbelievers take in these stories; with what supercilious smiles they consider them; how they set the story of Abimelech and this same wife of Abraham's (Sarah) whom he passed off as his sister, above the "1001 nights" and also that of another Abimelech in love with Rebecca, whom Isaac also passed off as his sister. One can not often reiterate that the fault of all these studious critics lies in their persistent endeavour to bring all these things into accord with our feeble reason and to judge ancient Arabs as they would judge the French court or the English.

"The soul of Sicheu, son of King Hemor, cleaved to the son of Dinah, and he charmed his sadness with her tender caresses, and he went to Hemor his father, and said unto him: Give me this woman for wife." Here the savants are even more refractory. What! king's son marry a vagabond's daughter, Jacob her father loaded with presents! The king receives into his city these wandering robbers, called patriarchs; he has the incredible and incomprehensible kindness to get himself circumcised, he and his son, his countrymen and his people, in order to condescend to the superstition of this little tribe which did not own a half league of land! And what reward do our holy patriarchs make him for such astonishing kindness?

ess? They wait the day when the wound of circumcision ordinarily produces a fever. Then Simeon and Levi run throughout the city, daggers in hand; they massacre the king, the prince, his son, and all the inhabitants. The horror of this St. Bartholemew is only diminished by its impossibility. It is a shocking romance but it is obviously a ridiculous romance: It is impossible that two men could have killed a whole nation. One might suffer some inconvenience from one's excerpated foreskin, but one would defend oneself against two scoundrels, one would assemble, surround them, finish them off as they deserved.

But there is one more impossible statement : by an extract supputation of date, we find that Dinah, daughter of Jacob, was at this time no more than three years of age; even if one tries to accommodate the chronology, she could not have been more than five : it is this that causes complaint. People say: "What sort of a book is this? The book of a reprobate people, a book for so long unknown to all the earth, a book where right, reason and decent custom are outraged on every page, and which we have presented us as irrefutable, holy, dictated by God himself? Is it not an impiety to believe it? Is it not the dementia of cannibals to persecute sensible, modest men who do not believe it?

To which we reply: The Church says she believes it. Copyists may have introduced revolting absurdities into reverend stories. Only the Holy Church can be judge of such matters. The profane should be led by her wisdom. These absurdities, these pretended errors do not affect the basis of our religion. Where would men be if the cult of virtue depended on what happened long ago to Schem and little Dinah?

"Behold the Kings who reigned in the land of Edom, before the children of Israel had a king."

Behold another famous passage, another stone which doth hinder our feet. It is this passage which determined the great Newton, the pious and sage Samuel Clarke, the deeply philosophical Bolingbroke, the learned Locrere, the savant Frêret, and a great number of other scholars to argue that Moses could not have been the author of Genesis.

We do indeed confess that these words could only have been written at a time when the Jews had kings.

It is chiefly this verse which determined Astruc to upset the

whole book of Genesis, and to hypothecate memories on which the real author had drawn. His work is ingenious, exact, but rash. A council would scarcely have dared to undertake it. And to what end has it served, this ungrateful, dangerous work of this Astruc? To redouble the darkness which he set out to enlighten. This is ever the fruit of that tree of knowledge whereof we all wish to eat. Why should it be necessary that the fruits of the tree of ignorance should be more nourishing and more easy to manage?

But what matter to us, after all, whether this verse, or this chapter, was written by Moses, or by Samuel or by the priest from Samaria, or by Esdras, or by anyone else? In what way can our government, our laws, our fortunes, our morals, our well being, be tied up with the ignorant chiefs of an unfortunate barbarous country, called Edom or Idumea, always peopled by thieves? Alas, these poor shirtless Arabs know nothing of our existence, they pillage caravans and eat barley bread, and we torment ourselves trying to find out whether there were kinglets in one canton of Arabia Petra before they appeared in the neighboring canton to the west of lake Sodom.

O miseris hominum mentes! O pectora caeca!

“Ulysses”

James Joyce's “Ulysses” will be continued in the next number.

A Christmas Present to Subscribers

We are making a special rate of \$2.00 to all subscribers renewing before January 1, 1919.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for
October 1, 1918

State of New York, County of New York—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher, Editor, Owner, Business Manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form; to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Managing Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Business Manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York.

2. That the owner is, Margaret C. Anderson.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation, has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1918

M. RABINOWITZ, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1919)

'The December will be an American number.

A Noh play, "The Song of the Dreaming Bones", by William Butler Yeats, will appear in the January number.

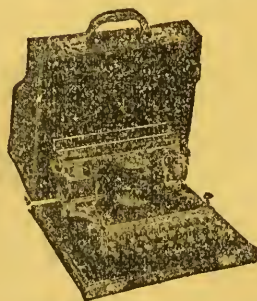
No Other Typewriter Can Do This--

*Enable the amateur to write as neat-appearing letters
from the very beginning as the experienced operator*

The only typewriter that can do this is the

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND "WRITING MACHINE"

Many Typewriters in One



Two styles of type or two different languages always on the MULTIPLEX. Any other two substituted in a few seconds.

Fill in the coupon and mail us today. We will send you our new PORTABLE FOLDER.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY
558A East 69th Street — New York City

PASTE THIS ON A POSTAL

Please send literature without obligation to:

Name

Address

L. R.

Dec 1918

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Dec 30.

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

AN AMERICAN NUMBER

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

DECEMBER, 1918

A Night among the Horses	<i>Djuna Barnes</i>
Poems	<i>Wallace Stevens</i>
An Awakening	<i>Sherwood Anderson</i>
You Say You Said	<i>Marianna Moore</i>
As One Would Not	<i>S. Foster Damon</i>
Inventions	<i>Louis Gilmore</i>
Poetic Pieces	<i>Marsden Hartley</i>
The Yellow Goat	<i>Ben Hecht</i>
The Lament of Women	<i>Djuna Barnes</i>
The Ideal Quarrel	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>
Mefk Maru Mustir Daas	<i>Else v. Freytag-Loringhoven</i>
The Man Who Resembled a Horse	<i>Rafael Arzevalo Martinez</i>
The Boulevard	<i>Israel Solon</i>
Tetelestai	<i>Conrad Aiken</i>

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *London Editor*

JULES ROMAINS, *French Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

An Appeal to Reason

I SHALL not make a list of typographical errors in the last number. I shall not apologize for them. I believe every proper name in the number was misspelled, and there are other atrocities too awful to mention.

I shall merely say that the strain of getting the issue out at all precluded our taking the care necessary to keep the printer from doing his worst. Ezra Pound suggests that, without injury to my inner nature, I might hire an adequate proof reader once a month to prevent these horrors. I agree with him, but it would take a battalion of police to prevent the riots that occur in our printing office. For these things we haven't the necessary funds.

An Offer

If there are people in the world who wish to make money in an easy and congenial way, why not try selling subscriptions to the Little Review?

For every subscription you get of \$2.50 we will give you an unusually liberal commission.

If you will call at our office, or write us, we will supply full information, lists of names, etc.

This is a real opportunity for mutual help.

Margaret Anderson.

In the January Number

"The Dreaming of the Bones", a Noh play by William Butler Yeats.

The first instalment of a new novel by May Sinclair: "Mary Olivier: A Life".

Episode VIII of James Joyce's "Ulysses".

An essay on "The Chinese Written Character", by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound.

A discussion of James Joyce's play, "Exiles".

A review of Dr. Coomaraswamy's "Dance of Siva".

A Note to Our Readers

FOR over a year I have tried not to bore our subscribers with accounts of how difficult it has been for us to keep on publishing the *Little Review* and how close we have come at times to an enforced suspension.

Conditions in the publishing market have been almost unsurmountable.

Nevertheless, we have survived the war. It is a long tale and a sad tale, but—won't you renew your subscriptions promptly? And won't you tell your friends that we are publishing the current works of Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, and other important men in a cheap and convenient format? They can get these writers in no other American magazine, except spasmodically, and some of them not at all.

For those who are able to do more I am printing a blank at the bottom of this page.

If you can give \$10 toward a fund that will help us to survive the next year, won't you do so at once?

If you can give \$100, please realize that it will mean more to us than you can know.

*Enclosed find \$..... as my contribution
to the Little Review for the coming year.*

.....

.....

.....

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 8

A NIGHT AMONG THE HORSES

Djuna Barnes

TOWARD DUSK, in the summer of the year, a man dressed in a frock coat and top hat, and carrying a cane, crept through the underbrush bordering the corral of the Buckler farm.

As he moved small twigs snapped, fell and were silent. His knees were green from wounded shrubbery and grass, and his outspread hands tore unheeded plants. His wrists hurt him and he rested from time to time, always caring for his hat and knotted yellow cane, blowing through his moustache.

Dew had been falling covering the twilight leaves like myriad faces, damp with the perspiration of the struggle for existence, and half a mile away, standing out against the darkness of the night, a grove of white birches shimmered, like teeth in a skull.

He heard the creaking of a gate, and the splashing of late rain into the depths of a dark cistern. His heart ached with the nearness of the earth, the faint murmur of it moving upon itself, like a sleeper who turns to throw an arm about a beloved.

A frog began moaning among the skunk cabbages, and John thrust his hand deep into his bosom.

Something somnolent seemed to be here, and he wondered. It was like a deep, heavy, yet soft prison where, without sin, one may suffer intolerable punishment.

Presently he went on, feeling his way. He reached a high plank fence and sensing it with his fingers, he lay down, resting his head against the ground.

He was tired, he wanted to sleep, but he searched for his hat and cane and straightened out his coat beneath him before he turned his eyes to the stars.

And now he could not sleep, and wondered why he had thought of it; something quick was moving the earth, it seemed to live, to shake with sudden immensity.

He heard a dog barking, and the dim light from a farm window kept winking as the trees swung against its square of light. The

odor of daisies came to him, and the assuring, powerful smell of the stables; he opened his mouth and drew in his moustache.

A faint tumult had begun. A tremor ran under the length of his body and trembled off into the earth like a shudder of joy, — died down and repeated itself. And presently he began to tremble answering, throwing out his hands, curling them up weakly, as if the earth were withholding something precious, necessary.

His hat fell off, striking a log with a dull hollow sound, and he pressed his red moustache against the grass weeping.

Again he heard it, felt it; a hundred hoofs beat upon the earth and he knew the horses had gone wild in the corral on the other side of the fence, for animals greet the summer, striking the earth as friends strike the back of friends. He knew, he understood; hail to summer, to life, to death.

He drew himself against the bars, pressing his eyes under them peering, waiting.

He heard them coming up across the heavy turf, rounding the curve in the Willow Road. He opened his eyes and closed them again. The soft menacing sound deepened, as heat deepens, strike through the skin into the very flesh. Head on, with long legs rising, falling, rising again, striking the ground insanely, like needles taking terrible, impossible and purposeless stitches.

He saw their bellies, fawn colored, pitching from side to side flashing by, straining the fence, and he rose up on his feet and silently, swiftly, fled on beside them.

Something delirious, hysterical, came over him and he felt Blood trickled into his eyes down from his forehead. It had a fine feeling for a moment, like a mane, like that roan mare's mane that had passed him — red and long and splendid.

He lifted his hand, and closed his eyes once more, but the sound pounding did not cease, though now, in his sitting position, it only jogged him imperceptibly, as a child on a knee.

It seemed to him that he was smothering, and he felt along the side of his face as he had done in youth when they had put a cap on him that was too large. Twining green things, moist with earth blood, crept over his fingers, the hot, impatient leaves pressed against him and the green of the matted grass was deathly thick. He had heard about the freeness of nature, thought it was so, and it was not so.

A trailing ground pine had torn up small blades in its journey.

across the hill, and a vine, wrist-thick, twisted about a pale oak, hideously, gloriously, killing it, dragging it into dust.

A wax Patrick Pipe leaned against his neck, staring with black eyes, and John opened his mouth, running his tongue across his lips snapping it off, sighing.

Move as he would, the grass was always under him, and the crackling of last autumn's leaves and last summer's twigs — minute head of the infinite greatness — troubled him. Something portentous seemed connected with the patient noises about him. An acorn dropped, striking a thin fine powder out of a frail oak pod. He took it up, tossing it. He had never liked to see things fall.

He sat up, with the dim thunder of the horses far off, but quickening his heart.

He went over the scene he had with Freda Buckler, back there at the house, the long quivering spears of pot-grass standing by the window as she walked up and down, pulling at them, talking to him.

Small, with cunning fiery eyes and a pink and pointed chin. Daughter of a mother who had known too many admirers in her youth; a woman with an ample lap on which she held a Persian patten or a trifle of fruit. Bounty, avarice, desire, intelligence — both of them had always what they wanted.

He blew down his moustache again thinking of Freda in her yellow veil that he had called ridiculous. She had not been angry, he was nothing but a stable boy then. It was the way with those small intriguing women whose nostrils were made delicate through the pain of many generation that they might quiver whenever they caught a whiff of the stables.

"As near as they can get to the earth", he had said and was Freda angry? She stroked his arm always softly, looking away, an inner bitterness drawing down her mouth.

She said, walking up and down quickly, looking ridiculously tall:

"I am always gentle John—" frowning, trailing her veil, trusting out her chin.

He answered: "I liked it better where I was."

"Horses," she said showing sharp teeth, "are nothing for a man with your bile — poy-boy — curry comber, smelling of saddle soap — lovely!" She shrivelled up her nose, touching his arm: "Yes, but better things. I will show you — you shall be a gentleman

—fine clothes, you will like them, they feel nice.” And laughing she turned on one high heel, sitting down. “I like horses, they make people better; you are amusing, intelligent, you will see —”

“A lackey!” he returned passionately throwing up his arm “what is there in this for you, what are you trying to do to me? The family — askance — perhaps — I don’t know.”

He sat down pondering. He was getting used to it, or thought he was, all but his wordy remonstrances. He knew better when thinking of his horses, realizing that when he should have married this small, unpleasant and clever woman, he would know them no more.

It was a game between them, which was the shrewder, which would win out? He? A boy of ill breeding, grown from the gutter, fancied by this woman because he had called her ridiculous, or for some other reason that he would never know. This kind of person never tells the truth, and this, more than most things, troubled him. Was he a thing to be played with, debased into something better than he was, than he knew.

Partly because he was proud of himself in the costume of a groom, partly because he was timid, he desired to get away, to go back to the stables. He walked up to the mirrors as if about to challenge them, peering in. He knew he would look absurd, and then knew, with shame, that he looked splendidly better than most of the gentlemen that Freda Buckler knew. He hated himself. A man who had grown out of the city’s streets, a fine common thing.

She saw him looking into the mirrors, one after the other, and drew her mouth down. She got up, walking beside him in the end between him and them, taking his arm.

“You shall enter the army — you shall rise to General, or Lieutenant at least — and there are horses there, and the sound c stirrups — with that physique you will be happy — authority you know”, she said shaking her chin, smiling.

“Very well, but a common soldier —”

“As you like — afterward.”

“Afterward?”

“Very well, a common soldier.”

He sensed something strange in her voice, a sort of irony and it took the patience out of him:

“I have always been common, I could commit crimes, easily

gladly — I'd like to!"

She looked away. "That's natural", she said faintly, "it's an instinct all strong men have —"

She knew what was troubling him, thwarted instincts, common beautiful instincts that he was being robbed of. He wanted to do something final to prove his lower order; caught himself making faces, idiot faces, and she laughed.

"If only your ears stuck out, chin receded", she said, "you might look degenerate, common, but as it is—"

And he would creep away in hat, coat and cane to peer at his horses never daring to go in near them. Sometimes when he wanted to weep he would smear one glove with harness grease, but the other one he held behind his back, pretending one was enough to prove his revolt.

She would torment him with vases, books, pictures, making a fool of him gently, persistently, making him doubt by cruel means, the means of objects he was not used to, eternally taking him out of his sphere.

"We have the best collection of miniatures", she would say with one knee on a low ottoman, bringing them out in her small palm.

"Here, look."

He would put his hands behind him.

"She was a great woman — Lucrezia Borgia — do you know history —" She put it back again because he did not answer, letting his mind, a curious one, torment itself.

"You love things very much, don't you?" she would question because she knew that he had a passion for one thing only. She kept placing new ladders beneath his feet, only to saw them off at the next rung, making him nothing more than a nervous irritable experiment. He was uneasy, like one given food to smell and not to taste, and for a while he had not wanted to taste, and then curiosity began, and he wanted to, and he also wanted to escape, and he could do neither.

Well, after he had married her, what then? Satisfy her whim and where would he be? He would be nothing, neither what he had been nor what other people were. This seemed to him, at times, her wish — a sort of place between lying down and standing up, a cramped position, a slow death. A curious woman.

This same evening he had looked at her attentively for the

first time. Her hair was rather pretty, though too mousy, yet just in the nape of the neck, where it met the lawn of the collar it was very attractive. She walked well for a little woman too.

Sometimes she would pretend to be lively, would run a little catch herself at it, as if she had not intended to do it, and calm down once more, or creeping up to him, stroking his arm, talking to him, she would walk beside him softly, slowly that he might not step out, that he would have to crawl across the carpet.

Once he had thought of trying her with honesty, with the truth of the situation. Perhaps she would give him an honest answer, and he had tried.

"Now Miss Freda — just a word — what are you trying to do. What is it you want? What is there in me that can interest you? I want you to tell me — I want to know — I have got to ask someone, and I haven't anyone to ask but you."

And for a moment she almost relented, only to discover that she could not if she had wished. She did not know always what she meant herself.

"I'll tell you", she said, hoping that this, somehow, might lead her into the truth, for herself, if not for him, but it did not. "You are a little nervous, you will get used to it — you will even grow to like it. Be patient. You will learn soon enough that there is nothing in the world so agreeable as climbing, changing."

"Well," he said trying to read her, "And then?"

"That's all, you will regret the stables in the end — that's all" Her nostrils quivered. A light came into her eyes, a desire to defy, to be defied.

And then on this last night he had done something terrible, he had made a blunder. There had been a party. The guests, a lot of them, were mostly drunk, or touched with drink. And he too had too much. He remembered having thrown his arms about a tall woman, gowned in black with loose shoulder straps, dragging her through a dance. He had even sung a bit of a song, madly, wildly, horribly. And suddenly he had been brought up sharp by the fact that no one thought his behavior strange, that no one thought him presumptuous. Freda's mother had not even moved or dropped the kitten from her lap where it sat, its loud resolute purr shaking the satin of her gown.

And he felt that Freda had got him where she wanted him,

between two rungs. Going directly up to her he said:

"You are ridiculous!" and twirled his moustache, spitting into the garden.

And he knew nothing about what happened until he found himself in the shrubbery crawling toward the corral, through the dusk and the dampness of the leaves, carrying his cane, making sure of his hat, looking up at the stars.

And now he knew why he had come. He was with his horses again. His eyes, pressed against the bars, stared in. The black stallion in the lead had been his special pet, a rough animal, but kindly, knowing. And here they were once more, tearing up the grass, galloping about in the night like a ball-room full of real people, people who wanted to do things, who did what they wanted to do.

He began to crawl through the bars, slowly, deftly, and when half way through he paused, thinking.

Presently he went on again, and drawing himself into the corral, his hat and cane thrown in before him, he lay there mouth to the grass.

They were still running, but less madly, one of them had gone up the Willow Road leading into a farther pasture, in a flare of dust, through which it looked immense and faint.

On the top of the hill three or four of the horses were standing, testing the weather. He would mount one, he would ride away, he would escape. And his horses, the things he knew, would be his escape.

Bareback, he thought, would be like the days when he had taken what he could from the rush of the streets, joy, exhilaration, life, and he was not afraid. He wanted to stand up, to cry aloud.

And he saw ten or twelve of them rounding the curve, and he did stand up.

They did not seem to know him, did not seem to know what to make of him, and he stared at them wondering. He did not think of his white shirt front, his sudden arising, the darkness, their excitement. Surely they would know, in a moment more.

Wheeling, flaring their wet nostrils, throwing up their manes, striking the earth in a quandary, they came on, whinnied faintly, and he knew what it was to be afraid.

He had never been afraid and he went down on his knees.

With a new horror in his heart he damned them. He turned his eyes up, but he could not open them. He thought rapidly, calling on Freda in his heart, speaking tenderly, promising.

A flare of heat passed his throat and descended into his bosom.

"I want to live. I can do it — damn it — I can do it. I can forge ahead, make my mark."

He forgot where he was for a moment and found new pleasure in this spoken admission, this new rebellion. He moved with the faint shaking of the earth like a child on a woman's lap.

The upraised hoofs of the first horse missed him, but the second did not.

And presently the horses drew apart, nibbling here and there, switching their tails, avoiding a patch of tall grass.

POEMS

Wallace Stevens

Architecture for the Adoration of Beauty

I

What manner of building shall we build for
the adoration of beauty?
Let us design this chaste de chasteté,
De pensée . .
Never cease to deploy the structure . . .
Keep the laborers shouldering plinths . . .
Pass the whole of life earring the clink of the
chisels of the stone-cutters cutting the stones.

II

In this house, what manner of utterance shall
there be?
What heavenly dithyramb
And cantilene?
What niggling forms of gargoyle patter?
Of what shall the speech be,
In that splay of marble
And of obedient pillars?

III

And how shall those come vested that come there?
In their ugly reminders?
Or gaudy as tulips?
As they climb the stairs
To the group of Flora Coddling Hecuba?
As they climb the flights
To the closes
Overlooking whole seasons?

IV

Let us build the building of light.
Push up the towers
To the cock-tops.
These are the pointings of our edifice,
Which, like a gorgeous palm,
Shall tuft the commonplace.
These are the window-sill
On which the quiet moonlight lies.

V

How shall we hew the sun,
Split it and make blocks,
To build a ruddy palace?
How carve the violet moon
To set in nicks?
Let us fix portals, East and West,
Abhorring green-blue North and blue-green South.
Our chiefest dome a demoiselle of gold.
Pierce the interior with pouring shafts,
In diverse chambers.
Pierce, too, with buttresses of coral air
And purple timbers,
Various argentines,
Embossings of the sky.

VI

And, finally, set guardians in the grounds,
 Gray, grewsome grumblers.
 For no one proud, nor stiff,
 No solemn one, nor pale,
 No chafferer, may come
 To sully the begonias, nor vex
 With holy or sublime ado
 The kremlin of kermess.

VII

Only the lusty and the plenteous
 Shall walk
 The bronze-filled plazas
 And the nut-shell esplanades.

Nuances of a Theme by Williams

*It's a 'strange courage
 you give me, ancient star:*

*Shine alone in the sunrise
 toward which you lend no part!*

I

Shine alone, shine nakedly, shine like bronze,
 that reflects neither my face nor any inner part
 of my being, shine like fire, that mirrors nothing.

II

Lend no part to any humanity that suffuses
 you in its own light.
 Be not chimera of morning,
 Half-man, half-star.
 Be not an intelligence,
 Like a widow's bird
 Or an old horse.

Anecdote of Canna

Huge are the canna in the dreams of
X, the mighty thought, the mighty man.
They fill the terrace of his capitol.

His thought sleeps not. Yet thought that wakes
In sleep may never meet another thought
Or thing . . . Now day-break comes . . .

X promenades the dewy stones,
Observes the canna with a clinging eye,
Observes and then continues to observe.

AN AWAKENING

Sherwood Anderson

ELLE CARPENTER had a dark skin, grey eyes and thick lips. She was tall and strong. When black thoughts visited her she grew angry and wished she were a man and could fight meone with her fists. She worked in the millinery shop kept by Mrs. Nate McHugh and during the day sat trimming hats by a window at the rear of the store. She was the daughter of Henry Carpenter, bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Winesburg, Ohio and lived with him in a gloomy old house far out at the end of Buckeye Street. The house was surrounded by pine trees and there was no grass beneath the trees. A rusty tin eaves-trough had slipped from its fastenings at the back of the house and when the wind blew beat against the roof of a small shed, making a dismal drumming noise that sometimes persisted all through the night.

When she was a young girl Henry Carpenter made life almost unbearable for his daughter, but as she emerged from girlhood into womanhood he lost his power over her. The bookkeeper's life was made of innumerable little pettinesses. When he went to the bank in the morning he stepped into a closet and put on a black alpaca coat that had become shabby with age. At night when he returned home he donned another black alpaca coat. Every evening

he pressed the clothes worn in the streets. He had invented an arrangement of boards for the purpose. The trousers to his street suit were placed between the boards and the boards were clamped together with heavy screws. In the morning he wiped the board with a damp cloth and stood them upright behind the dining room door. If they were moved during the day he was speechless with anger and did not recover his equilibrium for a week.

The bank cashier was a little bully and was afraid of his daughter. She, he realized, knew the story of his brutal treatment of the girl's mother and hated him for it. One day she went home at noon and carried a handful of soft mud, taken from the road, into the house. With the mud she smeared the face of the boards used for the pressing of trousers and then went back to her work feeling relieved and happy.

Belle Carpenter occasionally walked out in the evening with George Willard, a reporter on the Winesburg Eagle. Secretly she loved another man, but her love affair, about which no one knew, caused her much anxiety. She was in love with Ed Handby, bartender in Ed Griffith's Saloon, and went about with the young reporter as a kind of relief to her feelings. She did not think that a station in life would permit her to be seen in the company of a bartender, and she walked about under the trees with George Willard and let him kiss her to relieve a longing that was very insistent in her nature. She felt that she could keep the younger man within bounds. About Ed Handby she was somewhat uncertain.

Handby, the bartender, was a tall broad-shouldered man, thirty who lived in a room upstairs above Griffith's saloon. His fists were large and his eyes unusually small but his voice, as though striving to conceal the power back of his fists, was soft and quiet.

At twenty-five the bartender had inherited a large farm from an uncle in Indiana. When sold the farm brought in eight thousand dollars which Ed spent in six months. Going to Sandusky, on Lake Erie, he began an orgy of dissipation, the story of which afterwards filled his home town with awe. Here and there he went throwing money about, driving carriages through the streets, giving wild parties to crowds of men and women, playing cards for high stakes and keeping mistresses whose wardrobes cost him hundreds of dollars. One night at a resort called Cedar Point he got into a fight

and ran amuck like a wild thing. With his fist he broke a large mirror in the wash-room of a hotel and later went about smashing windows and breaking chairs in dance halls for the joy of hearing the glass rattle on the floor and seeing the terror in the eyes of clerks, who had come from Sandusky to spend the evening at the resort with their sweethearts.

The affair between Ed Handby and Belle Carpenter on the surface amounted to nothing. He had succeeded in spending but one evening in her company. On that evening he hired a horse and buggy at Wesley Moyer's livery barn and took her for a drive. The conviction that she was the woman his nature demanded and that he must get her, settled upon him and he told her of his desires. The bartender was ready to marry and to begin trying to earn money for the support of his wife, but so simple was his nature that he found it difficult to explain his intentions. His body ached with physical longing and with his body he expressed himself. Taking the milliner into his arms and holding her tightly, in spite of her struggles, he kissed her until she became helpless. Then he brought her back to town and let her out of the buggy. "When I get hold of you again I'll not let you go. You can't play with me," he declared as he turned to drive away. Then, jumping out of the buggy, he gripped her shoulders with his strong hands. "I'll keep you for good the next time," he said. "You might as well make up your mind to that. It's you and me for it and I'm going to have you before I get through.

One night in January when there was a new moon George Willard, who was, in Ed Handby's mind, the only obstacle to his getting Belle Carpenter, went for a walk. Early that evening George went into Ransom Surbeck's pool room with Seth Richmond and Art Wilson, son of the town butcher. Seth Richmond stood with his back against the wall and remained silent, but George Willard talked. The pool room was filled with Winesburg boys and they talked of women. The young reporter got into that vein. He said that women should look out for themselves, that the fellow who went out with a girl was not responsible for what happened. As he talked he looked about, eager for attention. He held the floor for five minutes and then Art Wilson began to talk. Art was learning the barber's trade in Cal Prouse's shop and already began to consider

himself an authority in such matters as baseball, horse racing, drinking and going about with women. He began to tell of a night when he with two men from Winesburg went into a house of prostitution at the County Seat. The butcher's son held a cigar in the side of his mouth and as he talked spat on the floor. "The women in the place couldn't embarrass me although they tried hard enough" he boasted. "One of the girls in the house tried to get fresh but I fooled her. As soon as she began to talk I went and sat in her lap. Everyone in the room laughed when I kissed her. I taught her to let me alone."

George Willard went out of the pool room and into Main Street. For days the weather had been bitter cold with a high wind blowing down on the town from Lake Erie, eighteen miles to the north, but on that night the wind had died away and a new moon made the night unusually lovely. Without thinking where he was going or what he wanted to do George went out of Main Street and began walking in dimly lighted streets filled with frame houses.

Out of doors under the black sky filled with stars he forgot his companions of the pool room. Because it was dark and he was alone he began to talk aloud. In a spirit of play he reeled along the street imitating a drunken man and then imagined himself a soldier clad in shining boots that reached to the knees and wearing a sword that jingled as he walked. As a soldier he pictured himself as an inspector, passing before a long line of men who stood at attention. He began to examine the accoutrements of the men. Before a tree he stopped and began to scold. "Your pack is not in order," he said sharply. "How many times will I have to speak of this matter? Everything must be in order here. We have a difficult task before us and no difficult task can be done without order."

Hypnotized by his own words the young man stumbled along the board sidewalk saying more words. "There is a law for armies and for men too," he muttered, lost in reflection. "The law begins with little things and spreads out until it covers everything. In every little thing there must be order, in the place where men work, in their clothes, in their thoughts. I myself must be orderly. I must learn that law. I must get myself into touch with something orderly and big that swings through the night like a star. In my little way I must begin to learn something, to give and swing

and work with life, with the law."

George Willard stopped by a picket fence near a street lamp and his body began to tremble. He had never before thought such thoughts as had just come into his head and he wondered where they had come from. For the moment it seemed to him that some voice outside of himself had been talking as he walked. He was amazed and delighted with his own mind and when he walked on again spoke of the matter with fervor. "To come out of Ransom Surbeck's pool room and think things like that," he whispered. "It is better to be alone. If I talked like Art Wilson the boys would understand me but they wouldn't understand what I have been thinking down here."

In Winesburg, as in all Ohio towns of twenty years ago, there was a section in which lived day laborers. As the time of factories had not yet come the laborers worked in the fields or were section hands on the railroads. They worked twelve hours a day and received one dollar for the long day of toil. The houses in which they lived were small cheaply constructed wooden affairs with a garden at the back. The more comfortable among them kept cows and perhaps a pig, housed in a little shed at the rear of the garden.

With his head filled with resounding thoughts George Willard walked into such a street on the clear January night. The street was dimly lighted and in places there was no sidewalk. In the scene that lay about him there was something that excited his already aroused fancy. For a year he had been devoting all of his odd moments to the reading of books and now some tale he had read concerning life in old world towns of the middle ages came sharply back to his mind so that he stumbled forward with the curious feeling of one revisiting a place that had been a part of some former existence. On an impulse he turned out of the street and went into a little dark alleyway behind the sheds in which lived the cows and pigs.

For a half hour he stayed in the alleyway, smelling the strong smell of animals too closely housed and letting his mind play with the strange new thoughts that came to him. The very rankness of the smell of manure in the clear sweet air awoke something heady in his brain. The poor little houses lighted by kerosene lamps, the smoke from the chimneys mounting straight up into the clear air,

the grunting of pigs, the women clad in cheap calico dresses : washing dishes in the kitchens, the footsteps of men coming out the houses and going off to the stores and saloons of Main Street, the dogs barking and the children crying — all these things made him seem, as he lurked in the darkness, oddly detached and apart from all life.

The excited young man, unable to bear the weight of his thoughts, began to move cautiously along the alleyway. A man attacked him and had to be driven away with stones and a man appeared at the door of one of the houses and began to swear at a dog. George went into a vacant lot and throwing back his head looked up at the sky. He felt unutterably big and re-made by the simple experience through which he had been passing and in the kind of fervor of emotion put up his hands, thrusting them into the darkness above his head and muttering words. The desire to say words overcame him and he said words without meaning, rolled them over on his tongue and saying them because they were big words, full of meaning. "Death" he muttered, "night, the sea, the loveliness." George Willard came out of the vacant lot and stood again on the sidewalk facing the houses. He felt that all of the people in the little street must be brothers and sisters to him and he wished he had the courage to call them out of their houses and shake their hands. "If there were only a woman here I would hold of her hand and we would run until we were both tired and he thought. "That would make me feel better." With the thought of a woman in his mind he walked out of the street and went toward the house where Belle Carpenter lived. He thought she would understand his mood and that he would achieve in her presence what he had long been wanting to achieve. In the past when he had been with her and had kissed her lips he had come away filled with anger at himself. He had felt like one being used for some obscure purpose and had not enjoyed the feeling. Now he thought he had suddenly become too big to be used.

When George Willard got to Belle Carpenter's house there had already been a visitor there before him. Ed Handby had come to the door and calling Belle out of the house had tried to talk to her. He had wanted to ask the woman to come away with him and to be his wife, but when she came and stood by the door he lost his self-assurance and became sullen. "You stay away from

that kid," he growled, thinking of George Willard, and then, not knowing what else to say, turned to go away. "If I catch you together I will break your bones and his too", he added. The bartender had come to woo, not to threaten, and was angry with himself because of his failure.

When her lover had departed Belle went indoors and ran hurriedly upstairs. From a window at the upper part of the house she saw Ed Handby cross the street and sit down on a horse block before the house of a neighbor. In the dim light the man sat motionless holding his head in his hands. She was made happy by the sight and when George Willard came to the door she greeted him effusively and hurriedly put on her hat. She thought that as she walked through the streets with young Willard, Ed Handby would follow and she wanted to make him suffer.

For an hour Belle Carpenter and the young reporter walked about under the trees in the sweet night air. George Willard was full of big words. The sense of power that had come to him during the hour in the darkness of the alleyway remained with him and he talked boldly, swaggering along and swinging his arms about. He wanted to make Belle Carpenter realize that he was aware of his former weakness and that he had changed. "You will find me different," he declared, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking boldly into her eyes. "I don't know why but it is so. You have got to take me for a man or let me alone. That's how it is."

Up and down the quiet streets under the new moon went the woman and the boy. When George had finished talking they turned down a side street and went across a bridge into a path that ran up the side of a hill. The hill began at Waterworks Pond and climbed upwards to the Winesburg Fair Grounds. On the hillside grew dense bushes and small trees and among the bushes were little open spaces carpeted with long grass, now stiff and frozen.

As he walked behind the woman up the hill George Willard's heart began to beat rapidly and his shoulders straightened. Suddenly he decided that Belle Carpenter was about to surrender herself to him. The new force that had manifested itself in him had he felt been at work upon her and had led to her conquest. The thought made him half drunk with the sense of masculine power. Although he had been annoyed that as they walked about she had

not seemed to be listening to his words, the fact that she had accompanied him to this place took all his doubts away. "It is different. Everything has become different," he thought and taking hold of her shoulder turned her about and stood looking at her, his eyes shining with pride.

Belle Carpenter did not resist. When he kissed her upon the lips she leaned heavily against him and looked over his shoulder into the darkness. In her whole attitude there was a suggestion of waiting. Again, as in the alleyway, George Willard's mind ran off into words and, holding the woman tightly, he whispered the words into the still night. "Lust," he whispered, "lust and night and women."

George Willard did not understand what happened to him that night on the hillside. Later, when he got to his own room, he wanted to weep and then grew half insane with anger and hate. He hated Belle Carpenter and was sure that all his life he would continue to hate her. On the hill-side he had led the woman to one of the little open spaces among the bushes and had dropped to his knees beside her. As in the vacant lot, by the laborers' houses, he had put up his hands in gratitude for the new power in himself and was waiting for the woman to speak when Ed Handby appeared.

The bartender did not want to beat the boy, who he thought had tried to take his woman away. He knew that beating was unnecessary, that he had power within himself to accomplish his purpose without that. Gripping George by the shoulder and pulling him to his feet he held him with one hand while he looked at Belle Carpenter seated on the grass. Then with a quick wide movement of his arm he sent the younger man sprawling away into the bushes and began to bully the woman, who had risen to her feet. "You're no good," he said roughly. "I've half a mind not to bother with you. I'd let you alone if I didn't want you so much."

On his hands and knees in the bushes George Willard stared at the scene before him and tried hard to think. He prepared to spring at the man who had humiliated him. To be beaten seemed infinitely better than to be thus hurled ignominiously aside.

Three times the young reporter sprang at Ed Handby and each time the bartender, catching him by the shoulder, hurled him back into the bushes. The older man seemed prepared to keep the exercise going indefinitely but George Willard's head struck

the root of a tree and he lay still. Then Ed Handby took Belle Carpenter by the arm and marched her away.

George heard the man and woman making their way through the bushes. As he crept down the hillside his heart was sick within him. He hated himself and he hated the fate that had brought about his humiliation. When his mind went back to the hour alone in the alleyway he was puzzled, and stopping in the darkness, listened, hoping to hear again the voice, outside himself, that had so short a time before put new courage into his heart. When his way homeward led him again into the street of frame houses he could not bear the sight and began to run, wanting to get quickly out of the neighborhood that now seemed to him utterly squalid and commonplace.

YOU SAY YOU SAID

Marianna Moore

"Few words are best."

Not here. Discretion has been abandoned in this part
of the world too lately

For it to be admired. Disgust for it is like the
Equinox — all things in

One. Disgust is

No psychologist and has not opportunity to be a hypocrite.

It says to the saw-toothed bayonet and to the cue
Of blood behind the sub-

Marine—to the

Poisoned comb, to the Kaiser of Germany and to the
intolerant gateman at the exit from the eastbound ex-
press: "I hate

You less than you must hate

Yourselves: You have

Accoutred me. 'Without enemies one's courage flags'.

Your error has been timed

To aid me, I am in debt to you for you have primed
Me against subterfuge."

AS ONE WOULD NOT

S. Foster Damon

THE DOORWAY might well have been hammered from silver-wood or carved from electrum-lacquer, but la Duchesse preferred to suggest the philosophy of Evanescence, therefore her portal seemed to consist of nothing but tinsel woven into trembling shapes — fruits, fringes and grotesques of all sorts, with flowers and leaves of wax for brief touches of color.

La Duchesse is a curious personage. She only goes to other peoples' parties, never to her own; she believes that her guests enjoy themselves so much better. Therefore I was sure not to see her this evening; which I rather regretted, as I delight to dissect (with her supple assistance!) the psychologies of the various affairs, the only evidence that we allow ourselves being the scissoring and disposition of the ladies' patches. It is a pretty game, and one that is not infrequently anticipatory even of the intentions of the ladies concerned. Further subtlety is not credible.

As I entered her portal, a cloud of boys ran forward to receive my cape and cane. They were Chinese, quite naked, except for Pompeian wings plaited of flowers, and for large black face-masks which were bound across their chubby bellies. One of them conducted me to the ball-room, where I was announced.

I was the first man to arrive, and I knew none of the ladies present. La Duchesse is sometimes pleased to be delicately cruel, but she mingles sandal-dust with her pepper; so it was perhaps characteristic that none of her guests that evening had ever met before. This has its advantages, and, appreciating her attitude, I bowed; the ladies accepted my introduction; and signed for me to sit by them on the divan. Then they were silent, except for an occasional whisper behind the masks mounted on whips which served them for fans.

One woman was clad in a wired gown of tawn, covered with cadenzas of cinders. Her skin was entirely the color of Bodai-gold, and she had stained green eyebrows in the midst of her forehead, with lips to match. Her actual eyebrows had been plucked. Her hair, I recall, was elaborately coiffured and embossed.

A second woman was tinted a livid lilac. Her eyebrows were covered with silver lace and her lips were pastoral pink. I have forgotten her dress; but her coiffure was elaborated to suggest a white stag at rest, with rough ambral beads for hoofs, and tortoise shells for antlers. A long tasselled pin pierced its two eyeballs.

The third woman in the group was notorious for her lapses of taste. Once she had worn the mouche moqueuse at a royal bazaar! They also say she had appeared at another party with her hair in natural black, imitating a couching cat; and this was thought to have been rather vulgar. However, the other women made a point of cultivating her, for some perverse feminine reason. They admired her vitality, and called her a very good friend.

Tonight her skin was shaded to suggest a blend of the Barish and the Cipangan bloods. It was most tastefully done; and I realized that one of her friends must have created her toilette, to show how it might look done by some one else. Her skirt was cut in five, one piece of which was caught up, revealing a morsel of an old-rose bustle filled with sachet, and then wound several times about her waist as a bodice. Her hair was azalean. She also wore a female ruby as a mouche, but the effect was not happy.

Before I had completed my inspection, the music began. The orchestra was entirely concealed, except for one musician so placed that he seemed to create all the music himself. He sat high in a solitary fretted balcony with a large lyrichord; and by his postures he endeavored to express the essence of the melodies. In this he was somewhat hampered by a full-bottomed wig which reached below his waist and rather smothered him in its iridescent powder. La Duchesse told me the next week that it had been designed after the scale of the Attic masks.

The hall was selectedly filled by this time with an adequate number of dancers, who mingled as they pleased. Often one saw the partners of two men leave them to dance with each other, thus forcing the two men by the laws of etiquette to dance together.

But the dances themselves were a novelty, for by a tacit consent the entire company had abandoned dancing the dances to their proper melodies, as being rather obvious. So, when a Sarabande was sounded, a nervous Courante fluttered through the hall; the tune of a Pavane was danced a Gavotte. Yet the dancers

kept time to the music with a curious perfection, and the ladies feigned to shudder with neurosis at the effervescent cross-rhythms.

As I whirled about, the sight was exquisitely excessive. Coiffures glided past with an irritating persistence, in crowds of animals, bouquets, architectural fragments, fruits, cooked meats, ecclesiastical ornaments, theatres, legends. One lady's chevelure was tressed to suggest a sleeping babe; it was said she felt about to be converted or to fall in love. Another's was as her own salon, with her page represented therein of wax. Another's was hung with seashells, another's with jungle-beasts, another's with cameos.

By this time supper was served in the Artificial Garden. First we had Frozen Fire enamelled with fig, and coffee flavored with vanilla, then a blue ridendive wine and ocelled cakes. Next spatted satyrs swagged in with a huge Han pottery. When they lifted the faded mountainous lid, thousands of live oyster-crabs appeared, scrambling out and hastening in all directions. Each one had a Persian scene painted on his back. It was very amusing to catch and eat them; and the confusion of the ladies was delicious. Many of the crabs drowned themselves in the wine. Some were found later concealed in snuffboxes, pantoufles, and the cartouches. Others crawled up the candles; but there (alas!) they met a flaming death instead of the curtained aqueous life they sought.

After this course, there was a pause, during which three powdered pages carried about a large funereal urn in silence. None understood this save one old lady frilled in cockatoo-grey and monkey-green, who told everybody that it was an antique custom out of Egypt.

Now we were ready for the last course. This proved to be dishes of dwarfed peacocks chained to their perches. Their tails had been plucked out and bunches of natural grapes hung there. It was a very pleasant conceit to gather these grapes from the living birds. Their tongues had been cut out and silver whistles thrust down their throats, so that they made a most melodious frisson during the entire course.

To this music, acrobats depicted a pretty story.

After supper I felt fatigued of dancing, so I wandered to the gaming room, where there was some gambling in masks. But in the obscurer half of the hall they were frolicking. They were playing *La Balançoire*, *La Séringue*, *Hop o' me Thumb*, *Taste and*

the London Bridge, and anything else they could remember. I entered into the circle of L'Indifferent, and enjoyed myself lustily at the fruitless efforts of the ladies. I was actually about to be crowned as King, when sudden arpeggios of rockets announced something unusual. All the games stopped at once in the excitement.

But the Dutch cavalry had not been captured, neither had the Boeotian fleet broken through. La Duchesse (eccentric as ever!) had decided to return, and thus it was that she announced her arrival. Her cruelties, as I have said, are rare, but she likes theiravor.

Immediately the party shattered. Half the dancers fled without a raise or chariot, so much they feared her. I would have stayed, but that I knew a mood was on her. Moreover the dawn was in full air.

I lingered long enough to get my cape and cane, to rescue a rig of decoration, and to look for a lady that had pleased me; but I was too late, and all by myself I stepped through an irregular stern into the inelegant dawn.

Within I could hear la Duchesse's stilted slippers on the sensation.

INVENTIONS

Louis Gilmore

The Moon

The moon goes about .
With a diminished
Fascination . . .

How sad to grow old,
Even of Pierrot
And of too frequent kissing
Of Endymion!

POETIC PIECES

Marsden Hartley

The Ivory Woman

Upon the étagère of her quaint mind she was fond
Of arranging the bijouteries of her queer fancies
Like gems sheathed with glass.
She would take them out and play with them,
As a magpie plays with bits of odd trinkets he had gathered
In the boudoirs of harlots and ladies of a quieter leisure.
She thought it charming to think and speak of her most
Delicate vices in the presence of square shouldered
Lusty men, men of thick necks and thighs, and upper arms,
Men whose jaws and foreheads are like stone walls,
And prison gates of steel.
It was her intense passion to slide and slink about
Noiselessly,
Just as a worm would creep about on its way,
Upon its many softly cushioned feet,
In through the petals of a rosebud.
Her vices were the rarest and the oldest among the many
Varieties that are still the pastime of all sorts
Of handsome men and women.
She shuddered with violent and delicious pain if a brute
Spoke to her, no matter what he said.
It was her high orgy to hear his voice thunder about
Her frail body, white and waxlike, absorbed in a cool
And almost imperceptible hysteria
From which rose her rarest ecstasies.
What cannons and thunder are to virile ones,
The loud champing of hoofs on the pavement, the click
Of starry spurs on strong leather covered legs,
The mere biting of a white lip,
The clicking of a fingernail on a marble vase,
Were the sharp intensities that gave her what she called
Her thrill,

And the uncommon cadences in the voices of the varied men
And women, were the unfelt nuances which for her have been
Neglected in the true structure of music.

They were her bells and brasses and woodwinds;
The things just hinted at, or just whispered, were bedlam
To her attenuated imagination.

They set her, as she would say,
Deliciously frantic.

The rumble of rich male throats sent her
Tingling to her toes, and the sight of frail girls
Affected her sense oddly

It was all so pictorial to her;

It was the, so to say, muscular reaction
Of her highly tinted imagination.

She liked big hands in her hair, and she liked
The graze of fingertips upon her wrists and ankles
And throat.

She was a very simple little girl,
And in her delicate ways she had a touch
Of the imperishable beauty.

She was, in truth, she always wanted to say,
Such a woman ! !

S u n b a t h e r

Clutch at me, rock saurian!

Upon your spines my flesh settles avidly
As best it can, bearing up the little shafts
Of pain, as one does when lips and hands
Overtake one with their avarice;

When I set my breast to your back
And watched the great swell dash itself
Against your hairy flank, I said in soliloquy,
I would be the sea that laves you with salt
I would be the swirl that glides over your claws
With a savage excellence, I would be the sun
That heats us all to one vastness, void of mercy;
I would have all things hold me down with pain

As deliciously as you do with your spine,
Impaling my ribflesh, pressing my rib.
Pressing the sense to its height,
My feet on the salt hair of your flank,
And of your jungle-like breast;
If you have eyes then surely must you see
How the mussels gloat upon your crevices
Among the stony furrows of your ribs.
They cling there with a stillness
The sea knows nothing of save where her bosom
Is at peace in the chasms of your mother's valleys.
When I left your back, dried my tanned flesh,
And went home to the sound
Of the conchshell, I said
"Beasts — What an hour!"

THE YELLOW GOAT

Ben Hecht

THE GRAVE melodious shout of rain filled the night. The streets had become like dark and attenuated pools. The rain falling illuminated the hidden faces of the buildings and the air was silvered with whirling lines. Through the sparkle and fum of the rain-colored night the lights of the café signs burned like golden-lettered banners flung stiffly into the storm. About these lights floated patches of yellow mist through which the rain swarmed in flurries of little gleaming moths. There were also the lights of the doors and windows beneath the burning signs. They too exhaled oblongs of yellow steam upon the darkness. The remainder of the street was lost in a wilderness of rain that bubbled and raced over its stone in an endless and bewildering detonation.

I had been in this street before and I knew it for a street of little grimy-fronted café and vicious haunts—crude and rococo gathering places for niggers, prostitutes and louts. But now as I walked with my shoes spurting water and the rain hanging from my clothes, there was about this street a curious unfamiliarity. The

uming motionless rain filled the air with a mysterious presence. Beneath my feet ran the silver-tipped pool of the flooded pavement. Gleaming in its rain-splintered depths swam the reflections of the burning lamps overhead. These, as I walked, were the yellow script of another and wraith-like world staring up at me out of nowhere. The rest was darkness and billowy stripes of water.

I hurried on as the sound of thunder crawled out of the sky. A vein of lightning opened the night and in the sudden blue pallor the street and its buildings etched themselves on the vanishing light—a monstrous and phosphorescent world. The rain flung itself for an instant in great opalescent sheets out of the lighted spaces. I caught a glimpse of a figure in the distance, hunched and stationary. The darkness and the desolate whirl of the rain resumed and I walked on staring as after something vanished. A wind now entered the street, outlining itself in the wild undulations of the rain on the pavements. Clandestine notions held rendezvous in my thought as I pressed forward against the storm. Decidedly the street had an unfamiliar air and was full of dishevelled rain ghosts. The best of philosophers become wet in the rain. The roar of the flooded night, the leap and hollow blaze of the lightning, the sudden inanimate burst of pale violet outline in the chaotic dark, were things which seemingly isolated me from the normal contemplations which were my habit. I began to fancy myself, in this dilapidated storm-ridden street, as some tiny wanderer through a strange and tortuous world.

The little windows that trickled their yellow lights toward me seemed the glowing pasteboards of some forgotten illusion. What with the stumble of thunder in the dark and the tenacious lash of the rain, a burn had come into my body. I was moving prosaically enough toward the house of a friend. He had offered for my inspection several manuscripts purchased that day and scrawled with diverting cryptograms. In a pocket tucked dry and safe out of the wet I was carrying the work of a profound Englishman who had devoted his life to the unraveling of cryptograms. But now the churning of the wind and rain, the noise and the phosphorescent gulfs of light into which I was continually plunging, had brought me an intoxication in which manuscripts and friends and cryptograms seemed miserable things. I drew in with gulps the quickening odor of the storm—the spice of water-laden winds. I had felt at

first a proper regard for my clothes, a philosophical emotion which had gradually given way to relish of the storm. This in turn, as I moved on leaning against the wind and the pliant walls of water, was succeeded by an elation groundless and insane. The little adjectives I had been arranging for my lonely delight were seized by an incoherence. I began to ponder upon violent abstractions, and the thought of the routine ways of life became to me unbearable. The innumerable little meditations with which I usually beguile my solitary journeys offended this new reach of my spirit. I went plunging on, soaked and disheveled, curbing a desire to shout and dash about.

Moving thus through the storm my thought became full of the tremblings of a dancer stiffened by the beat of furious music. What were not possible? Strange, irrational expectations left me smiling faintly. But the wild dance of the wind, the halloo of the night and the vast burst of water about me urged me on despite this snobbery with which all good logicians regard their emotions. How gladly we surrender our treasured philosophies at the first touch of ecstasy. Where and of what avail were the intrigues of reason in the hammering of night like this — a night for poets and mystics, true fellows of all storms. What strange altar fires were those engulfing flickers of dead moonlight? A racket of what Gods were those bounding sounds? Thus my thought continued to spurn the little tracks of reason and circle in the profound and mystic abstraction of the wanderer in storms.

The night was growing wilder. My eyes straining toward unimagined things bored into the vapors and steam of the rain. Whereon a blinding gust of light brought me shuddering to a halt. The thunder filled the night suddenly with an amazing tumult, horror of sound, and I remained stiff and staring as in a dream at a face that floated in a piercing light. I stood as one suspended in the rushing of winds. The world, but for this face which confronted me, had vanished. I saw it to be the face of a woman contorted into a stark and indescribable grimace of rapture. Its eyes gleamed like black and lavender tips of flame. Its teeth stood out white and skull-like against the red of an opened mouth. I was aware of a sound of laughter that seemed to come floating out of the roaring spaces about me.

A silence and darkness seized the world. I stood listening to

melodious detonations of the rain and the harmless sweep of the wind. Over my head burned a café sign and I was gazing into a shattered and emptied panel of glass. Within I saw figures jerking out in a dance and an orchestra of niggers playing. The yellow light overhead proclaimed me in the presence of the Yellow Goat.

In the home of my friend it was quiet and cheerful. Outside the rain chattered in the darkness and the alto of the wind arose long organ notes from the houses. We sat and smoked and exchanged elaborate phrases. But my eyes had evidently been affected by the lightning. When I closed them they still revealed to me the instant of piercing light and the face floating under the sign of the Yellow Goat. Seen thus in memory there was an irritating familiarity about its features. I had not intended to, but I found myself for several moments telling my friend of the incident. I spoke with a great show of incorruptable logic of the thing, pointing out that what I had seen had been undoubtedly the face of an uncommonly beautiful prostitute surprised in a yawn by the gulp of lightning. But my friend is a creature given to making vast and melodramatic riddles out of such phenomena, and he differed from me.

"Stuff and nonsense," I finally interrupted him. "If you'll stop quoting the Cabala and cease your chattering about Sabbats and witches I'll discuss the thing with you as befits two civilized men."

He stared with a faint smile at his shelves of books that like fantastic and colored teeth stood out from the wall.

I resumed. "There was the face of a dancer whom I watched one evening on the stage. I remember now a curious gleam in her eyes and recall how I tried vainly to fit an emotion to such a gleam. There was the face of a hatless boy running through the streets one sunny morning who bumped into me and dashed on without begging my pardon. There was the face of a man I listened to once as he played the violin, and I remember too the face of a woman that I hesitated to kiss. Now the face I saw in the lightning reminded me of all these faces and of some others I have forgotten. You know, about faces there is often something curious. These faces I now remember possessed an identical contortion, an identical arrangement of features and somehow an expression identical to the one I have just told you of. Stark and unhuman. A furious and

repulsive loveliness. It was gone in an instant. But I saw it so vividly that I see it now when I close my eyes . . . an insufferable gesture thrust out of the lightning. The faces of which I am reminded were not so definite. But they had the same light about them."

"I know the light you mean," said my friend. "I've noted myself. If you watch closely you will catch an instant of it now and then shining through the grimace of a dancer or of a man laughing, or, as you say, playing the violin." He paused and his face became full of a curious sincerity. "Or of a woman in passion. Yes I know what you mean. Dark and violent legends have been written about this light, for it has always been in the world and yet seemingly not of it. In demonology . . ."

Again I offered interruption. "Let us not talk of demonology. Inasmuch as a demon is something which must by logic be something unimaginable any adjectives we may arrange concerning it will be crude and futile. What I saw in the face in the storm I've seen before and in places without storm. I've put it down as a maniacal gleam, the indication of a fugitive disorder of the brain. I've noticed vaguely that the expression is somehow connected with people in moments of inspiration. I recall a young poet I knew. His star at times became like a wild laugh out of which mirth has passed and which has become full of something else. This phrase vastly exaggerated would describe the expression of the features I looked at tonight . . ."

I left my friend with the emotion of a man who has offended his own intelligence. This babbling over the face of a prostitute passed in the rain appealed to me as the vaporings of a weakened brain. Yet it pursued me. I found myself excitedly searching in the faces of the little half dead who swarmed the streets, who rode in cars, who sat in restaurants. There were impressions I could not shake off by assuring myself of an innate idiocy. And therefore three nights later I jammed a cap over my ears and with the collar of my mackintosh properly raised I launched myself into another night lashed with wind and rain in quest of the Yellow Goat.

I was curiously nervous as I turned into the street of the grimy-fronted cafés. Here was again halloo of that other night, the golden-lettered street signs adrift in the storm, the vast wash of water illuminating the dark with its fugitive glint, the boiling pavements

and the odor of wet winds. I pressed on hoping for the lightning and the thunder. For, I assured myself, the quest demanded a certain footlighting to be real, and off-stage noises. But the darkness, swollen with rain and wind, remained unrelieved and thus the morbid sanity of my true philosophical nature arose in my thought to confuse me and to prepare me for disillusion. I would find no such face. In fact the face did not exist. It had been the trick of lightning and jumbled nerves. And those other faces which I so obligingly remembered — auxiliary hallucinations all of them. In any event promenading on a night like this savored of idiocy, face or no face. The quest of mysteries indeed ! The urge of spiritual hunger, to be sure ! Behold a solemn ass walking, as was his privilege, through a pneumonia-breeding deluge . .

The wind bayed through the streets and the rain enveloped me in its monotonous rush. Staring ahead I saw gleaming in a little floating oasis of bright mist the sign of the Yellow Goat. There was magic in the sign. The promptings of sanity fled my thought and an exultation tangled my legs. After all there were destinations in the city. There were the veils of Isis still, and the piles of stone that little hands reared had not lost their cunning to conceal unimaginable mysteries. I paused before the entrance of the Yellow Goat as the streaming door swung open and two figures darted out. They were by me and gone in an instant and, as if in pursuit of them, rushed a rollicking lurch of sound. Into the night floated a strain of music and the laugh of a woman.

I entered the Yellow Goat and the night vanished behind me. I was suddenly in a strange world of lights and shouts and odors. Dancing bodies spun and jerked among the tables. Faces bounced amid layers of tobacco smoke that lay in undulant lavender sheets above the floor. Through streaks of color and movement came the bray of music — a melody leaping between the smash of trombones and the bursting staccato of drums. Five niggers with faces satin black were swaying over silver instruments and shouting as they played. Among the round-topped table the revels and contortions of the dancers threatened to annihilate all furniture. A waiter passed in front of me balancing a black tray laden with colored glasses. At the tables sat men and women with faces that seemed somehow out of focus, niggers, prostitutes, louts. The slant of red mouths opened with laughter, the movement of eyes and hands and

white throats of women, — these I saw as fragments through a mist. I moved through the halloo of the room toward a table that seemed to me empty. The reek of wine and steaming cloths, the sting of perspiring perfumes, the bedroom odors of women's bodies dizzied me as I dropped into a chair at this table.

Opposite me sat a woman with a face cut out of scarlet, white and lavender cardboards. Her head was thrown back in a grimace of violent laughter. The red flesh of her opened mouth and throat stared at me behind the roll of sound that issued. I was conscious for the moment of being embraced by soft arms and I felt the hot and opened mouth pressing almost on my face. About me men were banging glasses on the table and women were screaming laughs. To the music of the five shouting niggers couples were making feverish gestures with their bodies against the roar and haze of the room. The faces of drunken niggers, prostitutes and louts hung in the odor and smoke. I sat silent like some bewildered and forbidding stranger, wondering how this woman had appeared so abruptly opposite me. I was in these first moments walking again through the storm and beholding in a gulp of lightning the strange features of a woman behind the door of the Yellow Goat.

The music of the five niggers stopped and a sudden emptiness flooded the room. The confusion became a matter of men's and women's voices and scurrying waiters. The woman opposite me alone remained unchanged. She was gazing at me with eyes in whose swarthy depths moved tiny streaks of scarlet that were like wavering flame tips. Beneath her eyes her skin was darkened as if by bruises. A peculiarly sultry light glowed over their heavy discolorations. Her mouth had shut and her cheeks were without curves, following the corpse like lines of her skull. They were paper white, but again I noted in them the curious sultry glow of her smeared and heavy eyes. Her lips were like the streaks of vermillion laquer painted on an idol's face. She had thrust two bared arms across the table top and was leaning forward. She was regarding me with a smile.

To this extent am I able to describe her. The face of a malignant pierrette or of a diabolic clown, stark and illumined as under some strong lavender ray; the gleaming and putrescent eyes haloed in a gelatinous mist, full of reptilian sorcery. These are simple things to recount. But these were merely the mask for a bewildering thing

which held me silent in a strange inertia. This thing hovered between us like a third person. It was an animation creating waves in the air that were neither of light nor of sound. My thought grew dim and, during these moments that I sat returning her smile, an almost unbearable lust cried in my blood.

We arose and walked arm and arm out of the Yellow Goat into the night and rain. I was aware of faces turned toward me as we passed among the tables but they seemed the fragments of a foreign world. In the rain her body breathed against me, warming me with its hot flesh. My thought became like an echo forever escaping me. The woman tugged at my arm.

"Run, Run," she cried. She threw her head back and filled the night with her laugh. We ran.

We came breathless up a flight of stairs into a room lighted with a gas jet. The heavy sulphurous scent of tube roses stuffed the place but I could make out no flowers. I stood against the door we had entered. The woman's clothes had fallen from her as if blown from her body by a strong wind. Nude but for the black silken stockings she had not removed she turned toward me. Her white skin glistened with moisture and was covered in places with the faint colors of stained glass. She began to dance and throw her arms about and her mouth opened in a riveted laugh. The room became saturated with her. She swept by me plunging about in her dance, posturing and shouting. The gleam of her eyes buried itself in my brain and left me crazed with desire for her.

It was this gleam and the rapturous grimacings of her face that awakened my thought. I recalled as from a distance that I had come in quest of something. This thing I saw now in her face as she tumbled about the malodorous room. It expressed torture. I had seen this light that burned from her, this curious contortion of feature in the faces of the city, now for an instant in the inspiration of a dancer, now in the midst of a violin's wonder, now in the joy of a woman laughing. I had never seen it as I saw it now, but always as a fugitive and lunatic light that fixed itself upon the air after it had vanished from the eyes of men and woman. Here was this light in a nudity more intimate than the shine and odor of her body's flesh.

She had ceased her dancing and thrown herself upon the grimy rumpled surface of a bed. Her laughter also had ceased. She lay with her arms extended toward me, her nakedness moving

faintly like some thick white and undulant reptile. I saw that her eyes were closed but that there was nevertheless about her the stare of a terrible vision. A moan began to come from her and her fingers like claws scratched at the air. Her moving and the odors arising from her grew unendurable. I opened the door softly and ran. Pursuing me came the sound of laughter, rising in a howl.

Outside it still rained. The wind no longer blew. I hurried away and my thought so long tangled in emotion began to unwind itself.

"She is a disease," I murmured to myself, "Her flesh is insane. She is the secret of ecstasy and of Gods and of all things that are beautiful."

About my feet the whirling lines of the rain burst upon the pavement forming innumerable little *vs.* In the proper course of time I would fashion adjectives out of the thing the woman of the Yellow Goat had revealed to me and thus perhaps add to the progress of my race. But now there drifted before me a white-torsoed phantom and in my nose there remained the hot smell of a decay.

A u t o e p i t a p h

I have played always
Myself

And played myself
Not always
Perfectly . . .

Is it enough for the exclamation
At the end:
Qualis artifex pereo!

THE LAMENT OF WOMEN

Djuna Barnes

A h M y G o d !

Ah my God, what is it that we love!
This flesh laid on us like a wrinkled glove?
Bones caught in haste from out some lustful bed,
And for momentum, this a devil's shove.

What is it that hurriedly we kiss,
This mouth that seeks our own, or still more this
Small sorry eye within the cheated head,
As if it mourned the something that we miss.

This pale, this over eager listening ear
The wretched mouth its soft lament to hear, —
To mark the noiseless and the anguished fall
Of still one other warm misshapen tear.

Short arms, and bruised feet long set apart
To walk with us forever from the start.
Ah God, is this the reason that we love —
Because such things are death blows to the heart?

T o - - - - -

Another's veins are set within my days
His misery, as much-as yours, is mine
Yet tell me, is this not a virgin's gaze
Held fast in thine?

I turn always and blow the candle's flame
Into the darkness, dropping down my tears,
Striking out the ending of the game
By forty years.

And in the darkness hear the frightened moan
Of him half wounded, unidentified
Some one unutterably alone —
And mystified.

Nay touch me not too tenderly or well
For I have words to every man's distress
And some forgotten ailing hand in hell
First tore this dress.

Always, yea always, always thus with me
Another's dust shall mix here, when I cease —
While yours, my love, a thousand years shall be
Clotted with peace.

THE IDEAL QUARREL

William Carlos Williams

ANGER spitting through a mush of lumpy stuff—mouldy words, lie-clots — transforms it into that which lets a world beyond come through, before that, blocked out. But that is only the beginning. By anger I mean outraged justice of position wrathfully demanding its wavering complement — on the brink of a new alignment: righteous wrath.

This implies one in the right: counter: one manifestly and frankly in the wrong: bold lies. This implies a dissolving union. This means a further dissolution ending in complete separation, involving a rebeginning or it means a reunion between the severing parts.

The nature of this reunion is the end toward which I attack. It is, as I take it, something as virginal, as completely pristine as any fresh choice, any new alignment can be. More new! The only new!

For to break and begin a new alignment is recapitulation but to recement an old and dissolving union is without precedent, a totally new thing. The old union in this case is a part of the new and being directly a part needs no counterpart, the recemented union being ready at birth to go forward. Every part of a changed alignment is a counterpart of the dead old.

This is hard but important.

A dawdling complement struck full-face is split — a shell of words scaled off. The face comes from behind its mask. The mask is smooth coin: — slimed their water, fish dung, a stinking, soupy liquid, endearing terms, bare hands on —, in bed at night, the children, dirt under the piano, systematic, get up earlier, the dishes, smell of cooking, sweetheart, darling, dearest, pimples on your back. your breath smells, your thighs are not —, you are cold, I am tired tonight, I feel lively tonight, your kind of man, what a fool I was, our whole married life, I thought I was marrying a—, *Undank ist der Weltlohn*, coward, self, the selfish get the best in this world (of course) I am not young now — Flash!

Anger will recreate a world. The white bayonette of anger is: I demand. But lies and deeper lies are the spawn of action. Filth

breeds. The white flash of justice is eggs split by an edged flame. Justice lives on lies: a buck-pike that eats its own spawn.

The birth is in a nest of dead words slimed over: soft down to the mother's breast.

Action brings good. Action upon an old act brings a splitting from the end backward to the beginning so that the cleanliness resultant is a thing opposite to nature, an inversion of whiteness — Back to the beginning.

"I thought I had married a God" to, "I demand a God" is a stroke from the end back to the beginning — but a new beginning, yet resting with its feet on the neck of the old, crushing the old under its feet — unearthly — this is the actual heaven — temples fanned by a wind moving in the wind.

But ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! It is a steam-engine getting under way: the result is a lily opening upon a crow-bar stem. Out of it the cleanliness of spring air! It is the roots of roots we desire! the flower of a flower! the man of a man! the white of white — From the beginning, again! Fourth dimension — well? It is my old life. I hold it off. I have rebegun. Nothing of the old remains or will remain — after. Halleluiah!

I hate you! Flame will be tied to the heels of love in no other way.

The hard backbite of anger recurring in the ebb flow is sturdiness holding its own.

The Week-end

Louis Gilmore

Is anything more tedious
Than a blue sky
And a gravel-walk
Between trees

Except the white
Woman at my side
Who is pretending
That I love her!

Mefk Maru Mustir Daas

Else von Freytag von Loringhoven

The sweet corners of thine tired mouth Mustir
So world-old tired tired to nobility
To more to shame to hatred of thineself
So noble soul so weak a body
Thine body is the prey of mice

And every day the corners of thine tired mouth Mustir
Grow sweeter helpless sneer the more despair
And bloody pale-red poison foams from them
At every noble thing to kill thine soul
Because thine body is the prey of mice
And dies so slowly

So noble is thine tired soul Mustir
She cannot help to mourn out of thine eyes
Thine eyelids nostrils pallor of thine cheek
To mourn upon the curving of thine lip
Upon the crystal of thine pallid ear
To beg forgiveness with flashing smile
Like amber-coloured honey

The sweet corners of thine tired mouth Mustir
Undo thine sin. Thine pain is killed in play
Thine body's torture stimulates in play
And silly little bells of perfect tune
Ring in thine throat
Thou art a country devastated bare Mustir
Exhausted soil with sandy trembling hills
No food no water and ashamed of it
Thou shiver and an amber-yellow sun
Goes down the horizon
Thou are desert with mirages which drive the mind insane
To walk and die a-starving. —

THE MAN WHO RESEMBLED A HORSE

Rafael Arevalo Martinez

(translated from the Spanish by William Carlos Williams)

AT THE time we were presented he was at one end of the apartment, his head on one side, as horses are accustomed to stand, with an air as if unconscious of all going on round him. He had long, stiff and dried out limbs, strangely put together, like those of one of the characters in an english illustration to Gulliver's Travels. But my impression that the man in some mysterious way resembled a horse was not obtained then, except in a subconscious manner, which might never have risen to the full life of consciousness had not my abnormal contact with the hero of this story been prolonged.

In this very first scene of our introduction senior de Aretal began by way of welcome to exhibit the translucent strings of opals, amethysts, emeralds and carbuncles which constituted his intimate treasure. In a first moment of dazzlement I spread myself out, I opened myself completely like a great white sheet, in order to make greater my surface of contract with the generous giver. The antennae of my soul went out, felt him and returned, tremulous, moved, delighted to give me the good news: — "This is the man you awaited; this is the man in search of whom you peered into all unknown souls, for your intuition had affirmed to you long since that some day you would be enriched by the advent of a unique being. The avidity with which you have seized, stared into and cast aside so many souls which made themselves desired and deceived your hope shall today be amply satisfied: stoop and drink of this water."

And when he arose to go, I followed him, tied and a captive like the lamb which the shepherdess bound with garlands of roses. Once in the living room of my new friend, having no more than crossed the threshold which gave him passage to a propitious and habitual environment, his entire person burst into flame. He became dazzling, picturesque as the horse of an emperor in a military parade. The skirts of his coat had a vague resemblance to the inner tunic of a steed of the middle ages harnessed for a tourney. They fell below his meager buttocks, caressing his fine and distinguished

ighs. And his theatrical performance began.

After a ritual of preparation carefully observed, — knight initiate of a most ancient cult, — and when our souls had already become concave he brought forth his folio of verses with the unctuous deportment of a priest who draws near the altar. He was so grave at he imposed respect. A laugh would have been put to the knife the instant of its birth.

He drew forth his first string of topazes, or, better said, his first series of strings of topazes, translucent and brilliant. His hands were raised with such cadence that the rhythm extended three worlds removed. By the power of the rhythm our room was moved entire to the second floor, like a captive balloon, until it broke free from its earthly ties and carried us on a silent aerial journey. But it was not won by his verses for they were inorganic. They were the translucent and radiant soul of minerals; they were the symmetrical and flinty soul of minerals.

And then the officiant of mineral things brought forth his second necklace. Oh emeralds, divine emeralds! And he showed the third. Oh diamonds, clear diamonds! And he brought the fourth and the fifth, which were again topazes like drops of light, with accumulations from the sun, with parts opaquely radiant. And then the seventh: his carbuncles! His carbuncles were — almost a charm; they nearly moved me as might pomegranate seeds or the seed of heros: but I touched them and I felt them hard. By every means the soul of mineral things invaded me; that inorganic aristocracy seduced me strangely, without my fully comprehending. So much was this true that I could not translate the words of my inner master who was confused and made a vain effort to become round and symmetrical and limited and brilliant; I remained dumb. And then, in an unforeseen explosion of offended dignity, believing myself deceived, the officiant took from me his necklace of carbuncles with a movement so full of violence but so just that it left me more perplexed than hurt. If it had been he of the roses he could not have acted in this way.

And then, as upon the breaking of a charm by that act of violence, the enchantment of the rhythm was shattered; and the little white boat in which we had been flying through the blue of the sky found itself solidly planted on the first floor of the house.

Later, our mutual friend, senor de Aretal and I lunched together

on the lower floor of the hotel.

In these moments I looked into the well of the soul of the master of the topazes. I saw many things reflected. As I looked in I had instinctively spread my peacock's tail; but I had spread it without an inner sense of the thing; simply urged by so much beauty perceived and desiring to show my best aspect in order to place myself in tone with it.

Oh the things I saw in that well! The well was for me the very well of mystery itself. To look into a human soul, wide open as a well, which is an eye of the earth, is the same thing as to get a glimpse of God. We never can see the bottom. But we saturate ourselves in the moisture of the water, the great vehicle of love; and we are bedazzled with reflected light.

This well reflected the multiple external aspect of things in the very manner of *senor de Aretal*. Certain figures showed more clearly than others on the surface of the water: there were reflected the classics,—that treasure of tenderness and wisdom, the classics; but above all there was reflected the image of an absent friend with such purity of line and such exact coloring that the fact that this parallel should give me knowledge of the soul of *el senor de la Rosa*, the absent friend so admired and so loved, was not one of the least interesting attractions which the soul of *senor de Aretal* possessed for me. Above all else there was reflected God. God, from whom I was never less distant. The great soul which for a time is brought into focus. I understood as I looked into the well of *senor de Aretal* that he was a divine messenger. He brought a message to humanity; the human message, which has the greatest value of all. But he was an unconscious messenger. He lavished good but he had it not in his possession.

Soon I interested my noble host to an unusual degree. I leant over the clear water of his spirit with such avidity that he was enabled to get a clear likeness of me. I had drawn sufficiently near and besides I was in addition a clear thing which did not intercept the light. Possibly I obscured him as much as he did me. It is a quality of things brought under hallucination to be in their turn hallucinators. This mutual attraction drew us together and brought us into intimate relationship. I frequented the divine temple of that beautiful soul. At its contact I began to take fire. *Senor de Arétal* was a lighted lamp and I was stuff ready to burn. Our souls

communicated with each other. I held my hands extended and the soul of each one of my ten fingers was an antenna through which I received the knowledge of the soul of senor de Aretal. Thus I became aware of many things unknown before. Through aerial routes — what else are the fingers, or velvety leaves, for what else but aerial routes are the leaves—I received something from that man which had been lacking me till that time. I had been an adventurous shrub which prolongs its filaments until it finds the necessary humus in new earth. And how I fed! I fed with the joy of tremulous leaves of chlorafile that spread themselves to the sun; with the joy with which a root encounters a decomposing corpse; with the joy with which convalescents take their vascillating steps in the light-flooded mornings of spring; with the joy with which a child clings to the nutritious breast and afterward, being full, smiles in his dreams at the vision of a snowy udder. Bah! all things which complete themselves have had that joy. God, some day, will be nothing more than a food for us: something needed for our life. Thus smile children and the young when they feel themselves gratified by nutrition.

Beyond that I took fire. Nutrition is combustion. Who knows what divine child shook over my spirit a sprinkling of gunpowder, of naphtha, of something easily inflammable; and senor de Aretal, who had known how to draw near me, had set fire to it. I had the pleasure of burning, that is to say, of fulfilling my destiny. I understood that I was a thing easily inflammable. Oh father fire, blessed be thou! My destiny is to burn. Fire is also a message. What other souls will take fire from me? To whom would I communicate my flame? Bah! who can fortell the future of a spark?

I burnt and senor de Aretal saw me burn. In marvelous harmony our two atoms of hydrogen and oxygen had approached so closely that, stretching themselves, throwing out particles, they almost succeeded in uniting into a living thing. At times they fluttered about like two butterflies which seek each other and make marvelous loops over the river and in the air. At other times they rose by virtue of their own rhythm and harmonious consonance, as rise the two wings of a distich. One was impregnating the other. Until . . .

Have you heard of those icebergs which, drawn into warm waters by a submarine current, disintegrate at their base until, the

marvelous equilibrium being lost, they revolve upon themselves an apocalyptic turning, rapid, unforeseen, presenting to the face the sun what had before been hidden beneath the sea? Invert, they appear unconscious of the ships which, when their upper part went under, they caused to sink into the abyss. Unconscious the loss of nests which had been built in their parts heretofore turned to the light, in the relative stability of those two fragile things: eggs and ice.

Thus, suddenly, there began to take shape in the transparent angel of senor de Aretal a dark little almost insubstantial cloud. It was the projected shadow of the horse that was drawing near.

Who could express my grief when there appeared in the angel of senor de Aretal that thing — obscure, vague and formless. My noble friend had gone down to the bar of the hotel in which I lived. Who was passing? Bah! a dark thing possessed of a horrible flattened nose and thin lips. Do you understand? If the line of the nose had been straight then also something would have been straightened in his soul. If his lips had been full, his sincerity would have been increased also. But no. Senor de Aretal had called him. There he was . . . And my soul which at that instant had power to discern clearly understood that that dwarf whom I had until then thought to be a man, since I one day saw his cheek color with shame, was no more than a pygmy. With such nostrils one could not be sincere.

Invited by the master of the topazes we seated ourselves at a table. They served us cognac and refreshments to take or leave. Here the harmony was broken. The alcohol broke it. I did not take any. He drank. But the alcohol was near me on the white marble table. It came between us and intercepted our souls. Furthermore, the soul of senor de Aretal was no longer blue like mine. It was red and flat like that of the companion who separated us. Then I understood that what I had most loved in senor de Aretal was my own blue.

Soon the flattened soul of senor de Aretal began to speak low things. All his thoughts had the crooked nose. All his thoughts drank alcohol and materialized grossly. He told us of a legion of Jamaican negresses, lewd and semi-naked, pursuing him with the offer of their odious merchandise for a nickel. His speech pained

me and soon his will pained me. He asked me insistently to drink alcohol. I yielded. But hardly had my sacrifice been consummated than I felt clearly that something was breaking between us. That our inner masters were withdrawing and that a divine equilibrium of crystals was tumbling down in silence. I told him so: — Senor de Aretal you have broken our divine relationship in this very instant. Tomorrow you will see me arrive at your apartment, a man only, and I will meet only a man in you. In this very instant you have dyed me in red.

The following day in effect, I do not know what we did, senor de Aretal and I. I believe we were walking along the street bent upon some sort of business. He was again ablaze. I was walking at his side extinguished and far removed. As I walked I was thinking to myself that mystery had never opened so wide a slit for me to look through as in my relations with my strange fellow voyager. I had never felt so thoroughly the possibilities of man; I had never so well understood the intimate God as in my relations with senor de Aretal.

We arrived at his room. His forms of thought were awaiting us. And all the while I felt myself far from senor de Aretal. I felt far for many days, on many successive visits. I went to him obeying inexorable laws. Because precisely that contact was required to consume a part in me, so dry until then, as if prepared the better to burn. All my pain of dryness hitherto now rejoiced in burning; all the pain of my emptiness hitherto now rejoiced in fullness. I sallied out of the night of my soul into a blazing dawn. It is well. Let us be brave. The dryer we are the better we shall burn. And so I went to that man and our inner masters rejoiced. Ah! but the enchantment of the first days. Now where?

When I had become resigned to find a man in senor de Aretal, there returned anew the enchantment of his marvelous presence. I loved my friend. But it was impossible for me to throw aside the melancholy of the departed god. Translucid, diamantine lost wings! How might I recover them and return where we were?

One day senor de Aretal found the medium propitious. We his hearers were several; verses were being recited in the room enchanted by his habitual creations. Suddenly, in the presence of some more beautiful than the rest, as upon a horn blast, our noble host arose pawing and prancing. And then and there I had my first

vision: *Senor de Aretal stretched his neck like a horse.*

I attracted his attention:—Worthy host, I beg you to take this and this attitude. Yes; it was true: *he stretched his neck like a horse.*

Later, the second vision; the same day. We went out to walk. Of a sudden I perceived, I perceived it: *Senor de Aretal fell like a horse.* Suddenly his left foot gave way, then his haunches nearly touched the ground, like a horse that stumbles. He recovered himself quickly; but he had already given me the impression. Have you seen a horse fall?

Then the third vision, a few days later. Senor de Aretal was performing, seated before his money in gold; suddenly I saw him move his arms as horses of pure blood move their forefeet, thrusting the extremities of their legs forward, to either side, in that beautiful series of movements which you doubtless have many times observed when an able rider in a crowded thoroughfare curbs the pace of his curvetting and splendid mount.

Afterward another vision: Senor de Aretal looked at things like a horse. When he was drunk with his own words, as his own generous blood makes a high bred steed drunk, tremulous as a leaf,—trembling like a steed mounted and curbed, trembling like all living forms of nervous and fine fiber,—he would bend down his head, he would turn his head sidewise, and thus he looked about, while his arms knitted something in the air, like the forepaws of a horse. What a magnificent thing a horse is! He almost stands upon two feet! And then I felt that the spirit was riding him.

And later a hundred visions more. Senor de Aretal approached women like a horse. In sumptuous parlors he could not remain quiet. He would draw alongside some lovely woman, newly introduced, with elastic and easy movements, bow his head and hold it on the side; he would take a turn around her and take a turn around the room.

Thus he looked sidelong. I was able to observe that his eyes were bloodshot. One day he broke one of the small vessels which color them with a delicate network: the little vessel broke and a tiny red stain colored his sclera. I called it to his attention.

—“Bah”, said he to me, “that is an old matter. I have suffered with it for three days. But have no time to see a doctor.”

He walked to a glass and looked into it fixedly. When I re-

turned on the following day, I found that one more virtue ennobled him. I asked him: "What beautifies you in this hour"? And he replied: "A hue." And he told me that he had put on a red necktie that might harmonise with his eye. Then I understood that there was in his spirit a third red and that these three reds together were what had attracted my attention when saluting him. For the crystal spirit of senor de Aretal was wont to take on the hue of surrounding things. And this is what his verses were: a marvelous collection of crystals tinged by the things about them: emeralds, rubies, opals

But this was at times sad because at times surrounding things were dark or discolored: the greens of the manure pile, the pale greens of sickly plants. I came to deplore finding him with others and when this happened I would leave senor de Aretal under any pretext if his companion were not a person of clear colors.

For unfailingly senor de Aretal reflected the spirit of his companion. One day I found him, he the noble steed! dwarfed and honeyed. And as in a mirror, I saw in the room a person dwarfed and honeyed. Sure enough, there she was; he presented her. A man flattened, fat and low. Her spirit likewise was a low thing. Nothing trailing and humble; but inoffensive and desirous of pleasing. That person was the spirit of flattery. And senor de Aretal also at that moment possessed a small soul, servile and obsequious. What convex mirror has brought about this horrible transmutation? I asked myself, terrified. And at once all the air of the room appeared to me as a transparent convex glass which distorted the objects. How flattened the chairs were . . . ! Everything seemed itself to be sat upon. Aretal was one hack horse the more.

On another occasion, at the table of a noisy group which laughed and drank, Aretal was one human the more, one more of a heap. I drew alongside him and saw him listed and the price paid. He cracked jokes and brandished them like weapons of offense. He was a circus horse. All in that group were on exhibition. Another time he was a *jayán*. He entangled himself in abusive words with a brute of a man. He was like a market woman. He would have disgusted me; but I loved him so much that it made me sad. He was a kicking horse.

Finally there appeared on the physical plane a question which had long been shaping: which is the true spirit of senor de Aretal?

And I answered it quickly. Senor de Aretal with his fine mentali had no soul: he was amoral. He was amoral as a horse and allow himself to be mounted by any spirit whatever. At times his ride were fearful or miserly and then Senor de Aretal would fling the from him with a proud buck. That moral vacuum of his being would fill, as do all vacuums, with ease. It tended to fill itself.

I proposed the question to the very exalted mind of my friend and he took it up at once. He made me a confession:—Yes: it true. I show you who love me the better part of me. I show you my inner god. But, it is painful to say it, between two human beings around me I tend to take on the color of the lower. Flee from me when I am in bad company.

Upon the base of this discovery I entered still more deeply into his spirit. He confessed to me one day, in grief, that no woman had ever loved him. All his being bled as he said this. I explained to him that no woman could love him, because he was not a man; the union would have been monstrous. Senor de Aretal did not know modesty and was indelicate in his relations with ladies, like an animal. And he:

— But I heap them with money.

— That also would be given them by a valuable property rented.

And he:

— But I caress them with passion.

— Their little wooly dogs also lick their hands.

And he:

— But I am faithful and generous to them; I am humble to them; I am self-denying to them.

— Well; man is more than that. But, do you love them?

— Yes, I love them.

— But do you love them as a man? No, friend, no. You break in those delicate and divine beings a thousand slender coils which constitute a life entire. That last prostitute, who denied you her love and has disdained your money, defended her one intimate part: her inner master; that which is not sold. You have no shame. Now listen to my prophesy: a woman will redeem you. You, obsequious and humble to lowliness with the ladies; you pretend to carry a lovely woman, on your back, with the pride of the favorite nag which delights in its burden, — when this beautiful woman shall

love you, you will be redeemed; you will acquire chastity by conquest.

And at another time propitious for confidences.

— I have never had a friend. And his entire being bled as he said this. I explained to him that no man could give him his friendship because he was not a man, and the friendship would have been monstrous. Senor de Aretal did not comprehend friendship and was indelicate in his relations with men, like an animal. He knew only comradeship. He galloped joyful and openhearted upon the plain with his companions; he liked to go in droves with them; primitive and primordial he galloped, feeling the burning of his generous blood which incited him to action, — becoming drunk with the air, the verdure and the sun; but later he would withdraw with indifference from his companion of a year. The horse, his brother dead beside him, sees him rot beneath the dome of the heavens without a tear rising to his eyes . . . And senor de Aretal, when I had finished expressing my last concept, radiant:

— This is the glory of nature. Matter, immortal, does not die. Why weep for a horse when a rose remains? Why weep for a rose when a bird is there? Why lament for a friend when a meadow remains? I feel the radiant light of the sun which possesses us all, which redeems us all. To weep is to sin against the sun. Men, cowards, miserable and low, sin against nature, which is God.

And I, reverent, on my knees before that beautiful animal soul which filled me with the unction of God:

— Yes, it is true; but man is a part of nature; he is nature evolved. I respect evolution! There is force and there is matter; I respect them both! They are all one.

— I am beyond the moral.

— You are on this side of morality; you are below the moral. But the horse and the angel touch one another, and for this reason you at times appear to me as divine. St. Francis d'Assisi, like you, loved all beings and all things; but that being true, he loved them in another manner; he loved them beyond the circle, not this side of it as you do.

And then he:

— I am generous with my friends: I shower them with gold.

— It would also be given them by a valuable property leased, or by an oil well, or a working mine.

And he:

— But I pay them a thousand little attentions. I have been nurse to the sick friend and a boon companion in an orgy to the hale friend.

And I:

— Man is more than that; man is solidarity. You love your friends but do you love them with human love? No; you offended in us a thousand intangible things. I, who am the first man who has loved you, have sown the germ of your redemption. That egoistic friend who separated himself, in leaving you, from a benefactor, did not feel himself united to you by any human bond. You have no solidarity with men.

—

— You have not modesty with women nor solidarity with men nor respect for the law. You lie, and find in your exalted mentality an excuse for your lie, although you are by nature truthful, like a horse. You flatter and deceive and find in your exalted mentality an excuse for your flattery and your deceit although you are by nature noble, like a horse. I have never so loved horses as I love them in you. I understand the nobility of the horse: it is nearly human. You have always borne a human load upon your back: a woman, a friend . . . What would become of that woman and that friend in the difficult passes without you, the noble, the strong, who bore them upon himself with a generosity which will be your redemption! He who bears a burden covers the road most swiftly. But you have borne them like a horse. Faithful to your nature, begin to bear them like a man.

I took leave of the master of the topazes and a few days later there occurred the last act of our relationship. Of a sudden *senor de Aretal* sensed that my hand was unsteady, that it was held out to him in a cowardly and ungenerous manner and his nobility of the brute revolted. With a swift kick he threw me far from him. I felt his hoofs on my forehead. Then a rapid gallop, rhythmic and martial, scattering to the winds the sands of the desert. I turned my eyes toward the place where the sphynx had stood in her eternal repose of mystery and I no longer saw her. The sphynx was *senor de Aretal* who had revealed to me his secret which was the same as that of the centaur!

It was señor de Aretal, drawing away at a rapid gallop, with a human face and the body of a beast.

Guatemala, October 1914.

THE BOULEVARD Israel Solon

ALL THE morning Mollie Mandel had been from door to door along the south side of Maxwell Street, selling tickets for The Orphans Aid Society's coming ball. Her hand bag of real alligator skin with solid gold trimming bulged with all the money she had stuffed into it that morning. There was resounding firmness in her step and arrogance in her manner. Not another member of the Entertainment Committee had sold so many tickets, she was just certain.

Mollie Mandel enjoyed all selling. Before marrying the rich Max Mandel, Mollie had been the best sales-lady in Little Jake's Milwaukee Avenue Bargain House. But it was selling tickets for fashionable charities that Mollie Mandel enjoyed most. It made her welfare work among the ghetto poor a real pleasure.

Mollie Mandel smiled a fat smile. She was uncommonly well pleased with herself and her success of the morning. She unbuttoned her Persian lamb coat that everybody might enjoy the snug broadcloth suit she wore beneath, and the diamonds flashing at her throat and ears. The barrels of herring, the numerous improvised shops and stands that congested the sidewalk and street, the pyramids of discolored oranges, diminutive apples and over-ripe bananas, the heaps of cheap imitation wares exhibited for sale to those living on the outer edge, heightened her feeling of security. And she reveled in it. She was above these little people and their trembling lives. Let those who give themselves superior airs snarl at her as they please, and call her "allrightnik," which is the American Yiddish for New-rich vulgarian. What did she care! In Maxwell Street she was a swell lady what lives on the Boulevard. She was so well pleased with herself that she quite forgot her luncheon. Mollie Mandel rarely forgot her meals.

It was noon when Mollie Mandel caught sight of Esther Malkin at the show-window in her father's bake-shop in Maxwell

Street. Instantly, her eyes swam in pleasure; joy oozed out all over her face, guttered down each side of her nose and around her mouth, spilled over the edge of her jaws, circled the fat of her neck and throat and ran down below her broadcloth suit.

"Say, Frieda!" Mollie Mandel shouted to her companion across the street. "Come on over!" And she made violent motions with her hands."

"What's eatin' you now?" Frieda shouted back as she hurried across.

"Listen!" Mollie Mandel confided in a loud whisper. "See Esther Malkin moping there in the window? I've got a live hunch. I'm going to hook the Malkins for some tickets."

"I'll just bet you the lunch for the two of us at the Annex you don't!"

"Say that again," Mollie Mandel challenged. "That listens good to me. Remember, I'm going to order a whole lobster."

"I should worry what you order! You'll have to pay for mine, too."

"Say, kid, you're on!" Mollie Mandel called out exultantly. "Let's hook claws on that." And she reached out for Frieda's hand. "Just watch me put it over!"

Esther Malkin was a short, dark girl, and inclined to be stout, like her mother. She was nineteen and silent. She had no bracelets, no jeweled combs, no silver mesh bag, no satin slippers; nor had she as yet anything put away in the big trunk, though her parents were as worthy as any living in Maxwell. She had not even the desire for those things. She was a plain girl. The flour dust which covered her large black eyes and clotted her mass of black hair, merging them into a dull drab jumble, like the dull drab jumble of her clothing, also penetrated and thickened her soul. Esther never found herself shaken with strong desire, never complained, and seldom laughed. Day after day she plodded from counter to counter in her father's bake-shop in Maxwell Street, dealing out loaves of rye bread to shrill women with shawls over their heads, and sticky cakes and rolls to fiery-eyed, noisy children. All of her interests were centered upon the immediate and the practical — upon the day's receipts, upon making the correct change, upon reserving the shapeliest loaves for the best customers. And because she could rest but one foot at a time she generally appeared lopsided.

One after another the Maxwell Street girls were being married though of some it was said that they were not fit to bind a cat's

You saw the young men coming fresh from the barber shop, their hair all glossy, their faces nice and clean so that it was a real assure just to look at them. After an hour you saw them holding street doors open for their ladies, helping them off the sidewalk across the street, turning their heads this way and that, like gentlemen. In a few weeks you saw the young ladies with their heads always at their hair, so as to make sure you would see their engagement rings, real diamonds, in golden mounting. And yet, as mothers came in to order the huge wheaten twisted wedding dresses, Esther congratulated them cheerfully, warmly; and never found it necessary to suppress a longing, to stifle a sigh.

It was not that Esther was indifferent to what might become of her. She was merely "a kosher Yiddish daughter," perpetuated through the ages by the isolation of the ghetto. As in her childhood she had reposed peacefully in the arms of her mother, she now rested securely in the ancient faith of her people, never doubting that her own would come to her. The Exalted One forsakes no one. Her father would be no doctor or lawyer, not even a down-town business man like Mollie Mandel's man. Let him only be a nice man and a good baker, and she would be quite thankful. With a little help from her father, they would open a bake-shop, and even get to move to the Boulevard some day perhaps. Why not?

The noonday rush in the Malkin bake-shop was just over. Only the clamor made by the nervous women and children still lingered. Soon this, too, faded out; and an empty stillness invaded the shop, and a kind of peace. Esther made limply for the edge of the show-window, to gaze with unseeing eyes at the feverish life outdoors, while resting her tired body. And a moment later she was dreaming, open-eyed day dreaming:

She was seated on the front porch of her home On the Boulevard Her man he was away somewhere She did not know where She did not know what he looked like, but he was a nice man And she was surrounded by children — a number of children! Suddenly she was overcome by a scorching desire to press a curly head to her breast, to shower furious kisses upon it —

"Hello, Esther!" Mollie Mandel shouted in the doorway. "Has

he got lots of money? I'll bet he knows how to show a girl a good time! Do I know him? What's his name? Are you afraid to take him away from you?"

She fired the questions in rapid succession, without waiting for an answer, for she was not interested in what Esther might have to say.

"Just leave it to the quiet ones," she continued. "You needn't blush so. Oh, my, oh, my! If I made a mistake all the worse for you. You don't know all the fun you're missing."

Esther had not uttered a word. She could not. Her mind was not quick enough. Mollie Mandel now thought that she had been enough on that subject, so she asked:

"Where's your mother? — Oh, hello, Mrs. Malkin! How are you? I seen gold and silver, but you I did not see. You're looking fine!"

She got down at once to the business she had in mind, and her tone changed. The spirit of banter left her. She spoke from a privileged position of a lady of the Boulevard, who, but for the goodness of her heart, might have spoken differently. She was neither pleading nor arguing. She merely voiced obvious and unsailable truths, and through no other motive than her desire to be good.

"Everybody knows I speak right out. By me there's no trick and monkey business. What can you be thinking about? Why don't you keep Esther so much at home? She isn't a baby any more!"

Esther squirmed. She gathered her arms about her as if a stranger had invaded her room while she was dressing. Mollie Mandel noticed it, and became bantering again, but only for a moment.

"Say, if it wasn't right the rabbi wouldn't do it, and if it wasn't nice the Czar wouldn't do it. We're among ourselves. There's nobody we got to be ashamed of. In plain words: you got to make her go out and meet people. A nice wedding, a swell ball — there's no need of my laying a finger in your mouth! You can understand a thing as good as the next one. The Orphans Aid Society coming ball, for instance. That's just like it was made to order for Esther. It's the swellest affair of the season. Esther musn't neglect it. I'll introduce a bunch of swell fellows to her — A swell woman like you, say! What you forgot some people you and I know

never learn. But we all got to be reminded sometimes. Here three tickets."

Mollie Mandel stuffed the money into her bag of real alligator with solid gold trimming. Mrs. Malkin fingered the tickets, knowing what else to do with them. With one hand on the door, Mollie Mandel, smiling benignly, turned to Esther:

"Esther, you're a nice one! Why don't you come over to see sometimes? My house ain't swell enough for you, what? Believe me, with a house like mine I ain't got nothing to be ashamed of. Without my loss, let God bless you even next year with a house like mine. Ring me up when you're coming, you hear?"

A long silence followed Mollie Mandel's departure. It was not only that her breathless flow of words had intimidated both the mother and daughter, but that she had talked all the while she was with them; and now she was gone before they had had time to say her anything. It took time for them to puzzle out what all had happened to them. Esther finally ventured timidly:

"I think Mollie is awful nice. She ain't a bit stuck up or anything. Wasn't that a swell coat she had on?"

"Ach, daughterkin," and the mother rocked herself ruefully. "All things you got to have luck. Before she got married she had hardly three threads on her, so God sends her a good luck, and here she is at her now! A grain of luck is better as a pound of gold, daughterkin."

Again mother and daughter fell silent. A film of sadness overlaid Mrs. Malkin's face. The contrast between Esther's heavy-lidded eyes and Mollie Mandel's rampant prosperity was too great for the mother to accept cheerfully. Answering to an inner need for something, Mrs. Malkin began to remove the bread crumbs from the counter, without noticing that she was using her white apron as a dusting cloth. Esther kept creasing a piece of wrapping paper and smoothing it out again on her knee, over and over again, for several minutes.

"What'll we do with all them tickets, mother?" Esther asked suddenly. "We ain't really going?"

The question took Mrs. Malkin by surprise, and she barely managed to say:

"We got to hear what the father will say;" and, taking advantage of the entrance of a customer, she said hastily: "See what

Mrs. Solomon wants, daughterkin. She's got a little baby at home.

How that winter afternoon passed Esther did not know. She could not have said whether it had been long or short, nor how she had spent it. When she stepped out the door that evening to look up the shop, she was struck by the appearance of Maxwell Street. It was as if she had stepped into a strange street, in some strange town. The flaming gasoline torches, the push-carts and stands, the heaps of litter and refuse — could it always have been like that? She did not know what made her so uncomfortable.

When she had reached her rooms she wondered why the windows were not open, although open windows at that season of the year except on Friday mornings, when the house was being made ready to receive Sabbath the Queen, were unknown in the Malkin household. She had to have air. She pushed up the window, the lace curtains flapped, and Esther was annoyed at the smell of dust. She put her head out the window, and noticed for the first time that the electric street lamps were all on one side of the street, and she wondered were they like that on all streets. Then she recalled that there were four rows of electric lights on the Boulevard, two rows on either side. She closed the window, and sat down on the edge of the bed. The light of the street lamps, coming in through the window, did not reach to where she sat; but she did not light the gas. She wanted to sit in the dark. She was tired.

Long after Esther fell asleep that night her father and mother still talked of her and the ball.

"All the biggest swells go to that ball," Mrs. Malkin informed her husband in a tone as if she had known of it all her life, though her hard-headed husband might not doubt it. "Everybody from the Boulevard. And it ain't as if she didn't have nobody there. Mollie Mandel will be there to look after her, and Mollie can do a whole lot where she wants to. Such a fine chance! All the biggest swell from the Boulevard."

"The foolish woman what you are! Right away you got to take and get scared! Swells they are what go to that ball, yes. What kind of swells are they, tell me, hey? What, you don't know? What are you trying to talk yourself into? As if everybody didn't know them swells. Tell me, how long is it since they moved away from Maxwell Street, and Union Street, and Liberty Street, hey?"

Mr. Malkin hurled these statements at his wife with greater

violence than the occasion demanded, and he was in part aware of it. He raged not merely to cover a retreat from a position he was not able to defend — his wife clearly had him at a disadvantage and he knew it. He had given too little thought to his daughter's future, an offence much more heinous in the ghetto than elsewhere. But he was a weak man, with little of originality and daring. His success, even when measured by Maxwell Street standards, was the result of neither his foresight nor courage. Countrymen of his, by the tens of thousands, had crowded about him that they might ease the violence of the change in their lives; that they might share in the greater security of kindred presence, in the comfort of familiar speech and manners. The thousands of the ghetto had enabled him to profit by his peasant grubbing instinct, to exploit the racial tenacity of himself, his wife and his daughter. He blustered thus violently that he might dissipate his resentment of himself for his past behavior. Now that his wife had thrown him into a panic, he felt that his neglect would surely have led to disaster, but for the kindly intervention of Mollie Mandel. His irritation was great, because the love he bore his daughter was great, and it called for many word to relieve him.

"Let somebody mention swells to you, and right away you got to take and get scared. By you everybody is a swell what lives on the Boulevard. And maybe if he's got to have a silver dollar he runs around like a poisoned mouse.

"You say Mollie Mandel is going to look after Estherkin. Sure, that's very nice, and we got to remember to thank her for it. But that's nothing to get scared for! Sure Estherkin's got to go to the ball, how else? Who said no? Did you hear me say no, she can't go, tell me? What one must one must, that's all. And as for a dress and things— Nu! When you're going to be hanged by one foot you may as well be hanged by the other also. Maybe we can as well afford it as most of them swells, thank God—if she's really got to have them. It ain't too late yet!"

"Sure, sure, it ain't too late yet," Mrs. Malkin agreed readily. She had feared a harder tussle. She herself was more troubled than she had dared disclose to her husband. The ball seemed to her a dangerous undertaking, even though she did not know where danger might lie. And, as much to allay her own fears as to prevent her husband from changing his mind, she added quickly: "Thank God,

thank God, it ain't too late yet! But we got to look around. Another year, and another year, and maybe it is too late, God forbid!"

The following day, like all previous days in endless number, began for Esther with the ringing of the alarm clock in the darkness of her bedroom. She felt the same worn carpet underfoot, the same damp clothing; the waist she had washed before going to bed hung limp on the newspaper over the back of the chair, where it would remain until the following bedtime to be ironed — thus it had always been. But this morning Esther found it hard to finish dressing, and had to press her cheek against the foot-end of her iron bed.

The rattle and clack of a milk wagon made her jump. She was late! She had always aimed to have the shop open and the gas lighted by the time the milk-man came around; but now she had to waste still more time, hunting for the little hairpins she had somehow misplaced when undressing.

She walked heavily down the stairs. Another day of bread and cakes, cakes and bread, the same as it had always been all the days of her life as far back as she could remember. When she stepped out into the gray of the cold street there appeared to be something ghostly about it. She did not know that she had but just begun to notice the world about her.

The thought of the ball popped into her head as soon as she entered the shop. Had her mother talked to her father about it? What had he said? She just knew that he had refused to listen to it at all. She did not know whether she cared or not. No, she was glad. Why should she befuddle her own head with balls and things! She listened for her mother's step. She kept asking of old customers was there anything they wanted. She miscounted cakes, and astonished women kept asking her what had suddenly got into her.

She heard her mother's heavy tread on the stairs and started for the door to meet her, but checked herself in time, and busied herself with rearranging the loaves. It was a long time before her mother would say anything. Finally she said:

"The father says we got to go to the ball."

"We go to the ball? Yes?" Esther was sure she had heard aright, but wished her mother would say it again. Then she read confirmation of the good news in her mother's face, and added quietly: "Maybe that will be nice."

(to be continued)

TETELESTAI

Conrad Aiken

I

How shall we praise the magnificence of the dead,
The great man humbled, the haughty brought to dust?
Is there a horn we should not blow as proudly
for the meanest of us all, who creeps his days,
Guarding his heart from blows, to die obscurely? . . .
I am no king, have laid no kingdoms waste,
Taken to princes captive, led no triumphs
Of weeping women through long walls of trumpets ;
Say rather I am no one, or an atom:
Say rather, two great gods in a vault of starlight
Play ponderingly at chess; and at the game's end
One of the pieces, shaken, falls to the floor
And runs to the darkest corner; and that piece
Forgotten there, left motionless, is I . . .
Say that I have no name, no gifts, no power,
Am only one of millions; mostly silent;
One who came with eyes and hands and a heart,
Looked on beauty, and loved it, and then left it.
Say that the fates of time and space obscured me,
Led me a thousand ways to pain, bemused me,
Wrapped me in ugliness; and like great spiders
Despatched me at their leisure . . . Well, what then?
Should I not hear, as I lie down in dust,
The horns of glory blowing above my burial?

II

Morning and evening opened and closed above me,
Houses were built above me, trees let fall
Yellowing leaves upon me, hands of ghosts;
Rain has showered its arrows of silver upon me
Seeking my heart; winds have roared and tossed me;
Music in long blue waves of sound has borne me
A helpless weed to shores of unthought silence;
Time, above me, within me, crashed its gongs

Of terrible warning, sifting the dust of death;
And here I lie. Blow now your horns of glory
Harshly over my flesh, you trees, you waters!
You stars and suns, Canopus, Deneb, Rigel
Let me as I lie down, here in this dust,
Hear, far off, your whispered salutation!
Roar now above my decaying flesh, you winds,
Whirl out your earth-scents over this body, tell me
Of ferns, and stagnant pools, wild roses, hillsides!
Anoint me, rain, let crash your silver arrows
On this hard flesh! I am the one who named you
I lived in you and now I die, in you:
I, your son, your daughter, treader of music,
Lie broken, conquered . . . Let me not fall in silence.

III

I, the reatless one; the circler of circles;
Herdsman and roper of stars, who could not capture
The secret of self; I who was tyrant to weaklings,
Striked of children; destroyer of women; corrupter
Of innocent dreamers, and laughter at beauty; I
Too easily brought to tears and weakness by music,
Baffled and broken by loves, the helpless beholder
Of the war in my heart of desire with desire, the struggle
Of hatred with love, terror with hunger; I
Who laughed without knowing the cause of my laughter, who grew
Without wishing to grow, a servant to my own body;
Loved without reason the laughter and flesh of a woman,
Enduring such torments to find her! I who at last
Grow weaker, struggle more feebly, relent in my purpose,
Choose for my triumph an easier end, look backward
At earlier conquests; or caught in the webs, cry out
In a sudden and empty despair — 'Tetélestai!'
Pity me, now! I, who was arrogant beg you!
Tell me, as I lie down that I was courageous.
Blow horns of victory now as I reel and am vanquished;
Shatter the sky with trumpets above my grave! . . .

IV

. . . Look! This flesh how it crumbles to dust and is blown!

These bones, how they grind in a granite of frost and are nothing!
This skull — how it yawns for a flicker of time in the darkness
Yet laughs not and sees not! it is crushed by a hammer of sunlight,
And the hands are destroyed . . . Press down through the leaves
of the jasmine

Dig through the interlaced roots — nevermore will you find me:
was no better than dust, yet you cannot replace me . . .

Take the soft dust in your hand — does it stir, does it sing?
Has it lips and a heart? Does it open its eyes to the sun?
Does it run, does it dream, does it burn with a secret, or tremble
in terror of death? Or ache with tremendous decisions? . . .

Listen! . . . It says: 'I lean by the river. The willows
Are yellowed with bud. White clouds roar up from the south
And darken the ripples; yet they cannot darken my heart,
Nor the face like a star in my heart! . . . Rain falls on the water
And pelts it and rings it with silver. The willow-trees glisten,
The sparrows chirp under the eaves; but the face in my heart
Is a secret of music . . . I wait in the rain and am silent.'

Listen again! . . . It says: 'I have worked, I am tired,
The pencil dulls in my hand, I see through the window
Walls upon walls of windows with faces behind them,
Smoke floating up to the sky, an ascension of sea-gulls.
I am tired. I have struggled in vain, my decision was fruitless,
Why, then do I wait? with darkness, so easy, at hand! . . .
But to-morrow . . . perhaps . . . I will wait and endure till to-morrow!'
Or again: 'It is dark. The decision is made. I am vanquished
By terror of life. The walls mount slowly about me
In coldness. I had not the courage. I was forsaken.
I cried out, was answered by silence . . . Tetélestai! . . .'

V

Hear how it babbles! — Blow the dust out of your hand,
With its voices and visions, tread on it, forget it, turn homeward
With dreams in your brain . . . This, then, is the humble, the
nameless, —

The lover, the husband and father, the struggler with shadows,
The one who went down under shoutings of chaos, the weakling
Who cried his 'forsaken!' like Christ on the darkening hilltop! . . .
This, then, is the one who implores as he dwindles to silence,
A fanfare of glory . . . And which of you dares to deny him!

CONCERTS INTIMES
A Series of Intimate Recitals
and
Chamber Music Concerts

Sunday afternoons
at the Provincetown Playhouse
133 MacDougal Street

Subscription tickets for seven concerts \$4.00
Single tickets 75 cents

*Address all communications and make checks payable
to Milton P. Schreyer, Provincetown Players,
133 MacDougal Street, New York City.*

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE SUNWISE TURN

2 East 31st Street

In April, 1916, we sent out the first announcement of our aims and intentions in regard to selling modern books and art. In November 1917, we tried to recount our achievements and new hopes. Now in November, 1918, at a moment of solemn import for the world we wish to remind our friends and explain to those who have not yet heard of the "Sunwise Turn" that in our third year we see the task that we have set ourselves to do more clearly than ever as a factor of value in the new age.

Many a time in these difficult war years we have nearly given up under the financial struggle, but at the darkest moment would come some visible sign that the Sunwise Turn *is* needed and that we must keep going on some way for the few until the many would come to us and not only make our work count for more but make it easier for us to do it well.

We are fighting the fight for the small bookshop. We want to be just one of a great number of bookshops that will help increase the number of good books read by every American to a figure for just pride, and make it impossible for a man in Nevada or Maine, Porto Rico or Hawaii to remain ignorant of what John Dewey or Robert Frost or Arthur B. Davies or any of the great Americans is doing; to make it certain that he shall have the chance to know about all the special forms through which our common life is finding expression; to know that the outlook for democracy is hopeless unless the controlling institutions of society are studied and improved.

We want to disseminate not "Books of Knowledge" but books of thought to help awaken America to broad issues of human function and save her from the fatuity of palliative opportunism.

Twelve books no one should leave unread:

<i>Democracy After the War</i>	J. A. Hobson
<i>The Nature of Peace</i>	Thorstein Veblen
<i>Democracy and Education</i>	John Dewey
<i>Self-Government in Industry</i>	G. D. H. Cole
<i>National Guilds</i>	A. R. Orage
<i>The Dance of Siva</i>	Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy
<i>Art</i>	Clive Bell
<i>Processes of History</i>	Taggart
<i>The Housing Problem</i>	Whitaker, Ackerman, et al.
<i>Education after the War</i>	J. H. Badley
<i>The League of Nations</i>	Brailsford
<i>Creative Impulse in Industry</i>	Helen Marot

A n n o u n c e m e n t

The last number of the *Little Review*, May 1917-18, (unbound) is now selling at \$3.00. Special numbers — the French number and the Henry James, — at 60 cents.

In England the volume is 12s. Special numbers 2/6.

No Other Typewriter Can Do This--

*Enable the amateur to write as neat-appearing letters
from the very beginning as the experienced operator*

The only typewriter that can do this is the

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND "WRITING MACHINE"

Many Typewriters in One



Two styles of type or two different languages always on the MULTIPLEX. Any other two substituted in a few seconds.

Fill in the coupon and mail us today. We will send you our new PORTABLE FOLDER.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY
558A East 69th Street — New York City

PASTE THIS ON A POSTAL

Please send literature without obligation to:

Name

Address

L. R.

Jan. 1919

Vol V., No 9.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

The Dreaming of the Bones

by

William Butler Yeats

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

JANUARY, 1919

- The Dreaming of the Bones *William Butler Yeats*
Mary Olivier: A Life *May Sinclair*
"Exiles": A Discussion *John Rodker*
Israel Solon
Samuel A. Tannenbaum
Jh.
Ulysses, Episode VIII *James Joyce*
The Boulevard, II *Israel Solon*
Note on "The Dreaming of the Bones" *J. Q.*
The Reader Critic

Copyright, 1918, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, *Editor*

EZRA POUND, *London Editor*

JULES ROMAINS, *French Editor*

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

*Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York, N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.*

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

JANUARY 1919

No. 9.

THE DREAMING OF THE BONES*

William Butler Yeats

The stage is any bare place in a room close to the wall. A screen with a pattern of mountain and sky can stand against the wall or a curtain with a like pattern hang upon it, but the pattern must only symbolize or suggest.

One MUSICIAN enters and then two others; the first stands singing while the others take their places. Then all three sit down against the wall by their instruments, which are already there — a drum, a zither, and a flute. Or they unfold a cloth as in "The Hawk's Well", while the instruments are carried in.

FIRST MUSICIAN

(Or ALL THE MUSICIANS singing)

Why does my heart beat so?
Did not a shadow pass?
It passed but a moment ago.
Who can have trod in the grass?
What rogue is night-wandering?
Have not old writers said
That dizzy dreams can spring
From the dry bones of the dead?
And many a night it seems
That all the valley fills
With those fantastic dreams,
They overflow the hills,
So passionate is a shade,
Like wine that fill to the top
A grey-green cup of jade,
Or maybe an agate cup.

*

Copyright, 1918, by William Butler Yeats. See note on page 61.

(*speaking*) The hour before dawn and the moon covered up.
 The little village of Abbey is covered up;
 The little narrow trodden way that runs
 From the white road to the Abbey of Corcomroe
 Is covered up; and all about the hills
 Are like a circle of agate or of Jade.
 Somewhere among great rocks on the scarce grass
 Birds cry; they cry their loneliness.
 Even the sunlight can be lonely here.
 Even hot noon is lonely. I hear a footfall —
 A young man with a lantern comes this way.
 He seems an Aran fisher, for he wears
 The flannel bawneen and the cow-hide shoe.
 He stumbles wearily, and stumbling prays.

A YOUNG MAN ENTERS, (*praying in Irish*)

CHORUS

Once more the birds cry in their loneliness,
 But now they wheel about our heads; and now
 They have dropped on the grey stone to the north-east.

A YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG GIRL
in the costume of a past time come in.
They wear heroic masks.

YOUNG MAN (*in bawneen, raising his lantern*)
 Who is there? I cannot see what you are like, Come
 to the light.

STRANGER

But what have you to fear?

YOUNG MAN

And why have you come creeping through the dark?

(*THE GIRL blows out lantern*)
 The wind has blown my lantern out. Where are you?

I saw a pair of heads against the sky
And lost them after. But you are in the right,
I should not be afraid in County Clare;
And "should be" or "should not be" have no choice;
I have to put myself into your hands,
Now that my candle's out.

STRANGER

You have fought in Dublin?

YOUNG MAN

I was in the Post Office, and if taken
I shall be put against a wall and shot.

STRANGER

You know some place of refuge, have some plan
Or friend who will come to meet you?

YOUNG MAN

I am to lie
At daybreak on the mountain and keep watch
Until an Aran corrie puts in
At Muckanish or at the rocky shore
Under Finvarra, but would break my neck
If I went stumbling there alone in the dark.

STRANGER

We know the pathways that the sheep tread out,
And all the hiding-places of the hills;
And that they had better hiding-places once.

YOUNG MAN

You'd say they had better before English robbers
Cut down the trees or set them upon fire

For fear their owners might find shelter there.
What is that sound?

STRANGER

An old horse gone astray.
He has been wandering on the road all night.

YOUNG MAN

I took him for a man and horse. Police
Are out upon the roads. In the late Rising
I think there was no man of us but hated
To fire at soldiers who but did their duty
And were not of our race, but when a man
Is born in Ireland and of Irish stock
When he takes part against us —

STRANGER

I will put you safe.
No living man shall set his eyes upon you.
I will not answer for the dead.

YOUNG MAN

The dead?

STRANGER

For certain days the stones where you must lie
Have in the hour before the break of day
Been haunted.

YOUNG MAN

I was not born at midnight.

STRANGER

Many a man born in the full daylight
Can see them plain, will pass them on the high-road

Or in the crowded market-place of the town,
And never know that they have passed.

YOUNG MAN

My Grandam
Would have it they did penance everywhere
Or lived through their old lives again.

STRANGER

In a dream;
And some for an old scruple must hang spitted
Upon the swaying tops of lofty trees;
Some are consumed in fires, some withered up
By hail and sleet out of the wintry North,
And some but live through their old lives again.

YOUNG MAN

Well, let them dream into what shape they please
And fill waste mountains with the invisible tumult
Of the fantastic conscience. I have no dread.
They cannot put me into jail or shoot me,
And, seeing that their blood has returned to fields
That have grown red from drinking blood like mine,
They would not if they could betray.

STRANGER

Runs to the ruined Abbey of Corcomroe — this pathway;
The Abbey passed, we are soon among the stone
And shall be at the ridge before the cocks
Of Auginish or Balyvelehan
Or grey Aghmans shake their wings and cry.

(They go round the stage once)

FIRST MUSICIAN (speaking)

They've passed the shallow well and the flat stone

Fouled by the drinking cattle, the narrow lane
Where mourners for five centuries have carried
Noble or peasant to his burial.
An owl is crying out above their heads.

(*singing*) Why should the heart take fright?
What sets it beating so?
The bitter sweetness of the night
Has made it but a lonely thing.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.

(*They go once round the stage*)

(*speaking*) And now they have climbed through the long
grassy field
And passed the ragged thorn trees and the gap
In the ancient hedge; and the tomb-nested owl
At the foot's level beats with a vague wing.

(*singing*) My head is in a cloud;
I'd let the whole world go;
My rascal heart is proud,
Remembering and remembering.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.

(*They go round the stage once*)

(*speaking*) They are among the stones above the ash,
Above the briar and thorn and the scarce grass.
Hidden amid the shadow far below them,
The cat-headed bird is crying out.

(*singing*) The dreaming bones cry out
Because the night winds blow
And heaven's a cloudy blot;
Calamity can have its fling.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.

STRANGER

We're almost at the summit and can rest.
The road is a faint shadow there, and there
The abbey lies amid its broken tombs.
In the old days we should have heard a bell
Calling the monks before day broke to prayer,
And when the day has broken on the ridge,
The crowing of its cocks.

YOUNG MAN

Is there no house
Famous for sanctity or architectural beauty
In Clare or Kerry, or in all wide Connaught
The enemy has not unroofed?

STRANGER

Close to the altar
Broken by wind and frost and worn by time
Donnogh O'Brien has a tomb, a name in Latin.
He wore fine clothes and knew the secrets of women,
But he rebelled against the king of Thomond
And died in his youth.

YOUNG MAN

And why should he rebel?
The King of Thomond was his rightful master.
It was men like Donogh who made Ireland weak —
My curse on all that troop, and when I die
I'll leave my body, if I have any choice,
Far from his ivy tod and his owl. Have those
Who, if your tale is true, work out a penance
Upon the mountain-top where I am to hide,
Come from the Abbey graveyard?

THE GIRL

They have not that luck,

But are more lonely, those that are buried there,
Warred in the heat of the blood; if they were rebels
Some momentary impulse made them rebels
Or the commandment of some petty king
Who hated Thomond; being but common sinners,
No callers in of the aliens from oversea,
They and their enemies of Thomond's party
Mix in a brief dream battle above their bones
Or make one drove and drift in amity,
Or in the hurry of the heavenly round
Forget their earthly names. These are alone,
Being accursed.

YOUNG MAN

And if what seems is true
And there are more upon the other side
Than on this side of death, many a ghost
Must meet them face to face and pass the word
Even upon this grey and desolate hill.

YOUNG GIRL

Until this hour no ghost or living man
Has spoken, though seven centuries have run
Since they, weary of life and of men's eyes,
Flung down their bones in some forgotten place,
Being accursed.

YOUNG MAN

I have heard that there are souls
Who, having sinned after a monstrous fashion,
Take on them, being dead, a monstrous image
To drive the living, should they meet its face.
Crazy, and be a terror to the dead.

YOUNG GIRL

But these
Were comely even in their middle life,

And carry, now that they are dead, the image
Of their first youth, for it was in that youth
Their sin began.

YOUNG MAN

I have heard of angry ghosts
Who wander in a wilful solitude.

THE GIRL

These have no thought but love, nor joy
But that upon the instant when their penance
Draws to its height and when two hearts are wrung
Nearest to breaking, if hearts of shadows break,
His eyes can mix with hers, nor any pang
That is so bitter as that double glance,
Being accursed.

YOUNG MAN

But what is this strange penance
That when their eyes have met can ring them most?

THE GIRL

Though eyes can meet their lips can never meet.

YOUNG MAN

And yet it seems they wander side by side.
But doubtless you would say that when lips meet
And have not living nerves, it is no meeting.

THE GIRL

Although they have no blood or living nerves
Who once lay warm and live the live-long night
In one another's arms; and know their part
In life, being now but of the people of dreams,
Is a dream's part; although they are but shadows

Hovering between a thorn tree and a stone
Who have heaped up night on winged night; although
No shade however harried and consumed
Would change his own calamity for theirs,
'Their manner of life were blessed could their lips
A moment meet; but when he has bent his head
Close to her head or hand would slip in hand
The memory of their crime flows up between
And drives them apart.

YOUNG MAN

'The memory of a crime —
He took her from a husband's house it may be,
But does the penance for a passionate sin
Last for so many centuries?

THE GIRL

No, no,
'The man she chose, the man she was chosen by,
Cared little and cares little from whose house
They fled towards dawn amid the flights of arrows,
Or that it was a husband's and a king's;
And how if that were all could she lack friends
On crowded roads or on the unpeopled hill?
Helen herself had opened wide the door
Where night by night she dreams herself awake
And gathers to her breast a dreaming man.

YOUNG MAN

What crime can stay so in the memory?
What crime can keep apart the lips of lovers
Wandering and alone?

THE GIRL

Her king and lover
Was overthrown in battle by her husband,
And for her sake and for his own, being blind

And bitter and bitterly in love, he brought
A foreign army from across the sea.

YOUNG MAN

You speak of Dermot and of Dervorgilla
Who brought the Norman in?

THE GIRL

Yes, yes I spoke
Of that most miserable, most accursed pair
Who sold their country into slavery, and yet
They were not wholly miserable and accursed,
If somebody of their race at last would say
'I have forgiven them'.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, never, never
Will Dermot and Dervorgilla be forgiven.

THE GIRL

If someone of their race forgave at last
Lip would be pressed on lip.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, never, never
Will Dermot and Dervorgilla be forgiven
You have told your story well, so well indeed
I could not help but fall into the mood
And for a while believe that it was true
Or half believe, but better push on now.
The horizon to the East is growing bright.

(They go once round stage)

So here we're on the summit. I can see
The Aran Islands, Connemara Hills,
And Galway in the breaking light; there too
The enemy has toppled wall and roof

And torn from ancient walls to boil his pot
The oaken panelling that had been dear
To generations of children and old men.
But for that pair for whom you would have my pardon
It might be now like Bayeux or like Caen
Or little Italian town amid its wall;
For though we have neither coal nor iron ore
To make us rich and cover heaven with smoke,
Our country, if that crime were uncommitted,
Had been most beautiful. Why do you dance?
Why do you gaze, and with so passionate eyes,
One on the other and then turn away,
Covering your eyes and weaving it in a dance?
Who are you? What are you? You are not natural.

THE GIRL

Seven hundred years our lips have never met.

YOUNG MAN

Why do you look so strangely at one another,
So strangely and so sweetly?

THE GIRL

Seven hundred years.

YOUNG MAN

So strangely and so sweetly. All the ruin,
All, all their handiwork is blown away
As though the mountain air had blown it away
Because their eyes have met. They cannot hear,
Being folded up and hidden in their dance.
The dance is changing now. They have dropped their eyes,
They have covered up their eyes as though their hearts
Had suddenly been broken — Never, never
Shall Dermot and Dervorgilla be forgiven.
They have drifted in the dance from rock to rock,
They have raised their heads as though to snatch the sleep

That lingers always in the abyss of the sky,
Though they can never reach it. A cloud floats up
And covers all the mountain head in a moment.
And now it lifts and they are swept away.
I had almost yielded and forgiven it all —
This is indeed a place of terrible temptation.

*(The MUSICIANS begin unfolding and folding
a black cloth. The FIRST MUSICIAN comes
forward to the front of the stage, at the
centre. He holds the cloth before him. The
other two come one on either side and unfold
it. They afterwards fold it up in the same
way. While it is unfolded, the YOUNG MAN
leaves the stage).*

THE MUSICIAN (singing)

I.

At the grey round of the hill
Music of a lost kingdom
Runs, runs and is suddenly still.
The winds out of Clare-Galway
Carry it: suddenly it is still.

I have heard in the night air
A wandering airy music;
And moldered in that snare
A man is lost of a sudden
In that sweet wandering snare.

What finger first began
Music of a lost kingdom
They dream that laughed in the sun.
Dry bones that dream are bitter.
They dream and darken our sun.

Those crazy fingers play
A wandering airy music;

Our luck is withered away,
And wheat in the wheat-ear withered,
And the wind blows it away.

II.

My heart ran wild when it heard
The curlew cry before dawn
And the eddying cat-headed bird;
But now the night is gone.
I have heard from far below
The strong March birds a-crow,
Stretch neck and clap the wing,
Red cocks, and* crow.

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE

May Sinclair

I n f a n c y

I.

THE CURTAIN of the big bed hung down beside the cot. When old Jenny shook it the wooden rings rattled on the pole and grey men with pointed heads and squat, bulging bodies came out of the folds on to the flat green ground. If you looked at them they turned into squab faces smeared with green.

Every night, when Jenny had gone away with the doll and the donkey, you hunched up the blanket and the stiff white counterpane to hide the curtain, and you played with the knob in the greenpainted iron railing of the cot. It stuck out close to your face, winking and grinning at you in a friendly way. You poked it till it left off and turned grey and went back into the railing. Then you had to feel for it with your finger. It fitted the hollow of your hand, cool and hard, with a blunt nose that pushed agreeably into the palm.

In the dark you could go tip-finger along the slender, lashing flourishes of the ironwork. By stretching your arm out tight you could reach the curlykew at the end. The short, steep flourish took you to the top of the railing and on behind your head. ~

Tip-fingering backwards that way you got into the grey lane where the prickly stones were and the hedge of little biting trees. When the door in the hedge opened you saw the man in the night-shirt. He had only half a face. From his nose and his cheekbones downwards his beard hung straight like a dark cloth. You opened your mouth, but before you could scream you were back in the cot; the room was light; the green knob winked and grinned at you from the railing, and behind the curtain Papa and Mamma were lying in the big bed.

One night she came back out of the lane as the door in the hedge was opening. The man stood in the room by the washstand, scratching his long thigh. He was turned slantwise from the night-light on the washstand so that it showed his yellowish skin under the lifted shirt. The white half-face hung by itself on the darkness. When he left off scratching and moved towards the cot she screamed.

Mamma took her into the big bed. She curled up there under the shelter of the raised hip and shoulder. Mamma's face was dry and warm and smelt sweet like Jenny's powder-puff. Mamma's mouth moved over the wet cheeks, nipping her tears.

Her cry changed to a whimper and a soft, ebbing sob.

Mamma's breast: a smooth, cool, round thing that hung to your hands and slipped from them when they tried to hold it. You could feel the little ridges of the stiff nipple as your finger pushed it back into the breast.

Her sobs shook in her throat and ceased suddenly.

II.

The big white globes hung in a ring above the dinner-table. At first, when she came into the room, carried high in Jenny's arms, she could see nothing but the hanging, shining globes. Each had a light inside it that made it shine.

Mamma was sitting at the far end of the table. Her face and neck shone white above the pile of oranges on the dark-blue dish. She was dipping her fingers in a dark-blue glass bowl.

When Mary saw her she strained towards her, leaning dangerously out of Jenny's arms. Old Jenny said, "Tchit-tchit!" and made her arms tight and hard, and put her on Papa's knee.

Papa sat up, broad and tall above the table, all by himself.

He was dressed in black. One long brown beard hung down in front of him and one short beard covered his mouth. You knew he was smiling because his cheeks swelled high up his face so that his eyes were squeezed into the narrow, shining slits. When they came out again you saw scarlet specks and smears in their corners.

Papa's big white hand was on the table, holding a glass filled with some red stuff that was both dark and shining, and had a queer, sharp smell.

"Porty-worty winey-piney," said Papa.

The same queer, sharp smell came from between his two beards when he spoke.

Mark was sitting up beside Mamma a long way off. She could see them looking at each other. Roddy and Dank were with them. They were making flowers out of orange-peel and floating them in the finger-bowls. Mamma's fingers were blue and sharp-pointed in the water behind the dark-blue glass of her bowl. The floating orange-peel flowers were blue. She could see Mamma smiling as she stirred them about the tips of her blue fingers.

Her under-lip pouted and shook. She didn't want to sit by herself on Papa's knee. She wanted to sit in Mamma's lap beside Mark. She wanted Mark to make orange-peel flowers for her. She wanted Mamma to look down at her and smile.

Papa was spreading butter on biscuit and powdered sugar on the butter.

"Sugary-Buttery- Bippery," said Papa.

She shook her head. "I want to go to Mamma. I want to go to Mark."

She pushed away the biscuit. "No. No. Mamma give Mary. Mark give Mary."

"Drinky-winky," said Papa.

He put his glass to her shaking mouth. She turned her head away, and he took it between his thumb and finger and turned it back again. Her neck moved stiffly. Her head felt small and brittle under the weight and pinch of the big hand. The smell and the sour, burning taste of the wine made her cry.

"Don't tease Baby, Emilius," said Mamma.

"I never tease anybody."

He lifted her up. She could feel her body swell and tighten under the bands and drawstrings of her clothes, as she struggled

and choked, straining against the immense clamp of his arms. When his wet, red lips pushed out between his beards to kiss her, she kicked. Her toes drummed against something stiff and thin that gave way and sprang out again with a cracking and popping sound.

He put her on the floor. She stood there all by herself, crying, till Mark came and took her by the hand.

"Naughty Baby. Naughty Mary," said Mamma. "Don't kiss her, Mark."

"No, Mamma."

He knelt on the floor beside her and smiled into her face and wiped it with his pocket-handerchief. She put out her mouth and kissed him, and stopped crying.

"Jenney must come," Mamma said, "and take Mary away."

"No. Mark take Mary."

"Let the little beast take her," said Papa. "If he does he shan't come back again. Do you hear that, sir?"

Mark said, "Yes, Papa."

They went out of the room hand-in-hand. He carried her up-stairs pick-a-back. As they went she rested her chin on the nape of his neck where his brown hair thinned off into shiny, golden down.

III.

Old Jenny sat in the rocking-chair by the fireguard in the nursery. She wore a black net cap with purple rosettes above her ears. You could look through the black net and see the top of her head laid out in stripes of grey hair and pinky skin.

She had a grey face, flattened and wide-open like her eyes. She held it tilted slightly backwards out of your way, and seemed to be always staring at something just above your head. Jenny's face had tiny creases and crinkles all over it. When you kissed it you could feel the loose flesh crumpling and sliding softly over the bones. There was always about her a faint smell of sour milk.

No use trying to talk to Jenny. She was too tired to listen. You climbed on to her lap and stroked her face, and said, "Poor Jenny. Dear Jenny. Poor Jenny-Wee so tired," and her face shut up and went to sleep. Her broad flat nose drooped; her eyelids drooped; her long grey bands of hair drooped; she was like

the white donkey that lived in the back lane and slept standing on three legs, with his ears lying down .

Mary loved Old Jenny next to Mamma and Mark; and she loved the white donkey. She wondered why Jenny was always cross when you stroked her grey face and called her "Donkey-Jenny." It was not as if she minded being stroked; because when Mark or Dank did it her face woke up suddenly and smoothed out its creases. And when Roddy climbed up with his long legs into her lap she hugged him tight and rocked him, singing Mamma's song, and called him her baby.

He wasn't. *She* was the baby; and while you were the baby you could sit in people's laps. But Old Jenny didn't want her to be the baby.

The nursery had shiny, slippery yellow walls and a brown floor, and a black hearthrug with a centre of brown and yellow flowers. The greyish chintz curtains were spotted with small brown leaves and crimson berries. There were dark-brown cupboards and chests of drawers and chairs that were brown-frames for the yellow network of the cane. Soft bits of you squeezed through the holes and came out on the other side. That hurt and made a red pattern on you where you sat down.

The tall green fire-guard was a cage. When Jenny poked the fire you peeped through and saw it fluttering inside. If you sat still you could sometimes hear it say "teck-teck", and sometimes the fire would fly out suddenly with a soft hiss.

High above your head you could just see the gleaming edge of the brass rail.

"Jenny — where's yesterday and where's to-morrow—"

IV.

When you had run a thousand hundred times round the table you came to the blue house. It stood behind Jenny's rocking-chair, where Jenny couldn't see it, in a blue garden. The walls and ceilings were blue; the doors and staircases were blue; everything in all the rooms was blue.

Mary ran round and round. She loved the padding of her feet on the floor and the sound of her sing-song:

"The pussies are blue, the beds are blue, the matches are blue and the mousetraps and all the litty mouses!"

Mamma came in and looked at her as she ran. She stood in the was there, all in blue, with a blue cap; and Mark and Dank and Roddy were there, all in blue. But Papa was not allowed in the blue house.

Mama came in and looked at her as she ran. She stood in the doorway with her finger on her mouth, and she was smiling. Her brown hair was parted in two sleek bands, looped and puffed out softly round her ears, and plaited in one plait that stood up on its edge above her forehead. She wore a wide brown silk gown with falling sleeves.

"Pretty Mamma," said Mary. "In a blue dress."

v.

Every morning Mark and Dank and Roddy knocked at Mamma's door, and if Papa was there he called out, "Go away, you little beasts!" If he was not there she said, "Come in, darlings!" and they climbed up the big bed into Papa's place and said "Good morning, Mamma!"

When Papa was away the lifted curtain spread like a tent over Mary's cot, shutting her in with Mamma. When he was there the drawn curtain hung straight down from the head of the bed.

(to be continued)

Periosteum?

"All the bones are covered with a very sensible membrane called the *periosteum*".

(Cheyne, recorded in Sam. Johnson's dictionary.)

On Reading Ezra Pound's *Lustra*

At first I had the luscious feeling of a Rocky Ford cantaloupe,—
But later I sensed the papery larva-cells of the wasps-nest.

L. W. K.

“EXILES” *

A Discussion of James Joyce's Plays

— by John Rodker

A GAIN in this play Mr. Joyce exploits that part of mind merging on the subconscious. The drama is one of will versus instinct, the protagonist Richard Rowan, a writer. This particular psychological triangle is one of barely comprehended instincts, desires for freedom (equally undefined), emotions that hardly crystallise before fading out. Inter-action of thought and will is carried so close to this borderline that the reader fears continually lest he miss any implication. Analysis digs continually deeper. At a certain moment it is lost. Mind will go no further.

People are built on no plan and since it is impossible at any moment to say that either will or instinct is dominant, the author lets the curtain fall finally on the hero's temporary surrender to both.

RICHARD (still gazing at her and speaking as if to an absent person).

“I have wounded my soul for you — a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed. I can never know, never in this world. I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wounding doubt. To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul, in utter nakedness — for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while Bertha. My wound tires me.

The play is particularly à propos. Everyone talks of individual freedom,—(Stirner is a name to conjure with, though unread),—identifying it in some obscure way with Women's Suffrage. But the issues are psychological and no spread of popular education will

* The four people who contribute to this discussion have not compared notes or talked over their differences of opinion. The discussion may be continued in the next number.

“Exiles” is published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

simplify them. In this case Rowan leaves his wife to do as she will. She naturally reviles him for leaving her without the prop of his decisions. After nine years of conjugal life she is unable to make up her mind as to whether she needs a lover. If in the end she does not sin, it is because she uses her virginity as he his profligacy; for pride and humiliation. I have read the play often but without arriving at whether it is an ultimate cowardice or love for her husband that keeps her faithful. To Rowan detail of what has happened does not matter. The atmosphere of their communion would make a more treacherous betrayal than any carnal sideslip. That he can never know.

His anguish at the possible withholding from his wife of any instant of experience which might make her life more full may be interpreted as moral strength or cowardice. Where it is his will demanding Bertha's freedom, he is diffident, but instinct in him speaks fiercely "I told you that I wished you not to do anything false and secret against me — against our friendship, against her; not to steal her from me, craftily, secretly, meanly — in the dark, in the night — you, Robert, my friend" (*Looks away again; in a lower voice*) "That is what I must tell you too. Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her — in the dark, in the night — secretly, utterly, craftily. By you my best friend and by her. I longed for that passionately, crazily, ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and in lust, to be To be forever a shameful creature and to build up my soul again out of the ruins of its shame."

The play is very romantic, poetical in a manner rare among plays. It is as fervent as the *Seagull* of Tchekhof. It was no small achievement of Mr. Joyce to have made dramatic such very pure cerebration, and that with a touch so delicate that no most intricate part of the mechanism has suffered by the inquisition. One sees Ibsen ruining such a situation with coarse fingers. Tchekhof got his purity of apprehension from taking people by their instincts. Joyce has done the same thing with a difference. Not that his people have necessarily more brains, but beyond instinct the brain ramifies into obscurer delicacies. The implication of *Exiles* are so numerous — each one subject for minute elucidation — that only with great familiarity would a total impression be possible. Tchekhof's subtleties are plain-sailing, instinctively apparent, so that for stage purposes he is the last word in effectiveness. *Exiles* will have however to

become classical — a repertory play, seen often — before any audience can be familiar with it. It is a play which though perfect as literature, might easily lose significance on the stage: it is too full of meat. The most accustomed stomachs only will avoid indigestion.

Nevertheless a production should be full of interest. No manager will, I fancy, care to produce a play without a real suicide, even though it be a "death of the spirit" that drops the curtain; but a small theatre, of which there are many in America and one or two in this country, might easily gain a reputation for intelligence by its production.

by Israel Solon

Let me say at once that I was most painfully disappointed with James Joyce's *Exiles*. My disappointment was so keen because of what he might have achieved and came near achieving but failed to achieve. His merely good is not good enough where the great was so nearly within his reach. With that theme, the author of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* should have achieved nothing short of the sublime. No poet, since Sophocles has had so dramatic a vehicle. Indeed, I think Joyce's the more dramatic.

Sophocles took for his theme the fate of a man incompletely born and who was therefore bound to rejoin his mother. Sophocles held that man strictly to his inheritance. And so vividly did he present his argument that to this day those of us who are doomed to love our own mothers are forced to accept his terrible but valid judgment. We may fling a feeble fist at whatever gods we choose; escape our doom we can not. James Joyce in *Exiles* has taken for his dramatic vehicle the fate of two men who are in love with each other and who are at the same time excessively amenable to all social coercion. Bound by the letter of conventional morality more completely than most men, the disguises winked at by organised society and thereby made available to most men is not available to these two men. They will have nothing they may not have openly. Drawn to each other from within and held back from without, these two men are doomed to keep within sight of each other but beyond the reach of each other. The "eternal triangle" of our conventional comedy is repulsive to these men. Here is matter worthy of the very best that James Joyce has it within him to lend. Why, then, does James Joyce fail to achieve that measure of greatness we have every right to expect of him and the theme he has chosen?

I believe it is because he has failed to make his characters conscious of what fate has in store for them. Had he made these men fully aware of what their lives held for them, the rôles fate meant them to play, and he, furthermore, made them struggle valiantly against it, then if they had won in the end we should have had great comedy, and if they lost we should have had sublime tragedy. Conscientiousness would have made of them such responsible human beings as would have engaged our sympathies to the utmost; whereas unconsciousness has left them feeble victims blindly wallowing to no purpose. And since it is unthinkable to me that the author of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* could be lacking in moral courage, I am forced to the conclusion that James Joyce was not himself aware of the matter of his play.

by Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M. D.

Exiles will in all probability prove to be cavaire to the general, not only because it is open to the obvious criticism that it is not true to life, but because its subject-matter is one that unconsciously stirs up the most passionate resistances of a reader unaccustomed to the most honest and deep-searching self-analysis. To the psychologist trained in psychoanalysis, on the contrary, the book will be agreeably welcome as an inspired contribution from the depths of an artist's soul to one of the most tabooed and falsified motives of human conduct, — we mean homosexuality. It is true that the reader unlearned in such matters, and perhaps the author too, may not be aware that this is the theme of the play and may look for it in vain. Of course, this is not all there is to the play; just as in a dream the main motive is overlaid and disguised with other subsidiary motives and rationalizations, so is it in the drama before us.

The comparison of *Exiles* with a dream may be carried much further. Every work of fiction is its creator's dream; the more fictitious, the more dream-like, the more apparently absurd and unreal, the truer it is to the hidden forces in the maker's soul and the truer too to the generality of mankind for whose repressed springs of action the poet is the mouthpiece. *Exiles* very often reads like a dream and must be interpreted as such. As such it may be said to derive its motive power from the author's repressed but most urgent impulses, to emanate from the unconscious forces within him and to enable him to gratify in this "harmless" way his unacted and unactable long-

ings. In all this, it need hardly be said, there is not the slightest reproach for or condemnation of the dramatist: every purely fictitious literary work is the self-revelation of a burdened soul that saves itself from a neurosis or from a perversion by the cathartic effect of the creative process.

Richard Rowan's, the protagonist's, homopsychism is never once referred to in the story but is clearly to be deduced from his character and conduct. He has no love for his dead mother and several times refers bitterly to her hardness of heart, at the same time crediting her with having been a remarkable woman; of his "handsome father", on the contrary, he always speaks with great affection. He is utterly incapable of making love to a woman or of loving one unless she is or has been in love with a man to whom he is attached; for this reason he connives at his life-long friend's, Robert Hand's wooing of his wife and urges her, nay, goads her on to be unfaithful to him. The author subtly and delicate leads us to infer that Richard and Bertha are living a life of abstinence ever since his betrayal of her nine years before and that he gives her full freedom only that they might thus be reunited. Speaking to Robert of the moment when he surprised him wooing Bertha, he says: "At that moment I felt our whole life together in the past, and I longed to put my arm around your neck". A little later he says to him: "In the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her — in the dark, in the night — secretly, meanly craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that passionately and ignobly". Being asked why he did so, he replies: "From pride and from ignoble longing. And from a deeper motive still". From a psychological point of view it is important, too, to note that before Richard's marriage he and Robert had for years shared a house in the country as a rendez-vous for erotic escapades. Of course Richard rationalizes his motives in his unconscious conflict with his latent passion ("I fear that I will reproach myself for having taken all for myself because I would not suffer her to give to another what was hers and not mine to give; because I accepted from her her loyalty and made her life poorer in love"), but even the few sentences we have quoted prove the correctness of our deduction concerning him. Fully to comprehend this splendid portrait of a type of artistic soul that one meets often enough in real life, though exiled, it is necessary not to overlook Richard's intensely masochis-

ic and voyeur impulses. He delights in putting himself in situations that entail a great deal of anguish for him, and he compels his wife to give him the fullest details of his friend's assaults upon her honor. That he can be cruel too on occasion is not at all surprising; by virtue of the law of bi-polarity the masochist is also a sadist.

The portraits of the Wife, the Friend, the Other Woman and even the Child are interesting characterizations that will repay careful study. They are all intensely individualized and unquestionably human though not conventional. Archie, aged eight, is one of the few life-like children to be found in literature and is introduced into the play very effectively — perhaps because in portraying him the author was inspired by Shakespeare's Prince Mamillius to whom the little lad bears a strong resemblance. (Incidentally it may be remarked that *The Winter's Tale* is largely unintelligible if we fail to see the homopsychic conflict in it and do not recognize the erotic relationship between Leontes and Polixenes. Othello's fate too might have been different had it not been for his unconscious love for Cassius.

Many of the minute details of this play, such as Richard's slip of the tongue about his interest in Robert's cottage, Beatrice's forgetting to bring her music, Bertha's sudden attack of fear when Robert speaks to her from the bed-room, etc., prove Mr. Joyce to be a fine psychologist and a keen observer of human nature. But his courage to be true and unconventional, combined with the fact that his chief characters are neurotic, exiles, will we fear doom him to a small but select following.

by j h

I find it difficult to put any of my thoughts on *Exiles* into words. They are not used to words: they die. I feel that Joyce's play has died in words. I do not mean because of the words literally, — all Art is linguistic. But even Art must fail many times before it conquers those things whose nature it is to keep themselves a secret from us forever.

On the surface the play gives itself up to many interpretations. Propagandists declare it is a play on the freedom of the individual. Other reviewers talk of triangles and Ibsen and neurotics. All these things are easy and semi-intelligent things to say. But when it is

unanimously agreed that Joyce hasn't "put over his idea clearly" or that he hasn't known just what he was trying to put over, I grow a bit nervous and wonder why it doesn't appear to them that perhaps Joyce couldn't reach their darkness. I also wonder why not read *Exiles* with Joyce in mind. The man who wrote *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses*, a highly-conscious, over-sensitized artist living at the vortex* of modern psychology, would scarcely go back to dealing with material in a pre-Nietzsche manner. Joyce is not Galsworthy; on the other hand he is not D.H. Lawrence. And to discuss courage in connection with Joyce is ridiculous. Joyce outlived courage in some other incarnation.

There are people, a few, always the artist I should say, who inspire such strong love in all who know them that these in turn become inspired by love for one another. The truth of the matter is that such a person is neither loved nor lover but in some way seems to be an incarnation of love, possessing an eternal element and because of it a languor, a brooding, a clairvoyance of life and a disdain. In other people he breeds a longing akin to the longing for immortality. They do not love him: they become him. Richard is one of these.

There is much talk of freedom in the play. Everyone wanting everyone else to be free, it is shown that there is at no time any freedom for anyone. The discussion of the wife's decision when she went away with Richard — unasked by him — proves she has no freedom to make a decision. She may have been in love with Robert, but she had no choice: she was Richard. Robert is in love with Richard, has always been; but he is an unthinking, natural man. He follows nature with his brain and thinks he is in love with Richard's wife, a woman being the conventional symbol for a man's love. But when he has a meeting with her and they are left alone by Richard in perfect freedom they are foiled, they are both Richard, both trying to reach Richard, not each other. Richard's old conflict with his mother (just indicated) was based on her refusal to become him. The wife sees the child going the way of all of them.

There is no where in the world for Richard to turn for love. Sex as other men know it can be for him only a boring, distasteful need

* Zurich.

of the body. Love strikes back at him from every source. His be-

comes a Midas tragedy.

He is tormented by the commonplace "beaten path" love-making of Robert and his wife. He asks her infinite questions; he directs the love-making to save his sensibilities. He says to Robert: "Not like this — this is not for people like us." Yet he wishes darkly that they had dishonoured him in a common, sneaking way. Not that he cares for either of them, not that he cares for honour or for conventions, but then he might have been free of them. They would have acted for once without his spirit having been the moving force.

We see Richard wearily contemplating his despair. There is much of the child in Richard. He has a need to create some hold on life, some connection with the experiences of other men. He chooses the least uncomplimentary to himself of those in the play as the symbol through which he can make his connection with love. He sees himself less handicapped intellectually in the music teacher, so he loves love through her. When they taunt him with her he answers "No, not even she would understand." He writes all night endless pages at this image of himself, and in the morning walks on the beach maddened by emptiness and despair. At the last curtain he falls on to a couch, worn and helpless, in need only of a "great sweet mother"; but he must be forever on the wheel: his wife kneels beside him babbling of her love.

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VIII

PINEAPPLE rock, lemon platt, butter-scotch. A sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne, sucking jujubes.

A sombre young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom. Heart to heart talks.

Bloo Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. All are washed in the blood of the lamb. Elijah is coming. Dr. John Alexander Dowie restorer of the church in Zion is coming.

Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!

All heartily welcome.

Paying game. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorous it must be done with. If you leave a bit of cod-fish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk. Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auction rooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her: his reverence: mum's the word.

Good Lord that poor child's dress is in flitters. Under fed she looks too. It's after they feel it. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular town in itself. Vats of porter wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that! Rats: vats. Well of course if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quaywalls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of

that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is come. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridgepiers. Not such damn fools. They wheeled, flapping.

The hungry famished gull

Flaps o'er the waters dull.

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit

Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.

— Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently, two, then all, from their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on fish, fishy flesh they have, all seabirds, gulls, seagoose. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled, flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. If you fatten a turkey say on chesnut meal it tastes like that. But then why is it that saltwater fish are not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

Hyam's

11/

Trousers.

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream,

never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of places are good for ads. That quackdoctor for the clap used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr. Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q. t., running in to loosen a button. Just the place too.

If he ?

O!

Eh?

No No

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr. Bloom moved forward, raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Timeball on the ballast-office is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's . Parallax. I never exactly understood. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pikehoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr. Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballast-office. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Still I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Powerful man he was at stowing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmocked sandwich men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet sashes across their boards. Bargains. Like that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He read the scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are not Boyl: no: M'Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either. I suggested to him about a transparent showcart with two smart girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blottingpaper. I bet that would have

caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first. Well out of that ruck I am. Devil of a job it 'was collecting accounts of those convents. 'Tranquilla convent. That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes. Very hard to bargain with that sort of woman. I disturbed her at her devotions that morning. Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name too: caramel. She knew I, I think she knew by the way she. If she had married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same, Sister? It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil Gilligan died. We were in Lombard street west. Wait: was in Thom's. Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago: ninetyfour he died, yes that's right the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon was lord mayor. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephant grey dress with the braided frogs. She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore it, choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. Rabbitpie we had that day. People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elder flower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too.

He walked along the curbstone.

Stream of life. What was the name of that priestly-looking chap was always squinting in when he passed? Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen . . . ?

Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home after practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache. Gave her that song *Winds that blow from the south*.

Windy night that was I went to fetch her, there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's con-

cert in the supperroom of the mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against the high school railings. Lucky it didn't. Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. Professor Goodwin linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up. Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrfoo! Blew up all her skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed in the wind. Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclasping her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night

— O Mr. Bloom, how do you do?

— O how do you do, Mrs. Breen?

— No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

— In the pink, Mr. Bloom said gaily. Milly's down in Mul-
lingar, you know.

— Is that so?

— Yes, in a photographer's there. Getting on like a house
on fire. How are all your charges?

— All on the baker's list, Mrs. Breen said.

How many has she? No other in sight.

— You're in black I see. You have no

— No Mr. Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee.

— O dear me, Mrs. Breen said, I hope it wasn't any near re-
lation.

May as well get her sympathy.

— Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died
quite suddenly poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was
this morning.

Your funeral's tomorrow

While you're coming through the rye.

Diddlediddle dumdum

Diddlediddle

— Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just: quietly: husband.

— And your lord and master?

Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.

—O, don't be talking, she said. He's a caution to rattle-snakes. He's in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscalded. Wait till I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jumpuffs poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr. Bloom's gullet. A barefoot arab stood over the grating breathing in the fumes. Deaden the gnaw of hunger that way.

Opening her handbag, chipped leather. Hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Soiled handkerchief: medicine bottle. What is she?

— There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?

Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.

— What? Mr Bloom asked.

Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.

— Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.

Indiges.

— Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.

— The ace of spades! Mr Bloom said.

She took a folded postcard from her handbag.

— Read that, she said. He got it this morning.

— What is it? Mr Bloom asked, taking the card. U. P.?

— U. P: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great shame for them whoever he is.

— Indeed it is, Mr Bloom said.

She took back the card sighing.

— And now he's going round to Mr Menton's office. He's going to take an action for ten thousand pounds, he says.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy

toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. She used to be a smart dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Josie Powell that was. U. P: up.

Change the subject.

— Do you ever see anything of Mrs. Beaufoy, Mr. Bloom asked.

— Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain?

— Yes.

— I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's in the lying-in hospital in Holles street. Dr Horne got her in. She's three days bad now.

— O, Mr Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

— Yes, Mrs Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff birth, the nurse told me.

— O, Mr. Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in compassion. Dth! Dth!

— I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's terrible for her.

Mrs Breen nodded.

— She was taken bad on the Tuesday

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her.

— Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river, staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavy-stringed glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head.

From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

— Watch him, Mr. Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts. Watch!

— Who is he when he's at home? Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?

— His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr Bloom said, smiling. Watch!

— He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days.

She broke off suddenly.

— There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?

— I will, Mr Bloom said.

He watched her dodge through passers towards the shop-fronts. Denis Breen in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's, hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Like old times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly.

Off his chump.

Mr Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the tight skullpiece, the dangling stickumbrelladustcoat. Going the two days. Watch him! Out he goes again. And that other old mosey lunatic. Hard time she must have with him.

U. P: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote it for a lark in the Scotch house I bet anything. Round to Menton's office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the gods.

He passed the *Irish Times*. There might be other answers lying there. At their lunch now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, let them stay there. Enough bother wading through fortyfour of them. Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the meaning. Please tell me what perfume your wife. Tell me who made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo. Russell). No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry.

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half per cent dividend. Cunning old Scotch fox. All the toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the *Irish Field* now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and rode out with the Meath hounds. Strong as a brood mare some of those horsey women. Toss off a glass of brandy

neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this mornin' Up with her on the car: wishswish. Think that pugnosed driv' did it out of spite.

Poor Mrs. Purefoy!

He stood at Fleet street crossing. A sixpenny at Rowe's. Must look up that ad in the national library. An eightpenny in the Burton. Better. On my way.

He walked on past Bolton's Westmoreland house. Tea! Tea! Tea. I forgot to tap Tom Kernan.

Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegarded handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out. Phew! Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: for ceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly groping for the way out. Kill me that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent something to stop the Twilight sleep idea: queen Victoria was given that. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensiveness of the silver effulgence. They could easily have big establishments whole thing quite painless out of all the taxes, give every child born five quid at compound interest up to twentyone per cent is a hundred shillings and five tiresome pounds multiplied by twenty decimal system encourage people to put by money say a hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for nothing.

How flat they look after all of a sudden! Peaceful eyes. Weight off their minds. Old Mrs Thornton was a jolly old so and so. Snuffy Dr Brady. People knocking them up at all hours. For God's sake, doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. No gratitude in people.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. They split up into groups and scattered, saluting towards their beats. Let out to graze. A squad of others, marching irregularly, rounded Trinity railings, making for the station. Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup.

He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did not put him up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. *There is not in this wide world a vallee.* Great song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's, isn't she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to make. Jack Power could tell a few tales; father a G man. If a fellow gives them trouble being lagged they let him have it hot and heavy in the bridewell. Can't blame them after all with the money they have. That horsepoliceman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did! His horses' hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Lucky I had the presence of mind to dive into Manning's. He did me a wallop, by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I oughtn't to have got myself swept along with those radicals. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Right here it began.

— Up the Boers!

— Three cheers for De Wet!

— *We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree.*

Silly billies: mob of young cubc yelling their guts out. Few of us time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War comes; into the army helterskelter: same fellows used to: *whether on the scaffold high.*

Never know who you're talking to. Corny Kelleher he has survey Duff in his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles. Member of the corporation of Egging raw youths on to get in the know all the time drawing secret service pay from the castle. Why those plainclothes men are always courting slaveys. Squarepushing up against a backdoor. Haul her a bit. And who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Is the young master saying anything? Peeping Tom through the key hole. Decoy duck. Hotblooded young student fooling and her fat arms ironing.

— Are those yours, Mary?

— I don't wear such things Stop or I'll tell the missus about you. Out half the night.

— There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.

— Ah, gologong with your great times coming.

Barmaids too. 'Tobaccoshopgirls.

-James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that a fellow couldn't inform on more than his own ring. Turnkey's daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lusk. Putting up in the Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a squareheaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them up with meat and drink. The not far distant day. Homerule sun rising up in the nothwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on: same: day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, pasing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piled up bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Babylon. Big stones left. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerry-built. Kerwan's houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night.

No-one is anything.

„ This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr. Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today.

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silverware in Walter Sexton's window opposite by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing.

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face.

Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's uniform since he got the job. Charley Kavanagh used to come out on his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the woebegone walk of him. Great man's brother: his brother's brother. Drop into the D. B. C. probably for his coffee, play chess there. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the fascination: the name. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Simon Dedalus said when they put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and lead him out of the house of commons by the arm.

Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with a Scotch accent. The tentacles

They passed from behind Mr. Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle. Young woman.

And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time. With the approval of the eminent poet Mr. Geo. Russell. That might be Lizzie Twigg with him. A. E.: What does that mean? Initials perhaps. Albert Edward, Arthur Edmund, Alphonsus Eb Ed El Esquire. What was he saying? The end of the world with a Scotch accent. Tentacles: octopus. Something occult: symbolism. Holding forth. She's taking it all in. Not saying a word. To aid gentleman in literary work.

His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle, a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only wegebobbles and fruit. They say its healthier. Wind and watery though. Tried it. Why do they call that thing they gave me nutsteak? To give you the idea you are eating rumpsteak. Absurd.

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. *I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary etereal people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.

*The dreamy cloudy gull
Waves o'er the waters dull*

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates and Son, pricing the fieldglasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with young Sinclair? Well mannered fellow. Probably at his lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Goerz lenses seven guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to capture trade. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in trains and cloakrooms. What do they be thinking about? Women too. Incredible. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by.

His lids came down on the lower rims of his irises. Can't see it. If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm's length towards the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes: completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk. Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.

Now that I come to think of it that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to: man always feels complimented.

Ah.

His hand fell again to his side.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas: then solid: then world: then cold: then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon out, she said. I believe there is.

He went on by la maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. She was humming: *The young May moon she's beaming, love.* He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. *Glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love.* Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr. Bloom, quickbreathing, slower walking, passed Adam court.

With a deep quiet relief his eyes took note this is the street here middle of the day Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend, M'Coy said. Up in the Coombe with chummies and street-walkers and then the rest of the year as sober as a judge,

Yes. Thought so. Sloping into the Empire. Gone. Where Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre. Broth of a boy Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon face in a poky bonnet. *Three Purty Maids from School*. How time flies, eh? Showing long red pantaloons under his skirts. Drinkers, drinking, laughed. More power, Pat. Coarse red: fun for drunkards: guffaw and smoke. His parboiled eyes. Where is he now? Beggar somewhere. The harp that once did starve us all.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twenty eight I was. She twentythree. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Wants to sew on buttons for me. I must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silkdames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoof-thuds lowringing on the baking causeway. Thick feet that woman had in the white stockings. Countrybred. All the beef to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. *Lacaus esant tara tara*. Great chorus that. *Taree tara*. Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. *Tara: bom bom bom*.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Sticks them all over the place.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today anyhow. Must go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps. Junejulyaugseptember eighth. Nearly three months off. Then she mightn't like it. Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.

Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harnesses. All for a woman, home and houses, silkwebs, silver, rich fruits spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely he mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jingling hoof-thuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenelements, along sofas, creaking beds.

— Jack, love!

— Darling!

— Kiss me, Reggie!

— My boy!

— Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slush of greens.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A man with an infant's napkin tucked round him spooned gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: gristle gums: no teeth to chew it. Chump chop he has. Sad booser's eyes.

— Roast beef and cabbage.

— One stew.

Smells of men. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, the stale of ferment.

His gorge rose.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. Get out of it.

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of his nose.

— Two stouts here.

— One corned and cabbage.

That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down. Give me the fidgets to look. Second nature to him. Born with a silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.

An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well up: it splashed yellow near his boot.

Mr. Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said:

— Not here. Don't see him.

Out.

He backed towards the door. Get something light in Davy Byrnes'. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

— Roast and mashed here.

— Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp.

He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten.

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with a porringer to be filled John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son *don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity* women and children cabmen priest parsons fieldmarshals archbishops *Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all*. Want a souppôt as big as the Phoenix park. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vebetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic of course it stinks Italian organgrinders crisp of onions mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobble lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Flayed glasseyed sheephung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Insidious. Lick it up smokinghot. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrnes's.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now

— Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

— Hello, Flynn.

— How's things?

— Tiptop Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and . . . let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Potted meats. *What is home without Plumtree's potted meat?* Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. Dignam's potted meat Canbals would with lemon and rice. White men too salty. Like pickled pork. *With it an' abode of bliss.* Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked up. Kosher. Hygiene that was what they call now.

— Have you a cheese sandwich?

— Yes sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Good glass of burgundy take away that. A cool salad. Tom Kernan can dress . .

— Wife well?

— Quite well, thanks A cheese sandwich, then. Get the gonzola, have you?

— Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

— Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him. Does no harm.

— She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You must have heard perhaps.

— No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

— How much is that?

— Seven d., sir Thank you, sir.

Mr. Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips.

— Mustard, sir?

— Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs.

— Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea you see. Part shares and part profits.

— Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me

Let Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr. Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. No. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. No. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat longly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

— Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear. No brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

— He made a tidy bit, Jack Mooney was telling me over that boxing match Myler Keogh won against that soldier in the Portobello tracks. By God he had Myler down in the country Carlow he was telling me

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

— For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the booze, see? O, God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in shirtsleeves, wiping his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush.

— And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?

— I'm off that, Mr. Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never get anything on a horse.

— You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr. Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with a touch of disgust, pungent mustard the feety savour of green cheese. The touch of his wine soothed his palate.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely finished. Like the way it curves there.

— I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. Ruined many a man the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

— True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unelss you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving *Sceptre* today. *Zinfandel's* the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got seven to one against *Saint Amant* a fortnight before.

— That so? Davy Byrne said . .

He went towards the window and, taking up the pettycash book, scanned its pages.

— I could, faith, Nosey Fylnn said, snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his *John o' Gaunt*. He put me off it. Ay.

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.

— Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr. Bloom, champng standing, looking upon his sigh. Nosey numbskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs. Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a light snack. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She . . .

Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes unhungriy saw shelves of tins, sardines, gaudy lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky thing putting anything into your mouth. Poisonous berries. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters. Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was

in the Red bank this morning. Was he oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has no "r" no oysters. But here are people like tainted game that archduke Leopold was it, no, yes, or was it Otto one of those Habsbourgs, of course aristocrats, then the others copy to be in the fashion. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap no-one would buy. Caviare. Do the grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blow out. Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. May I tempt you to a little more filleted sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she bid bedad. - Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney I remember. Du de la French. Still it's the same fish perhaps old Mickey Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes' gills can't write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted Moooi kill Aitcha Ha ignorant as a kish of brogues worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winespress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair earwigs in the heather crub my hand under her nape you'll toss me all. O wonder! Foolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay full lips full open kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had tumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky gumjelly lips. Lowers her eyes were take me willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warm folded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her: yes, her lips, her stretched neck beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. He kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them museum library standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. They don't care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton carrots and turnips bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity: god's food. Lovely forms of woman Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind. They have no. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let some thing fall see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked to men too they gave themselves manly conscious lay with men lovers a youth enjoyed her to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

— What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

— He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the *Freeman*.

— I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

— Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

— I noticed he was in mourning.

— Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home. You're right, by God. So he was.

— I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

— It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.

— And is he doing for the *Freeman*? Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

— He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You may take that from me.

— How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.

— He's in the craft, he said.

— Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

— Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted mason. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a — well, I won't say who.

— Is that a fact?

— O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it but they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiled yawned nodded all in one:

— Iiiiiichaaaaaach!

— There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in the clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes.

— And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him — you know, over the line.

— God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.

— There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

— He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

— I know, Davy Byrne said

— Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

— Day, Mr. Byrne.

— Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

- Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.
- I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.
- Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.
- I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.
- How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for C
sake? What's yours, Tom?
- How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping
- For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breast
and hiccoughed.
- Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr. Byrne
he said.
- Certainly, sir.
- Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.
- Lord love a duck, he said, look at what I'm standing dr
to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck w
ky off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for
Gold cup. A dead snip.
- Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.
- Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into
water set before him.
- That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.
- Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.
- Tom Rochford nodded and drank.
- Is it *Zinfandel*?
- Say nothing, Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to pl
five bob on my own.
- Tell us and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said.
gave it to you?
- Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting
- So long, Nosey Flynn said.
- The others turned.
- That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam L
whispered.
- Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr. Byrne
we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a
- Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.
- Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby

(to be continued)

THE BOULEVARD

Israel Solon

II

ESTHER now had many things to think about and decide. She had never been to a ball, except the one or two given by her father's lodge, an organization of old and orthodox Jews. They weren't really what you could call balls at all. Joyless affairs they had been, devised merely to extract three dollars from each member in ways not provided by the constitution and by-laws of the order. Now, this ball was to be a real swell affair. All the biggest swells from the Boulevard would be at that ball. A whole lot of things had to be done first before she could dare to show her face at the ball.

But what things were they? Where could she find out? Take, for instance, the very first thing, the dress. What was she to do about it? Where would she find a dressmaker? How decide the style? the kind and color of goods? the trimmings? She asked of every likely person that came into the shop, but they knew nothing themselves and only tried to guess, and confused her the more. How could she expect anybody on Maxwell Street to know what you had to do for a swell ball! Of course she expected nothing from her old-fashioned mother. Esther felt irritated all the day at her work, and was troubled in her sleep at night.

But it was her old-fashioned mother proved of help after all.

"Mind me, Estherkin," she said one morning. "You go to Mollie Mandel. She will fix everything for you and you won't have to worry no more."

What? How was that? For a moment Esther stood speechless. Then the color came into her face and her eyes glowed so that you never would have known it was the same Esther. So much she had worried! So much! And all for nothing at all. That's the way things go sometimes. You got to have the bread knife. Where did it get lost? You are sure you saw it only a little minute ago. You look and you look and you look, everywhere. Go, do, make something! It is as if the earth had opened up and swallowed it. All of a sudden — there! You are holding it in your

two hands. And you are lucky when there is nobody around to laugh at you.

Mollie Mandel did decide everything—"as of course she could not help doing," was the way Esther put it, "with all the things that woman knows and so good to everybody." Mollie Mandel, a masterful female, whose home is farthest from her sphere, is, nevertheless, not altogether wanting in tenderness; besides which, the assertion of her mastery requires that she do things for others. In her own way, of course.

"The dressmaker?" she mocked, amused at Esther's simplicity. "That is really a terrible worry. Don't be such a silly! My own modiste makes all the swellest gowns for all the ladies of the Boulevard."

Mollie Mandel then half-closed her eyes and swept Esther up and down and across, several times. In the end she said definitely:

"Deary, you'll get an evening gown and a swell one."

A faint gasp escaped Esther. She did not know what a swell evening gown made by a Boulevard dressmaker meant. It sounded to her as if it must cost a terrible lot of money.

Mollie Mandel got her at once. She laid a bejeweled hand on Esther's shoulder in her most affectionate *salès-lady* manner; but she spoke in her don't-let-it-happen-again tone, one word at a time, that it might sink in properly:

"Listen to me, girly. I'm going to tell you something. Never be afraid of spending money. Your father will like you that much better for it. The more you cost the more he'll think of you. All men are like that. They never know how good you are until they find out how much you cost."

Esther had never heard anyone talk like that before, and she wondered what made Mollie talk like that. That Mollie Mandel's words represented a way of seeing life and living, a practical philosophy, was beyond Esther. Mollie Mandel saw this, and concluded that Esther's case was quite hopeless. As well go and bark at the moon, for all the good it is likely to do you. But to consume your liver because of it certainly did not pay; so she tilted her chin and said in a tired voice:

"Well, what have you got to say now?"

Esther could say nothing. That was precisely it. But it was not to have been expected that Mollie Mandel would feel this, or trouble herself because of it. But Esther's purpose was in the pres-

ent instance as well served by Mollie Mandel's need to be active. She hustled Esther into the Mandel family's electric motor—a solemn, deliberate, sumptuous, purple structure, with electric lights in the walls and roof, and cut glass containers holding artificial flowers—; and before Esther had had time to become decently frightened, she was hustled out again.

Mollie Mandel exchanged some words with the dressmaker, and Esther was made to turn around a number of times, and ordered to walk this way and that and back again. Mollie Mandel talked fast, and the dressmaker kept saying. "Oh, yes. Quite right. Stunning. Splend'd." In the meanwhile, Esther was being measured, and became more and more bewildered. Then Mollie Mandel picked up her hand bag of real alligator skin with solid gold trimming, and motioned for Esther to follow her, but she halted and said to the dressmaker, this time quite distinctly: "Emerald green chiffon over burnt orange satin, chiffon sleeves, quarter length, and V neck—all right." And the dressmaker replied, "Yes, Madame Mandel."

Esther was by now thoroughly frightened. She saw herself at the ball. Arms bare. Shoulders bare. Under all those lights. That might be all right for the girls of the Boulevard. But for Malkin the baker's daughter, a Maxwell Street girl! She gave a quick look around the room. But there was no one that might have come to her aid.

In desperation Esther turned her head from side to side and cried hysterically, "No, no, no!"

Mollie Mandel almost lost patience. There was ingratitude for you. But what could you expect?

"My dear child. You just leave these things to me." She spoke from her privileged position as a lady of the Boulevard. "You've been wearing things much too subdued for your age and style of beauty. That's why nobody noticed you. You can just depend on what I'm telling you. You've got to jump in their faces if you want people to notice you."

Esther had never before felt so utterly helpless. It was like trying to keep yourself from falling in a dream. Mollie Mandel stepped back and looked Esther over critically, then came up close and felt of Esther's person.

"My!" she called out in her sweetest voice. "What nice fat shoulders you've got! You ain't got nothing to be ashamed of, you

little goose! Don't shake your head like a horse. I know these things better, deary."

Then, of a sudden, she seemed to have made an amazing discovery, and she shouted:

"Why, just look at your eyes! Beau-ti-ful, perfectly beu-ti-ful, that's what they are! — And the hair! Deary, you don't know how lucky you are. 'There ain't a girl in five hundred has got eyes and hair like yours. Don't look at me like a baby. I know what I'm talking about. You'll see. On the dancing floor. They'll fall over each other. Wait till we get to that ball. You'll see! But you got to do as I tell you.'" And Mollie Mandel smiled a mellow, knowing smile.

Esther stared at her bewildered. Could it be true? She could not resist looking into the dressmaker's tall mirror, though Mollie was watching her. It was so pleasant to believe; she could not resist it. It was like letting herself sink into sleep when she was tired. She had to look into the mirror again and again.

Yes, she did have beautiful eyes and hair.

"Mollie — Mrs. Mandel," Esther began, her eyes filling with tears. "You're so good. You know so much. I don't know nobody. What could I do——"

She had to stop or she would have burst out crying, and in a strange house.

"Now, Esther. Never mind that, dear——"

A strange thing had happened. Mollie Mandel, who had always been attracted only by brute ruggedness, who would have stopped to watch a man shaking rats out of a trap in the midst of trembling terriers, and would have enjoyed the sight, but who never noticed a fallen horse or a ragged fist-ful of an old woman with a few pencils in a bony hand — Mollie Mandel was moved at the sight of Esther's dumb helplessness, moved almost to the melting mood. The humor passed over her and was gone. The next moment she was her old self again and quite all right. She said:

"Just wait! Your mother will catch it from me. To let you go around like that! But, don't you care, deary. Wait till we get to that ball. They'll fall over each other; you'll see."

Esther, simple, timid, plodding Esther, was fascinated. Mollie Mandel had given her strange courage, vaulting desires. Why not she like so many of the others? With such eyes and hair!

Her eyes quickened; her hair became neater and more attractive

entire body caught the infection which showed itself in her every move and gesture. There was a new buoyancy in her step. A new purpose appeared in her face. Men got up in the street and offered her their seats; and even lifted their hats to her, as to a real lady. Her mother, also, became more attentive:

"Sit down a little, Estherkin," she would say fetching a chair. "You been standing on your feet all the morning." At another time she would say: "Go upstairs now, Esther, and lay down a little. You must be tired." Or "Go now, take a little walk. It'll be good for you. I'll lock up the shop myself." And, "Here's a little present for you. I see all the girls got it." Or, "Here's a nice apple for your daughterkin. Eat it to your good health."

However tired Esther felt at the end of the day's work, she would not go to bed now without trying on the ball dress. The mere thought of which had in the beginning frightened her, but by the time she had tried it on half a dozen times, turned out to be really very nice. She practiced walking in front of her dressing mirror. Her shoulders-maybe were a little too full; but never anyhow as all bones, like some of the girls. She had always worn her hair in front and had never known that it could be made look so swell in the back and sides. She would now put up her hair and let it down again, arranging it first one style and then another, without being able to make up her mind which she liked her best in. The new silver mesh bag, which never should have been in the bureau drawer except when going for a walk on Sabbath afternoons, she carried about with her every day in the bake-shop. She would let a customer wait when she wanted to look into the tiny dressing mirror.

There were times now when Esther saw herself stepping along the leafy lanes of Douglas Park, or sitting on the rock at the edge of the lagoon, or reclining in the bow of a row boat. And always there was now a man beside her. At his touch a soft warmth would run through her body. His whole appearance, his voice, what he said and did, were tender and considerate; and he seemed able to understand her as if he were inside her own head. But she was never able to catch sight of him. Always he would disappear around the corner of her eye when she tried to get a look at him. He wasn't a baker, she knew. He was much grander. He was a gentleman.

Then maybe there would pass before her eyes a flash no bigger than a tiny pin. But after that everything was changed. She would

see herself back of the counters of her father's bake-shop in Maxwe Street. She would have to end her days like Rachel Kaplan, gray haired, sunken-eyed and flat chested.

The day of the ball found Esther all atremble. The weeks of preparation, her constantly changing moods, when neither hope nor fear would abide, were more than she could bear up under. Esther who had grown fat and strong through years of patient plodding became pale and weak during the short period of her wrestling with the unknown. It was little help she was to her mother the day of the ball. She would let things slip from her hands, kept forgetting what she was about, and had to be watched at making change.

Could she dance good enough? What could she say to her swell partner? She would maybe have to make a lot of smart talk and be funny. She could only make a fool of herself and be laughed at. She would die of shame, right there on the spot.

Silently, nervously, all day her mother followed her, on the verge of tears because of her helplessness. She knew what troubled her daughter, but had no power to do anything. Wasn't it a frightful thing to have to stand by and look on while your own, more precious than the eye in your head, was suffering, and you able to do nothing. It was late, but she could not get herself to urge Esther to remind her how terribly necessary it was that she should look her best at the ball. Finally, she did manage to say:

"Daughterkin, you got to hurry up a little and get dressed now. I got everything ready for you on the bed."

Praised be the Exalted One! What a relief that was! She helped Esther to her room, taking hold of her arm only to let her go of it and run ahead a step or two, then returning to grasp at the arm again. From time to time she would think of something to cheer her daughter with, and of something to shield her against possible harm.

"It ain't as if you didn't know nobody on the ball, Estherkin. Mollie Mandel she will be there waiting for you, and she can do a whole lot where she wants to. I help you a little maybe, yes? I will be quicker. You got to dance all the evening, and I got to do nothing at all only sit with my arms folded like a princess and rest myself. See, daughterkin, that looks good on you. May we have a good a year! Now sit a little down. Oh, yes, Estherkin, you got to do that. You got to sit a little down before you go out, so you

well received where you go. That we may be speak only in the hour of grace — how nice you look! Step out with the right foot first, daughterkin; with the right one, yes. So. Let you only have good luck now!"

Mollie Mandel was overcome with a feeling of her own goodness when she saw Esther entering the hall, and rushed over to meet her.

"You look perfectly charming, deary!"

She almost meant that. Esther's mass of black hair and her large black eyes fused with her air of frightened wandering. Her former stolidity, the steamy redness of her complexion, the pudginess of her hands, had disappeared. A tired pallor now veiled the flat outlines of her features, and made her appear distant and pathetic, and what the ghetto calls "gentle," as distinguished from inordinate health, which is coarse, low and peasant-like. Mollie Mandel felt impelled to reassure Esther:

"You're nervous, ain't you, girly? That'll wear off. Two turns around the hall with one of the swell fellows I got picked out for you, and you won't recognise yourself. Let me see how nice you can smile. Stingy! Show your teeth. That's better. See, you look better already!"

Esther looked about the hall as soon as she found herself safely seated. The longer she looked the more pleased she became. The countless lights blinking from inside pink paper flowers, the popped red and green paper festoons, the hundreds of beaming young faces, the floor that you could almost see yourself in — that was what you could really call a ball. That given by her father's lodge was just plain nothing at all compared with this. Yes, it was good she came, if only just to look at it once.

The orchestra struck up "Hop Along Solly." From all about the hall came the sound of scraping chairs and shuffling feet. Mollie Mandel gave a signal, and Esther's smiling partner came up bowing.

"Esther, meet Mr. Lewis. Miss Malkin, Mr. Lewis."

She paid no attention to what she was saying, for she knew the words of the introduction by rote, like a religious formula. Esther let go of Mollie Mandel's hand and started away.

"Just leave it to her," Mollie Mandel said, nudging Mrs. Malkin. "You can just bet her little head ain't stuffed with oakum."

"Swell, ain't it?" Abe Lewis turned to Esther, making a start at conversation.

"You're a swell dancer," Esther replied, blushing.

She caught the sound of her voice, and was frightened at its boldness. She never had believed herself capable of talking like that and to a strange man. It struck her that real ladies would not talk like that.

"Are you kidding me or showing me a good time?" Abe Lewis tried again.

Esther knew that she ought to make some sort of a reply, but it was all she could do to keep in step. Suddenly she found herself in the seat beside her mother. The music had stopped. It was like waking in the midst of a beautiful dream.

"You got a good time tonight, ain't you, daughterkin?"

"Yes." Esther felt so good she could not talk.

"The next dance you got with Dave Cohen, yes?"

Esther felt of her hair for loose pins. She did not want her mother to see that she would not talk of Dave Cohen.

"I hear he's a good lawyer, what?"

Esther made no answer. She did not know why she did not want to talk of Dave Cohen. He was small, and he was dark, with sharp, uneven features and pointed eyes — not at all like the man she had of late been dreaming about. But Dave Cohen was an educated man. His hand was soft and pleasant, and his touch was soft and pleasant; his voice was soft and pleasant, and his smile was soft and pleasant. He made her feel good and she wasn't bit afraid of him. He was a real gentleman. Nobody had ever talked to her the way he had talked to her when Mollie Mandel had introduced him. He had said — How did he say it? There, she forgot it already! And she was so sure that she never would forget it. He had said — No. He had said — "Esther was always a pretty name, now it's a pretty girl." That was how he said it! And he said it so nice she didn't even have to get red.

"Estherkin, sit up a little more nice. Here he comes already."

"I'll take good care of her, Mrs. Malkin," Dave Cohen said, leading Esther onto the dancing floor. And he smiled like to his own mother. It was a real pleasure, a nice young man like that.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cohen," Esther pleaded when he saved her from slipping. "I'm all mixed up tonight."

"Pardon me! It was my fault, Esther— You don't mind my calling you Esther, do you? Thanks. It's awfully good of you. Permit me. There! Wasn't that clever of me? I learnt that helping my sister. Oh, I can do lots of things, I can! That was Judge Brahams," he informed her, referring to the man with whom he had just exchanged greetings. That was Congressman Passover."

It was nice to be among swells. Her being a Maxwell Street girl didn't matter at all. She could see everybody watching her. Tomorrow all Maxwell Street would talk of her. Dave said he learnt that helping his sister. That was funny. He didn't have no sister. He never thought of that when he said it. Maybe she should ask him. Maybe he said it to be funny? That was funny. She never thought of that.

"Will you give me all the dances I want?" Dave Cohen asked suddenly. He asked it with a twinkle in his eye. He knew he was asking too much for the first time. Then he added. "The last dance mine, remember. I won't have it any other way."

"The last dance maybe I can't give you, Mr. Cohen. I don't know when father will come for mother and me."

"Now, Esther! That isn't a bit nice of you. Can't I be trusted to see you home safely? That's part of the fun!"

Before returning her to her mother he had insisted on her going into the buffet with him, where he ordered Peach Melba for two. And he never even looked at the printed card. Esther could not hide her amazement at the dish. And the taste was a wonderful thing! Then she saw him leave fifteen cents on the little table. She knew that was for the girl who waited on them. Then he paid fifty cents more to the cashier. Sixty-five cents! She had always wanted to go into the drug store and treat herself for once to a ten cents' ice cream soda; but in the end she always crossed the street to the Greek's and got one for a nickel. But she could not make up her mind that it was a sin he had spent so much on her. Sixty-five cents! She knew she would have to tell of it.

"The last dance, Esther!" Dave Cohen said, putting up a warning finger. And he bowed and smiled to Esther and her mother. "Remember, I won't have it any other way!"

So many dances with Dave Cohen where everybody could see them! How beautiful everybody looked! She saw Mollie Mandel coming towards her, and straightened up.

"I'll be with you in a moment, ladies," Mollie Mandel said to her two bosom-proud companions. "Keep it up," she snapped into Esther's ear. "You're doing fine. What did I tell you!"

Mollie Mandel was like a messenger from God, but the blood rushed into Esther's head and she could not say a word.

"Better go and fix up a little, daughterkin," her beaming mother advised softly. "The hair, and a little powder maybe. You're glad you came to the ball, yes? I'm so happy!"

Esther started for the retiring room. The greed of the famishes was upon her, and she would not speak of her happiness. She had reached only just inside the door, when she was brought to a stop by voices coming from the other side of the screen:

"Malkin's got oodles of money——"

"Dave's killing it. She'll catch on——"

"Don't you suppose she can see he's making fun of her!"

"Just leave it to Dave," Mollie Mandel's voice said. "She was running her legs off in that hole in Maxwell Street. I jollied her along a bit and got Dave to help me. Now she's having the time of her young life. Did I tell you ladies how she came to be here?——"

Esther's hands went out for something to steady herself by. She felt her way back into the hall. There she stood, blinded by the lights, swaying. A group began to form around her, and her mother rushed over.

"What's the matter, daughterkin, tell me! You feel not good?"

"We got to go home!" Esther cried hysterically. "Right away——"

Her head began to swim, and her knees gave way. She remembered nothing more.

"Daughterkin, answer me." A voice came to her as through a thick wall. "You got too much excited last night on the ball, ain't you, child of mine? Answer me!"

Ball? Excitement? Ball? Esther tried to piece them together. Why was she in bed so late?

"The father says," her mother's droning voice continued, "the father says, when our daughterkin gets strong again we go to look for a house on the Boulevard."

The final incident of the ball burst in upon Esther. She turned her frightened face towards her mother:

"No, no! Not on the Boulevard!"

"Why, Esther! Sure we got to move on the Boulevard. You'll invite all the swell friends you made on the ball and not have to be ashamed for our house. Give a look what kind-eh nice flowers live Cohen brought you all ready so early."

The mother had saved the most joyous bit of news for the last.

"Where?" And Esther's eyes went searching the room. Why? How was that possible after what she had overheard? There, sure enough, on the dresser in the water pitcher was an armful of American beauty roses. "Dave, he brought them?" She feared believing so readily. "Dave himself?"

"Sure," Mrs. Malkin replied, trying hard to keep her joy within bounds. "He comes back again later. He said so. He had to go to the judge for nine o'clock for something. He comes back; he comes back many times, lot of times. I can see in his face." Mrs. Malkin wanted her daughter to understand her beyond the meaning of her words, more than she could get herself to utter. And she was glad to see that Esther understood her. "The flowers cost a dollar, and maybe sometimes two dollars yet, what?"

"Them flowers you get for two dollars? Oh, yes, sure!" She could not resist exulting just the least bit. "They cost five dollars ten dollars maybe for sure."

"Ten dollars!" Mrs. Malkin cried out. "We got to move right away on the Boulevard!"

"Yes, mother. We got to move on the Boulevard."

Note on "The Dreaming of the Bones"

This is the second play by Mr. William Butler Yeats written in the manner of the Japanese Noh plays. I think it is more successful than his play in the Noh form, *The Hawk's Well*, and that in this play he has caught the spirit of the old Noh plays perfectly.

Those who are familiar with Ezra Pound's extraordinarily beautiful rendering of the Noh plays, based upon the translations of Ernest Fenollosa, will not need to be told how perfectly Mr. Yeats has caught the spirit of the Noh plays in *The Dreaming of the Bones*. To those who are not familiar with the Noh plays, a brief note on the Noh drama would be almost useless. But, apart from the form of

the play, a few words giving the point of view from which it is written may not be amiss.

The Young Man of the play is typical of a large number of young Irishmen of today. When America comes to weigh Irish reasons for rejecting conscription, the belief of such young men should be remembered. Some years ago the then Speaker of the American House of Representatives, Honorable Thomas B. Reed one day overheard one of his colleagues cursing another member because the member "was so damned provincial". Reed drawled to his colleague "But why curse him for his provinciality? Provinciality is a fact, just as the weather is a fact, and not something to be angry or to curse about." So in the case of the Young Man of the play, it is not a question of what he *ought* to believe, but of what he *does* believe. It is a matter to understand and to weigh and to accept or to reject and not a matter merely to get angry about.

This notable play may, therefore, be regarded as a symbol of ideas and ideals of a large number of young men in Ireland to-day. My allusion to provinciality has no relation to the provinciality of the learned Irish judge who some years ago made the speech which has become so well-known as a matter of Dublin folk-lore, concerning the efforts, then only in their beginning, to revive the Irish language. The short speech of the great Irish orator John F. Taylor in reply on that occasion is imbedded, like a jewel, in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Episode VII. (the *Little Review* for October 1918, page 44 and 45). There the judge who argued against the revival of the Irish language showed himself to be the provincial. But whether an attitude or a movement or a refusal or a rejection, like that of conscription, is or is not provincial, should, it would seem, be determined by the times or the events existing at the time and not from a merely traditional point of view.

Of course it is not implied that everyone in Ireland is full of the notion that England has *always* been to Kathleen-ni-Houlihan a kind of Bluebeard.

There are many other political points of view in Ireland, and this play represents an important point of view.

The *Little Review* is to be congratulated upon being able to publish this play, for it is full of the charm and unfailing distinction of William Butler Yeats at his best. At a time when other magazines are full of reconstruction stuff and discussions of various pseudo-psychological solutions of business, economic and international problems,

ms, — stuff that, with all respect, sounds like the vaporings of
ary Baker G. Eddy in international affairs, with pseudo-science and
eudo-prophecy as "the key to the future", the *Little Review* is lucky
being able to publish this moving poem, full of true romance,
ade out of sorrow and tragedy and out of loneliness and desolation.

J. Q.

THE READER CRITIC

To jh

ola Ridge, New York City:

May all the ancient and non-plebeian gods praise you for that
tter in the November number. You can't continue to let any one
ock the *Little Review*. And E. P. has for some time needed just
ich a cool and unperturbed hand to press him back into his seat. It
n't his knocking — that waste of creative (and destructive) energy
his look-out; America's so-easily abraded and so-quickly healing
cin needs all it can get — of whip-cuts, not of mud and rotten eggs.
nd there's something about Pound's vituperations that savors of
one too remote gutters — and rival stalls and tongues akimbo and
errings obvious in a rising temperature.

I've sometimes felt like saying something like this out loud but
- I'm frugal! and then he's done lovely things and I admire his
old shining thin-glass mind through which so many colors pass
aving no stain — and then — my stone-arm balks at swinging in
ythm with the mob's.

errick Johns; St. Louis:

I am not a very discriminating critic, perhaps, but I depend upon
ie *Little Review* for a certain section of the eccentric joy existence
ives me. I especially liked Eliot's poetry, which Marsden Hartley
isapproves. Pound is always readable, but not more always so than
ie pungent irritability of "jh". Joyce's novel has one negligible
hapter from the standpoint of my understanding, but absolutely
eggars appreciation in other spots. From Hecht and Sherwood
Anderson I derive awe, but little response. One is apt suddenly to
e reminded one is reading nearly all that is worth while in cur-
ent writing in your pages. This is perhaps a little too inclusive.

W. C. W.:

You have your foot in the jam of the door and your services as flamingo-winged compared of those of the builders of the cathedral of St. John the Divine.

I appreciate your great services to me and my kind. We cannot be told what to write. You are the only periodical anywhere where good stuff of any kind — poetry, prose, novel, criticism — can get a hearing and — depending on the amount of sense which you possess — a chance to be seen. You are far more important than the United States senate, for example — let me add that I have a fellow poet feeling for Wilson-the-Sedately-Impetuous.

G. S. B., Chicago:

I do not wish to renew my subscription to the *Little Review*. Frankly, I do not like it in its present dress. The whole make-up seems like a tour-de-force without rhyme or reason. I'm not a prudish and I can bear any kind of truths if there is a reason for stating them. Sensuousness for the sake of sensuousness does not appeal to me, and a striving for things so involved that no one can understand them does not mean literature to me. When I compare the first year of the *Little Review* with the present numbers I feel sad. The old things I now like in the magazine are yours. They are in plain English.

F. Wilstack (Schubert Theatre Offices):

In the American number there are two rather likely similes. Ben Hecht's "her lips were like the streaks of vermillion lacquer painted on an idol's face", and Else von Freytag's "to beg forgiveness with flashing smile, like amber-coloured honey".

Who are these two people? I haven't attempted to look them up; but they don't seem like American names for an American number.

Louis Gilmore, New Orleans:

You have probably noticed, as I did that one of my "Inventions" was appended, by way of coda or tail-piece to Hecht's "Yellow Goat". Some of your readers, not recognizing my individual note, "may render unto Ben Hecht the *Autoepitaph* that is Louis Gilmore's."

"THE DANCE OF SIVA"

I should like to make just a note on "The Dance of Siva" (by Ananda Coomaraswamy, published by the Sunwise Turn).

I am always humble before any hint of the ancient civilization of the East—Chinese or Indian. These people seem to have been able to make more use of being human beings than any other peoples.

There are fourteen essays in the book, most of them dealing with Art and Beauty. In these essays Dr. Coomaraswamy has set forth suavely and graciously the findings of an ultimate civilization — a civilization unrecognized and uncomprehended in this country. I wish sometimes when there is so much talk of "making the world a better place to live in" and the general reconstruction of the universe, that some care could be taken to indicate *which* world. It must all seem very kind, to the Orientals, but rather unnecessary.

It is difficult for a people without either knowledge or intuitions to keep any discriminations clear. It is quite the fashion now to jeer Tagore or, with Ezra Pound, to say "Good old Tagore". At the time Mr. Tagore was in America every one who did not call him a negro either religionized him or wrote asking him to tell their fortunes.

It is an inability to feel the particular quality and the essential difference in the unfamiliar which produces scoffing and denial. Denial of an art or a civilization proves nothing. "There are many who never yet felt the beauty of Egyptian sculpture of Chinese or Indian painting or music: that they have also the hardihood to deny their beauty, however, proves nothing." Certainly denial never can prove that we have anything better. "It is, a little too easy to decide that our own is best; we are at the most entitled to believe it is the best for us".

It is restful to find such unimpeachable precedent for some of one's most damned and hooted statements. Many of our view considered most wildly ex cathedra are calmly endorsed in this history of aesthetics. For instance: beauty is a state, and absolute; a work of art is an outward sign that the artist has discovered the imminence of the Absolute and not that he is trying to regenerate the world or express his opinions, etc.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

ANNOUNCEMENT

The February number will have for its feature a series of articles on Remy de Gourmont. Among the contributors will be T. S. Eliot, Richard Aldington, Frederick Manning, John Rodker, T. T. Clayton, and Ezra Pound. The American section will include William Carlos Williams, Jh. Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, Ben Hecht, and others.

A n O f f e r

If there are people who wish to make money in an easy and congenial way, why not try selling subscriptions to the Little Review?

For every subscription you send us of \$2.50 we will give an unusually liberal commission.

If you will call at our office, or write us, we will supply full information, lists of names, etc.

This is a real opportunity for mutual help.

Feb-March 1919

THE LITTLE REVIEW

1919.21

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

REMY DE GOURMONT NUMBER

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1919

De Gourmont: A Distinction	<i>Ezra Pound</i>
M. De Gourmont and the Problem of Beauty	<i>Frederic Manning</i>
"Le Latin Mystique"	<i>T. T. Clayton</i>
De Gourmont — Yank	<i>John Rodker</i>
De Gourmont after the Interim	<i>Richard Aldington</i>
Décor Banal	<i>Richard Aldington</i>
Advice to a Hornèd Toad	<i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>
Three Professional Studies	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>
On Joyce's "Exiles"	<i>A. C. B. and jh.</i>
The Death of Vorticism	<i>E. P.</i>
Mary Olivier: A Life	<i>May Sinclair</i>
Ulysses, Episode VIII	<i>James Joyce</i>
That International Episode	<i>Edgar Jepson and jh.</i>

Copyright, 1919, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor

EZRA POUND, London Editor

JULES ROMAINS, French Editor

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

Entered as second-class matter March 16, 1917, at P. O.,
New York, N. Y., under the act March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

February-March

No. 10-11

DE GOURMONT: A DISTINCTION

(followed by notes)

Ezra Pound

THE MIND of Rémy de Gourmont "was less like the mind of Henry James than any contemporary mind I can think of. James' drawing of *moeurs contemporaines* was so circumstantial, so concerned with the setting, with detail, nuance, social aroma, that his transcripts were "out of date" almost before his books had gone into a second edition; out of date, that is, in the sense that his interpretations of society could never serve as a guide to such supposititious utilitarian members of the next generation as might so desire to use them.

He has left his scene and his characters unalterable as the little paper flowers permanently visible inside the lumpy glass paperweights. He was a great man of letters, a great artist in portrayal, he was concerned with mental temperatures, circumvolvous social pressures, the clash of contending conventions, as Hogarth with the cut of contemporary coats.

On no occasion would any man of my generation have broached an intimate idea to H. J., or to Thomas Hardy, O. M., or, years since, to Swinburne, or even to Mr. Yeats with any feeling that the said idea was likely to be received, grasped, comprehended. However much one may have admired Yeats' poetry; however much one may have been admonished by Henry James' prose works, one has never thought of agreeing with either.

You could, on the other hand, have said to De Gourmont anything that came into your head; you could have sent him anything you had written with a reasonable assurance that he would have known what you were driving at. If this distinction is purely my own, and subjective, and even if it be wholly untrue, one will be very hard pressed to find any other man born in the "fifties" of whom it is even suggestible.

De Gourmont prepared our era; behind him there stretches a limitless darkness; there *was* the counter-reformation, still extant in the English printer; there *was* the restoration of the inquisition by the Catholic Roman Church, holy and apostolic, in the year of grace 1824; there was the Mephistopheles period, morals of the opera left over from the Spanish XVIIth. century plays of "capa y espada"; Don Juan for subject matter, etc.; there was the period of English Christian bigotry, Saml. Smiles exhibition of '51 ("centennial of '76"), machine-made building "ornament" etc., enduring in the people who did not read Saml. Butler; there was the Emerson-Tennysonian plus optimism period; there was the "aesthetic" era during which people "wrought" as the impeccable Beerbohm has noted; there was the period of funny symboliste trappings, "sin", satanism, rosy cross, heavy lilies, Jersey Lilies, etc.,

"Ch'hanno perduto il ben del intelletto"

— all these periods had mislaid the light of the XVIIIth. century; though in the symbolistes Gourmont had his beginning.

II.

In contradiction to, in wholly antipodal distinction from Henry James, De Gourmont was an artist of the nude. He was an intelligence almost more than an artist; when he portrays, he is concerned with hardly more than the permanent human elements. His people are only by accident of any particular era. He is poet, more by possessing a certain quality of mind than by virtue of having written fine poems; you could scarcely contend that he was a novelist.

He was intensely aware of the differences of emotional timbre; and as a man's message is precisely his *façon de voir*, his modality of apperception, this particular awareness was his "message".

Where James is concerned with the social tone of his subjects, with their entourage, with their *superstes* of dogmatized "form", ethic, etc., De Gourmont is concerned with their modality and resonance in emotion.

"Mauve" "Fanette", "Neobelle", "La Vierge aux Plâtres," are all studies in different *permanent* kinds of people; they are not the results of environments or of "social causes", their circumstance is an accident and is on the whole scarcely alluded to. Gourmont differentiates his characters by the modes of their sensibility, not by sub-degrees of their state of civilization.

He recognizes the right of individuals to *feel* differently. Confucian, Epicurean, a considerer and entertainer of ideas, this complicated sensuous wisdom is almost the one ubiquitous element, the "self" which keeps his superficially heterogeneous work vaguely "unified".

The study of emotion does not follow a set chronological arc; it extends from the "Physique de l'Amour" to "Le Latin Mystique"; from the condensation of Fabre's knowledge of insects to

"Amas ut facias pulchram"

in the *Sequaire* of Goddeschalk

(in "Le Latin Mystique").

He had passed the point where people take abstract statement of dogma for "enlightenment". An "idea" has little value apart from the modality of the mind which receives it. It is a railway from one state to another, and as dull as steel rails in a desert.

The emotions are equal before the aesthetic judgment. He does not grant the duality of body and soul, or at least suggests that this mediaeval duality is unsatisfactory; there is an interpenetration, an osmosis of body and soul, at least for hypothesis. "My words are the unspoken words of my body".

And in all his exquisite treatment of all emotion he will satisfy many whom August Strindberg, for egregious example, will not. From the studies of insects to Christine evoked from the thoughts of Diomède, sex is not a monstrosity or an exclusively German study.* And the entire race is not bound to the habits of the *mantis* or of other insects equally melodramatic. Sex, in so far as it is not a purely physiological reproductive mechanism lies in the domain of aesthetics, the junction of tactile and magnetic senses; as some people have accurate ears both for rhythm and for pitch, and as some are tone deaf, some impervious to rhythmic subtlety and variety, so in this other field of the senses some desire the trivial, some the processional, the stately, the master-work.

As some people are good judges of music, and insensible to painting and sculpture, so the fineness of one sense entails no corresponding fineness in another, or at least no corresponding critical perception of differences.

*Foot-note: "A German study, Hobson, a German study." —"Tarr".

III.

Emotions to Henry James were more or less things that other people had and that one didn't go into; at any rate not in drawing rooms. The gods had not visited James, and the Muse whom he so frequently mentions appeared doubtless in corsage, the narrow waist, the sleeves puffed at the shoulders, à la mode 1890-2.

De Gourmont is interested in hardly anything save emotions, and the ideas that will go into them, or take life in emotional application. (Apperceptive rather than active.)

One reads "LES CHEVAUX DE DIOMEDE" (1897) as one would have listened to incense in the old Imperial court. There are many spirits incapable. De Gourmont calls it a "romance of possible adventures"; it might be called equally an aroma, the fragrance of roses and poplars, the savour of wisdoms, not part of the canon of literature, a book like "Daphnis and Chloe" or like Marcel Schwob's "Livre de Monelle"; not a solidarity like Flaubert; but an osmosis, a pervasion.

"My true life is in the unspoken words of my body."

In "UNE NUIT AU LUXEMBOURG", the characters talk at more length, and the movement is less convincing. "Diomède" was De Gourmont's own favourite and we may take it as the best of his art, as the most complete expression of his particular "façon d'apercevoir"; if, even in it, the characters do little but talk philosophy, or rather drift into philosophic expression out of a haze of images, they are for all that very real. It is the climax of his method of presenting characters differentiated by emotional timbre, a process which had begun in "HISTOIRES MAGIQUES" (1895); and in "D'UN PAYS LOINTAIN" (published 1898, in reprint from periodicals of 1892-4).

"SONGE D'UNE FEMME" (1899) is a novel of modern life, De Gourmont's sexual intelligence, as contrasted to Strindberg's sexual stupidity, well in evidence. The work is untranslatable into English, but should be used before thirty by young men who have been during their undergraduate days too deeply inebriated with the Vita Nuova.

"Tout ce qui se passe dans la vie, c'est de la mauvaise littérature."

"La vraie terre natale est celle où on a eu sa première émotion forte."

"La virginité n'est pas une vertu, c'est un état; c'est une sous-division des couleurs."

Livres de chevet for those whom the Strindbergian school will always leave aloof.

"Les imbéciles ont choisi le beau comme les oiseaux choisissent ce qui est gras. La bêtise leur sert de cornes."

"COEUR VIRGINAL" (1907) is a light novel, amusing, and accurate in its psychology.

I do not think it possible to overemphasize Gourmont's sense of beauty. The mist clings to the lacquer. His spirit was the spirit of Omakitsu; his *pays natal* was near to the peach-blossom-fountain of the untranslatable poem. If the life of Diomède is overdone and done badly in modern Paris, the wisdom of the book is not thereby invalidated. It may be that Paris has need of some more Spartan corrective, but for the descendants of witch-burners Diomède is a needful communication.

IV.

As Voltaire had been a needed light in the 18th. century, so in our time Fabre and Fraser have been essentials in the mental furnishings of any contemporary mind qualified to write of ethics or philosophy or that mixed molasses religion. "The Golden Bough" has supplied the data which Voltaire's incisions had shown to be lacking. It has been a positive succeeding his negative. It is not necessary perhaps to read Fabre and Fraser entire, but one must be aware of them; people unaware of them invalidate all their own writing by simple ignorance, and their work goes ultimately to the scrap heap.

"PHYSIQUE DE L'AMOUR" (1903) should be used as a text book of biology. Between this biological basis in instinct, and the "Sequaire of Goddèschalk" in "Le Latin Mystique" (1892) stretch Gourmont's studies of amour and aesthetics. If in Diomède we find an Epicurean receptivity, a certain aloofness, an observation of contacts and auditions, in contrast to the Propertian attitude:

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit,

this is perhaps balanced by

"Sans vous, je crois bien que je n'aimerais plus beaucoup et que je n'aurais plus une extrême confiance ni dans la vie ni dans moi-même." (in "Lettres à l'Amazone".)

But there is nothing more unsatisfactory than saying that De Gourmont "had such and such ideas" or held "such and such views", the thing is that he held ideas, intuitions, perceptions in a certain personal exquisite manner. In a criticism of him, "criticism" being an over violent word, in, let us say, an indication of him, one wants merely to show that one has oneself made certain dissociations; as here, between the aesthetic receptivity of tactile and magnetic values, of the perception of beauty in these relationships, and the conception of love, passion, emotion as an intellectual instigation; such as Propertius claims it; such as we find it declared in the King of Navarre's

"De fine amor vient science et beauté";
and constantly in the troubadours.

(I cannot repeat too often that there was a profound psychological knowledge in mediaeval Provence, however gothic its expression; that men, concentrated on certain validities, attaining an exact and diversified terminology, have there displayed considerable penetration; that this was carried into early Italian poetry; and faded from it when metaphors became decorative instead of interpretative; and that the age of Aquinas would not have tolerated sloppy expression of psychology concurrent with the exact expression of "mysticism". There is also great wisdom in Ovid. *Passons!*)

De Gourmont's wisdom is not wholly unlike the wisdom which those ignorant of Latin may, if the gods favour their understanding, derive from Golding's "Metamorphoses".

v.

Barbarian ethics proceed by general taboos. Gourmont's essays collected into various volumes, "Promenades", "Epilogues", etc., are perhaps the best introduction to the ideas of our time that any unfortunate, suddenly emerging from Peru, Peoria, Oshkosh, Iceland, Kochin or other out of the way lost continent could desire. A set of Landor's collected works will go further towards civilizing a man than any university education now on the market. Montaigne condensed renaissance awareness. Even so small a

collection as Lionel Johnson's "Post Liminium" might save a man from utter barbarity.

But if, for example, a raw graduate were contemplating a burst into intellectual company, he would be less likely to utter unutterable *bêtises*, *gaffes*, etc., after reading Gourmont than before. One cannot of course create intelligence in a numbskull.

Needless to say, Gourmont's essays are of uneven value as the necessary subject matter is of uneven value. Taken together, proportionately placed in his work, they are a portrait of the civilized mind. I incline to think them the best portrait available, the best record that is of the civilized mind from 1885-1915.

There are plenty of people who do not know what the civilized mind is like, just as there are plenty of mules in England who did not read Landor contemporaneously, or who did not in his day read Montaigne. Civilisation is individual.

Gourmont arouses the senses of the imagination, preparing the mind for receptivities. His wisdom, if not of the senses, is at any rate via the senses. We base our "science" on perceptions, but our ethics have not yet attained this palpable basis.

In 1898, "PAYS LOINTAIN", reprinted from magazine publication of 1892-4). De Gourmont was beginning his method:

"Douze crimes pour l'honneur de l'infini".

He treats the special case, cases as special as any of James', but segregated on different demarcative lines. His style had attained the vividness of

"Sa vocation était de paraître malheureuse, de passer dans la vie comme une ombre gémissante, d'inspirer de la pitié, du doute et de l'inquiétude. Elle avait toujours l'air de porter des fleurs vers une tombe abandonnée." — "La Femme en Noir".

In "HISTOIRES MAGIQUES" (1894): "La Robe Blanche", "Yeux d'eau" "Marguerite Rouge", "Soeur de Sylvie", "Danaette" are all of them special cases, already showing his preception of neurosis, of hyperaesthesia. His mind is still running on tonal variations in "Les Litanies de la Rose".

"Pourtant il y a des yeux au bout des doigts".

"Femmes, conservatrices des traditions milésiennes".

"EPILOGUES" 1895-98. Pleasant rereading, a book to leave lying about, to look back into at odd half hours. A book of accumulations. Full of meat as a good walnut.

Heterogeneous as the following paragraphs:

"Ni la croyance en un seul Dieu, ni la morale ne sont les fondements vrais de la religion. Une religion, même le Christianisme, n'eut jamais sur les mœurs qu'une influence dilatoire, l'influence d'un bras levé; elle doit recommencer son prêche, non pas seulement avec chaque génération humaine, mais avec chaque phase d'une vie individuelle. N'apportant pas des vérités évidentes en soi, son enseignement oublié, elle ne laisse rien dans les âmes que l'effroi du peut-être et la honte d'être asservi à une peur ou à une espérance dont les chaînes fantômes entravent non pas nos actes mais nos désirs."

"L'essence d'une religion, c'est sa littérature. Or la littérature religieuse est morte." — *Religions*.

"Je veux bien que l'on me protège contre des ennemis inconnus, l'escarpe ou le cambrioleur, — mais contre moi-même, vices ou passions, non." — *Madame Boulton*.

"Si le cosmopolitisme littéraire gagnait encore et qu'il réussît à éteindre ce que les différences de race ont allumé de haine de sang parmi les hommes, j'y verrais un gain pour la civilisation et pour l'humanité tout entière." — *Cosmopolitisme*.

"Augier! Tous les lucratifs rêves de la bourgeoisie économe; tous les soupirs des vierges confortables; toutes les réticences des consciences soignées; toutes les joies permises aux ventres prudents; toutes les veuleries des bourses craintives; tous les siphons conjugaux; toutes les envies de la robe montante contre les épaules nues; toutes les haines du waterproof contre la grâce et contre la beauté! Augier, crinoline, parapluie, bec-de-corbin, bonnet grec" . . . — *Augier*.

"Dieu aime la mélodie grégorienne, mais avec modération. Il a soin de varier le programme quotidien des concerts célestes, dont le fond reste le plain-chant liturgique, par des auditions de Bach, Mozart, Haendel, Haydn, "et même Gounod". Dieu ignore Wagner, mais il aime la variété." — *Le Dieu des Belges*.

"La propriété n'est pas sacrée; elle n'est qu'un fait acceptable comme nécessaire au développement de la liberté individuelle" . . .

"L'abominable loi des cinquantes ans — contre laquelle Proudhon lutta en vain si courageusement — commence à faire sentir sa tyrannie. La veuve de M. Dumas a fait interdire la reprise d'Anthony. Motif: son bon plaisir. Des caprices d'héritiers peuvent d'un jour à l'autre nous priver pendant cinquante ans de toute une oeuvre."

"Demain les oeuvres de Renan, de Taine, de Verlaine, de Villiers peuvent appartenir à un curé fanatique ou à une dévote stupide." — *La Propriété Littéraire*.

"M. Desjardins, plus modeste, inaugure la morale artistique et murale, secondé par l'excellent M. Puvis de Chavannes qui n'y comprend rien, mais s'avoue tout de même bien content de figurer sur les murs." — *U. P. A. M.*

"Les auteurs, "avertis par le Public . . ." Il y a dans ces mots toute une esthétique, non seulement dramatique, mais démocratique. Plus d'insuccès. Plus de fours. Admirable invention par laquelle, sans doute, le peuple trouvera enfin l'art qui lui convient et les auteurs qu'il mérite." — *Conscience Littéraire*.

"Le citoyen est une variété de l'Homme; variété dégénérée ou primitive il est à l'homme ce que le chat de gouttière est au chat sauvage."

"Comme toutes les créations vraiment belles et noblement utiles, la sociologie fut l'oeuvre d'un homme de génie, M. Herbert Spencer, et le principe de sa gloire."

"La saine Sociologie traite de l'évolution à travers les âges d'un groupe de métaphores, Famille, Patrie, Etat, Société, etc. Ces mots sont de ceux que l'on dit collectifs et qui n'ont en soi aucune signification l'histoire les a employés de tous temps, mais la Sociologie, par d'astucieuses définitions, précise leur néant tout en propageant leur culte.

"Car tout mot collectif, et d'abord ceux du vocabulaire sociologique sont l'objet d'un culte. A la Famille, à la Patrie, à l'Etat, à la Société, on sacrifie des citoyens mâles et des citoyens femelles;

les mâles en plus grand nombre; ce n'est que par intermède, en temps de grève ou d'émeute, pour essayer un nouveau fusil que l'on perfore des femelles; elles offrent au coup une cible moins défiante et plus plaisante; ce sont là d'inévitables incidents de la vie politique. Le mâle est l'hostie ordinaire."

"Le caractère fondamental du citoyen est donc le dévouement, la résignation et la stupidité; il exerce principalement ces qualités selon trois fonctions physiologiques, comme animal reproducteur, comme animal électoral, comme animal contribuable."

"Devenu animal électoral, le citoyen n'est pas dépourvu de subtilité. Ayant flairé, il distingue hardiment entre un opportuniste et un radical. Son ingéniosité va jusqu'à la méfiance: le mot Liberté le fait aboyer, tel un chien perdu. A l'idée qu'on va le laisser seul dans les ténèbres de sa volonté, il pleure, il appelle sa mère, la République, son père, l'Etat."

"Du fond de sa grange ou de son atelier, il entretient volontiers ceux qui le protègent contre lui-même."

"Et puis songe: si tu te révoltais, il n'y aurait plus de lois, et quand tu voudrais mourir, comment ferais-tu, si le registre n'était plus là pour accueillir ton nom?" — *Paradoxes sur le Citoyen.*

"Si l'on est porté à souhaiter un déraillement, il faut parler, il faut écrire, il faut sourire, il faut s'abstenir — c'est le grand point de toute vie civique. Les actuelles organisations sociales ont cette tare fondamentale que l'abstention légale et silencieuse les rend inermes et ridicules. Il faut empoisonner l'Autorité, lentement, en jouant. C'est si charmant de jouer et si utile au bon fonctionnement humain! Il faut se moquer. Il faut passer, l'ironie dans les yeux, à travers les mailles des lois anti-libérales, et quand on promène à travers nos vignes, gens de France, l'idole gouvernementale, gardez-vous d'aucun acte vilain, des gros mots, des violences, — rentrez chez vous, et mettez les volets. Sans avoir rien fait que de très simple et de très innocent vous vous reveillerez plus libres le lendemain." — *Les Faiseurs de Statues.*

"Charmant Tzar, tu la verras chez toi, la Révolution, stupide comme le peuple et féroce comme la bourgeoisie; tu la verras, dépassant en animalité et en rapacité sanglante tout ce qu'on t'a permis

de lire dans les tomes expurgés qui firent ton éducation." — *Le Délire Russe*.

"Or un écrivain, un poète, un philosophe, un homme des régions intellectuelles n'a qu'une patrie: sa langue." — *Querelles de Belgique*.

"Il faut encore, pour en révenir aux assassins, noter que le crime, sauf en des rares cas passionnels, est le moyen et non le but." — *Crimes*.

"Le vers traditionnel est patriotique et national; le vers nouveau est anarchiste et sans patrie. Il semble que la rime riche fasse partie vraiment de la richesse nationale: on vole quelquechose à l'Etat en adoucissant la sonorité des ronrons: "La France, Messieurs, manque de consonnes d'appui!" D'autre part, l'emploi de l'assonance a quelquechose de rétrograde qui froisse les vrais démocrates."

"Il est amusant de voir des gens qui ne doivent leur état "d'hommes modernes" qu'à la fauchaison brutale de toutes les traditions Françaises, protester aussi sottement contre des innovations non seulement logiques, é mais inévitables. Ce qui donne quelque valeur à leur acrimonie, c'est qu'ils ignorent tout de cette question si complexe; de là leur liberté critique, n'ayant lu ni Gaston Paris, ni Darmesteter, ni aucun des écrivains récents qui étudièrent avec prudence tant de points obscurs de la phonétique et de la rythmique, ils tirent une autorité évidente de leur incompétence même." — *Le Vers Libre et les Prochaines Elections*.

PELERIN DU SILENCE, 1896, contains *Fleurs de Jadis*, 1893, *Château Singulier*, 1894, *Livre des Litanies*, *Litanie de la Rose*,* 1892, *Théâtre Muet*, *Le Fantôme*, 1893. LIVRE DES MASQUES, 1896, not particularly important, though the preface contains a good reformulation; as for example:

"Le crime capital pour un écrivain, c'est le conformisme, l'imitativité, la soumission aux règles et aux enseignements. L'oeuvre d'un écrivain doit être non seulement le reflet, mais le reflet grossi de sa personnalité. La seule excuse qu'un homme ait d'écrire c'est de s'écrire lui-même, de dévoiler aux autres la sorte de monde qui se mire en son miroir individuel. Sa seule excuse est d'être original;

* Quoted in the *Little Review*, February, 1918.

il doit dire des choses non encore dites, et les dire en une forme non encore formulée. Il doit se créer sa propre esthétique, — et nous devons admettre autant d'esthétiques qu'il y a d'esprits originaux et les juger d'après ce qu'elles sont, et non d'après ce qu'elles ne sont pas."

"L'esthétique est devenue elle aussi, un talent personnel." * — *Préface.*

"Comme tous les écrivains qui sont parvenus à comprendre la vie, c'est-à-dire son inutilité immédiate, M. Francis Poictevin, bien que né romancier, a promptement renoncé au roman."

"Il est très difficile de persuader à de certains vieillards — vieux ou jeunes — qu'il n'y a pas de sujets; il n'y a en littérature qu'un sujet, celui qui écrit, et toute la littérature, c'est-à-dire toute la philosophie, peut surgir aussi bien à l'appel d'un chien écrasé qu'aux acclamations de Faust interpellant la Nature: "Où te saisir, ô Nature infinie? Et vous, mamelles?" — *Francis Poictevin.*

This book is of the '90s., of temporary interest, judgment in mid-career, less interesting now that the complete works of the subjects are available, or have faded from interest. This sort of criticism is a duty imposed on a man by his intelligence. The doing it a duty, a price exacted for his possession of intelligence.

In places the careless phrase, phrases careless of sense, in places the thing bien dit as in Verlaine. Here and there a sharp sentence as

"M. Moréas ne comprendra jamais combien il est ridicule d'appeler Racine le Sophocle de la Ferté Milon."

or:

"Parti de la chanson de Saint Léger, il en est, dit-on, arrivé au XVIIème, siècle, et cela en moins de dix années; ce n'est pas si décourageant qu'on l'a cru. Et maintenant que les textes se font plus familiers, la route s'abrège; d'ici peu de haltes, M. Moreas campera sous le vieux Chêne Hugo et, s'il persévère, nous le verrons atteindre le but de son voyage, qui est sans doute de se rejoindre lui-même." — *Jean Moréas.*

**Each of the senses has its own particular eunuchs.*

This first "Livre des Masques" is of historical interest, as a list of men interesting at their time. It is work done in establishing good work, a necessary scaffolding; the debt to De Gourmont, because of it, is ethical rather than artistic. It is a worthy thing to have done. One should not reproach flaws, even if it appears that the author wastes time in this criticism, although this particular sort of half energy probably wouldn't have been any use for more creative or even more formulative writing. It is not a carving of statues, but only holding a torch for the public; ancillary writing. Local and temporal, introducing some men now better known and some, thank heaven, unknown or forgotten.

DEUXIEME LIVRE DES MASQUES, 1898, rather more important, longer essays, subjects apparently chosen more freely, leaves one perhaps more eager to read Alfred Valette's "Le Vierge" than any other book mentioned.

"Etre nul arrêté dans son développement vers une nullité équilibrée".

We find typical Gourmont in the essay on Rictus:

"Ici c'est l'idée de la résignation qui trouble le Pauvre; comme tant d'autres, il la confond avec l'idée bouddhiste de non-activité. Cela n'a pas d'autre importance en un temps où l'on confond tout, et où un cerveau capable d'associer et de dissocier logiquement les idées doit être considéré comme une production miraculeuse de la Nature."

"Or l'art ne joue pas; il est grave, même quand il rit, même quand il danse. Il faut encore comprendre qu'en art tout ce qui n'est pas nécessaire est inutile; et tout ce qui est inutile est mauvais." — *Jehan Rictus*.

He almost convinces one of Ephraim Mikhail's poetry, by his skilful leading up to quotation of:

"Mais le ciel gris est plein de tristesse caline
Inéffablement douce aux cœurs chargés d'ennuis"

The essay on the Goncourt is important, and we find in it typical dissociation.

"Avec de la patience, on atteint quelquefois l'exactitude, et avec de la conscience, la véracité; ce sont les qualités fondamentales de l'histoire."

"Quand on a goûté à ce vin on ne veut plus boire l'ordinaire vinasse des bas littérateurs. Si les Goncourt étaient devenues populaires, si la notion du style pouvait pénétrer dans les cerveaux moyens! On dit que le peuple d'Athènes avait cette notion."

"Et surtout quel mémorable désintéressement! En tout autre temps nul n'aurait songé à louer Edmond de Goncourt pour ce dédain de l'argent et de la basse popularité, car l'amour est exclusif et celui qui aime l'art n'aime que l'art: mais après les exemples de toutes les avidités qui nous ont été données depuis vingt ans par les boursiers des lettres, par la coulisse de la littérature, il est juste et nécessaire de glorifier, en face de ceux qui vivent pour l'argent, ceux qui vécurent pour l'idée et pour l'art."

"La place des Goncourt dans l'histoire littéraire de ce siècle sera peut-être même aussi grande que celle de Flaubert, et ils la devront à leur souci si nouveau, si scandaleux, en une littérature alors encore toute rhétoricienne, de la "non-imitation"; cela a révolutionné le monde de l'écriture. Flaubert devait beaucoup à Chateaubriand: il serait difficile de nommer le maître des Goncourt. Ils conquièrent pour eux, ensuite pour tous les talents, le droit à la personnalité stricte, le droit pour un écrivain de s'avouer tel quel, et rien qu'ainsi, sans s'inquiéter des modèles, des règles, de tout le pédantisme universitaire et cénaculaire, le droit de se mettre face à face avec la vie, avec la sensation, avec le rêve, avec l'idée, de créer sa phrase — et même, dans les limites du génie de la langue, sa syntaxe." — *Les Goncourt*.

One is rather glad M. Hello is dead. Ghill is mentionable, and the introductory note on Felix Fénéon is of interest.

Small reviews are praised in the notes on Dujardins and Alfred Vallette.

"Il n'y a rien de plus utile que ces revues spéciales dont le public élu parmi les vrais fidèles admet les discussions minutieuses, les admirations franches. — on *Edouard Dujardins*.

"Il arrive dans l'ordre littéraire qu'une revue fondée avec

quinze louis a plus d'influence sur la marche des idées et par conséquent, sur la marche du monde (et peut-être sur la rotation des planètes) que les orgueilleux recueils de capitaux académiques et de dissertations commerciales." — *on Alfred Vallette.*

1905—8 PROMENADES PHILOSOPHIQUES. One cannot brief such work as the Promenades. The sole result is a series of aphorisms, excellent perhaps but without cohesion, a dozen or so will show an intelligence but convey neither style nor personality of the author:

"Sans doute la religion n'est pas vraie, mais l'anti-religion n'est pas vraie non plus: la vérité réside dans un état parfait d'indifférence."

"Peu importe qu'on me sollicite par des écrits ou par des paroles; le mal ne commence qu'au moment où on m'y plie par la force." — *Autre Point de Vue.*

"L'argent est le signe de la liberté. Maudire l'argent, c'est maudire la liberté, c'est maudire la vie qui est nulle si elle n'est libre." — *L'Argent.*

"Quand on voudra définir la philosophie du XIXème siècle, on s'apercevra qu'il n'a fait que de la théologie."

"Apprendre pour apprendre est peut-être aussi grossier que manger pour manger."

"C'est singulier en littérature, quand la forme n'est pas nouvelle, le fond ne l'est pas non plus."

"Le nu de l'art contemporain est un nu d'hydrothérapie."

"L'art doit être à la mode ou créer la mode."

"Les pacifistes, de braves gens à genoux, près d'une balance et priant le ciel qu'elle s'incine, non pas selon les lois de la pesanteur, mais selon leurs vœux."

"La propriété est nécessaire, mais il ne l'est pas qu'elle reste toujours dans les mêmes mains."

"Il y a une simulation de l'intelligence comme il y a une simulation de la vertu."

"Le roman historique. Il y a aussi la peinture historique, l'architecture historique, et, à la mi-carême, le costume historique."

"Etre impersonnel c'est être personnel selon un mode particulier: Voyez Flaubert. On dirait en jargon: l'objectif est une des formes du subjectif."

"La maternité, c'est beau, tant qu'on n'y fait pas attention. C'est vulgaire dès qu'on admire."

"L'excuse du christianisme, ça a été son impuissance sur la réalité. Il a corrompu l'esprit bien plus que la vie."

"Je ne garantis pas qu'aucune de ces notes ne se trouve déjà dans un de mes écrits, ou qu'elle ne figurera pas dans un écrit futur. On les retrouvera peut-être même dans des écrits qui ne seront pas les miens." — *Des Pas sur le Sable*.

Those interested in the subject will take LE PROBLÈME DU STYLE 1902, entire; the general position may perhaps be indicated very vaguely by the following quotations.

"Quant à la peur de se gâter le style, c'est bon pour un Bembo, qui use d'une langue factice. Le style peut se fatiguer comme l'homme même; il vieillira de même que l'intelligence et la sensibilité dont il est le signe; mais pas plus que l'individu, il ne changera de personnalité, à moins d'un cataclysme psychologique. Le régime alimentaire, le séjour à la campagne ou à Paris, les occupations sentimentales et leurs suites, les maladies ont bien plus d'influence sur un style vrai que les mauvaises lectures. Le style est un produit physiologique, et l'un des plus constants; quoique dans la dépendance des diverses fonctions vitales."

"Les Etats-Unis tomberaient en langueur, sans les voyages en Europe de leur aristocratie, sans la diversité extrême des climats, des sols et par conséquent des races en évolution dans ce vaste empire. Les échanges entre peuples sont aussi nécessaires à la revigoration de chaque peuple que le commerce social à l'exaltation de l'énergie individuelle. On n'a pas pris garde à cette nécessité quand on parle avec regret de l'influence des littératures étrangères sur notre littérature."

"Aujourd'hui l'influence d'Eurypide pourrait encore déterminer en un esprit original d'intéressantes oeuvres; l'imitateur de Racine dépasserait à peine le comique involontaire. L'étude de Racine ne deviendra profitable que dans plusieurs siècles et seulement à condition que, complètement oublié, il semble entièrement nouveau, entièrement étranger, tel que le sont devenus pour le public d'aujourd'hui Adenès li Rois ou Jean de Meung. Euripide était nouveau au XVIIème siècle. Théocrite l'était alors que Chénier le transposait. 'Quand je fais des vers, insinuait Racine, je songe toujours à dire ce qui ne s'est point encore dit dans notre langue.' André Chénier a voulu exprimer cela aussi dans une phrase maladroite; et s'il ne l'a dit il l'a fait. Horace a bafoué les serviles imitateurs; il n'imitait pas les Grecs, il les étudiait."

"'Le style est l'homme même' est un propos de naturaliste, qui sait que le chant des oiseaux est déterminé par la forme de leur bec, l'attache de leur langue, le diamètre de leur gorge, la capacité de leurs poumons."

"Le style, c'est de sentir, de voir, de penser, et rien plus."

"Le style est une spécialisation de la sensibilité."

"Une idée n'est qu'une sensation défraîchie, une image effacée."

"La vie est un dépouillement. Le but de l'activité propre d'un homme est de nettoyer sa personnalité, de la laver de toutes les souillures qu'y déposa l'éducation, de la dégager de toutes les empreintes qu'y laissèrent nos admirations adolescentes."

"Depuis un siècle et demi, les connaissances scientifiques ont augmenté énormément; l'esprit scientifique a rétrogardé; il n'y a plus de contact immédiat entre ceux qui créent la science, et (je cite pour la seconde fois la réflexion capitale de Buffon): 'On n'acquiert aucune connaissance transmissible qu'en voyant par soi-même: Les ouvrages de seconde main amusent l'intelligence et ne stimulent pas son activité.' "

"Rien ne pousse à la concision comme l'abondance des idées".—
Le Problème du Style, 1902.

Christianity lends itself to fantaticism. Barbarian ethics pro-

ceed by general taboos. The relation of two individuals in relation is so complex that no third person can pass judgment upon it. Civilization is individual. The truth is the individual. The light of the Renaissance shines in Varchi when he declines to pass judgment on Lorenzaccio.

One might make an index of, but one cannot write an essay upon, the dozen volumes of De Gourmont's collected discussions. There was weariness towards the end of his life. It shows in even the leisurely charm of "Lettres à l'Amazone". There was a final flash in his drawing of M. Croquant.

The list of his chief works published by the *Mercure de France*, 26 rue de Condé, Paris, is as follows:

Sixtine.

Le Pèlerin du Silence.

Les Cheveux de Diomède.

D'un Pays Lointain.

Le songe d'une Femme.

Lilith suivi de Théodat.

Une Nuit au Luxembourg.

Un Coeur Virginal.

Couleurs, suivi de Choses Anciennes.

Histoires Magiques.

Lettres d'un Satyre.

Le Chat de Misère.

Simone.

Critique

Le Latin Mystique.

Le Livre des Masques (Ier et IIeme)

La Culture des Idées.

Le Chemin de Velours.

Le Problème du Style.

Physique de l'Amour.

Epilogues.

Esthétique de la Langue Française.

Promenades Littéraires.

Promenades Philosophiques.

Dialogue des Amateurs sur les Choses du Temps.
Nouveaux Dialogues des Amateurs sur les Choses du Temps
Dante, Béatrice et la Poésie Amoureuse.
Pendant l'Orage.

M. DE GOURMONT AND THE PROBLEM OF BEAUTY

Frederic Manning

STYLE IS a subject of peculiar interest in connection with M. de Gourmont; not only because he has dealt with it from a variety of aspects, and always in a fertile and suggestive way; but also because he is himself a master of style, and of a style singularly personal and characteristic, singularly distinct from that of his contemporaries, and even from what we imagine to be the secular genius of French prose. It is a style that is fluid rather than fine, pervasive rather than penetrating, and richer in the qualities of atmosphere, that is to say of landscape-painting, than in those of outline and hard form. If, as M. de Gourmont holds, the aesthetic sense arises from the interaction of sensibility and intellect, then in his own prose perhaps the element of sensibility preponderates. It is a feminine prose: we have only to compare it to the male and splendidly objective writing of Merimée to discern the fact at once. Of course, it is impossible to separate entirely the form from the context, a refinement of thought leads to a corresponding refinement of style; but, while an image or idea exists in the mind as a complete whole, of which the characteristics and qualities may be seized upon instantaneously, these characteristics and qualities can only be presented in language successively. The work of the artist is thus an analysis between two syntheses and it is during this process when the idea is being decomposed, and descends as it were through the senses, that it comes under the influences of those *imponderabilia* which give it the qualities of style. Style, in short, is character, and it is proportionately to the rapidity and ease with which the idea traverses and burns up the material through which it is expressed that a style approaches perfection. It may be grave and

weighty, involved and ornate, simple, fugitive, delicate: the rapidity and ease are in relation to the mass and complexity of the material which the idea informs. The processes of thought must be correspondingly rapid. In the interval between the conception of the idea or image and its birth in language, it is subject to many vicissitudes. Traditions, preoccupations, habits, prejudices, the pressure of immediate circumstances, all go to shape or distort it. In proportion to the rapidity of its escape from these imponderable influences the idea is presented to us whole, and the right value is given to each of its qualities. Rapidity may tell against ease: the violence of passion forces a new construction on language, lends it an irresistible emphasis, gives it for a moment an actually mimetic power until speech seems to verge upon gesture; but even under these conditions, where an explosive violence takes the place of ease, style maintains itself as the impress of character.

When we describe M. de Gourmont's style as feminine, we imply that it is passive. It is not passionate, it is not mimetic, it does not approach to the conditions of action. It is smooth, clear, limpid like an unruffled sheet of water, in some formal garden, reflecting the sky, clouds, trees, a marble mythology, and the yellow bricks of some decorous château with the late sunlight falling on it in the background. Now and again its polished surface reflects the figures of men and women, men leisurely and indifferent, women in clear colours: they come and go rather indolently, and the mirror keeps its serene and equal calm. Under the shadowy reflections we can even fathom its cool green depths. It is feminine because it is so completely reflective. We feel that each of these vague and frail personifications has studied the 'idealist' philosophers from Berkeley to Nietzsche; and that their action is simply the appreciation of those theories to reality. The peril of sin and the luxury of repentance are alike denied to those who are beyond good and evil. There are no divine and irrational elements in their lives. M. de Gourmont, it goes without saying, is also an idealist, but after a manner of his own. We do not remember that he mentions Protagoras, a philosopher who had sufficient wit to leave no system behind him, but only some arresting fragments. One saying of Protagoras, however, that man is the measure of all things, is perhaps the root of M. de Gourmont's idealism; and another, that we cannot know whether the gods exist or not, supplies the irreligion. What is so curious in a disciple of Schopenhauer and of Nietzsche (who merely

inverted Schopenhauer) is that M. de Gourmont practically ignores the will to live. It only subsists in an extremely attenuated mode in his thought, which is concerned mainly with the world as representation. This is surely a feminine trait. Wherever man has invented a theory of fatalism, and idealism is one, he has been driven to provide a counterpoise to it. Buddhism, which so strongly affected Schopenhauer, assumes a power of denying life, and of ultimate release from the tyranny of the senses; Christian theology, for which M. de Gourmont has perhaps too facile and instinctive a contempt, opposes to predestination the doctrine of free-will; and to Nietzsche, Schopenhauer's dithyrambic disciple, will is the sole thing necessary. But M. de Gourmont treats of it by implication, and as an example we may take his note on aesthetic: "L'idée de beauté a une origine emotionnelle, elle se ramène à l'idée de procréation . . . La beauté est si bien sexuelle que les seules oeuvres d'art incontestées sont celles qui montrent tout bonnement le corps humain dans sa nudité. Par sa persévérance à demeurer purement sexuelle, la statuaire grecque s'est mise pour l'éternité au-dessus de toutes les discussions".

There is something unexpectedly naïve and charming in the statement, coming from one who denies an absolute beauty, as he denies an absolute truth. Au-dessus de toutes les discussions: it has almost the force of a dogma. One tries to imagine M. de Gourmont explaining to an intelligent Chinese that the beauty of, say, the Victory in the Louvre, "est purement sexuelle". With the exception of Aphrodite, Greek sculptures of women and goddesses are invariably veiled, and one of the chief excellences of Greek artists consists precisely in their treatment of windy and flowing peploi. It is the male form which the Greeks represented usually, in its nakedness; but we can see no reason why its beauty should be considered as bound up with the notion of procreation. The preoccupation with sex is less, probably, in men than in women; and even though the instinct in the male be fiercer and more imperious, it is a momentary, even a casual instinct, which concerns itself little with the future. Etymologically the Greek word *τεχνη* and the German *Kunst*, both of which carry with them a sense of "begetting", seem to support M. de Gourmont; and so, too, might the root "ar"; but etymology is a reed. If we return to the most primitive forms of human culture, we do not find that the idea of beauty is inseparably bound up with the idea of procreation. The Arunta, a tribe of

Australian blacks, have a rudimentary notion of aesthetics, since they perform certain sacred dances, a fact implying a sense of rhythm; but with this tribe the idea of sex is entirely separated from the idea of reproduction: they are unable to connect the cause and effect, but to them every birth is the result of some spiritual or demonic agency. It is obviously an erroneous notion; but the Arunta are also idealists, after their own manner. To a savage tribe existing under precarious conditions the fertility of the earth is of more pressing importance than the reproduction of their own kind; and, except for religious restrictions and taboos, sex involves no problems for them, it is a simple, a casual, almost a fortuitous matter. Complex and elaborate civilisations create artificial conditions, in which sex is thwarted, or over-developed, owing to social, economic or hygienic conditions; and from these conditions, a derangement of the nervous system, an acute sensibility to colours, to odours, to every form of sensation, may arise. It is a form of decadence. To a certain extent M. de Gourmont admits a norm of beauty: . "Il faut que la femelle qui sera la mere soit conforme au type de la race, c'est à dire il faut qu'elle soit belle"; and he quotes Père Buffier, who would find beauty, that is conformity to the racial type, in a composite photograph, with approval; but if such a norm exist, then the aberrations of a decadent sensibility are irrelevant. We do not deny a sexual element in the aesthetic idea. We deny only that sex is the unique source from which our aesthetic sense derives its being; and we consider it unsound, physiologically, to isolate a particular group of nerve centres from the rest of the motor-sensory system, and to claim for this group powers and functions which it does not and cannot exercise independently of the whole system. M. de Gourmont has some doubt himself, and later in the same essay he enlarges the question. "Deux sortes d'émotions concourent à la formation du sens esthétique; les émotions génésique *et toutes les autres émotions*".

We approached the question of sexual influence upon the aesthetic idea in its relation to the will to live, and reproduction is only one of the many forms of expression in which the will manifests itself. Man, besides being a lover, is a hunter and a warrior; he is a creature of action, avid of experience. Physiologically, man is characterised by the power of motion, and the ability to walk erect; and thus his fore-limbs have been freed from pedestrian uses,

and his hands have found delightful things to do. It is through the hand that the sense of touch is most commonly conveyed, and touch itself is a sure and delicate sense. We have recognised this by the significance which we have given to the word "tact" and by such phrases as "a light touch" or "firm handling". To the blind, though it cannot apprehend colour, it reveals all the subtleties of form; and the amateur handling some carven piece of jade, or ivory, or coral, a porcelain jar or an antique gem, experiences a new pleasure which is unknown to sight. In the hands is our sense of possession; and old sagas speak of any heroic fighter as "a tall man of his hands". They have their own language, an eloquence of gesture; they can be filled with cherishing caresses and grip mightily in murder. So curiously personal and intimate they are, that some pretend to read a man's life in his palms, and finger prints furnish us with a scientific means of identification. Every religion has invested them with supernatural powers, and through them are transmitted the gifts of the spirit, and by them the sick are healed. The hands of man have taught many things to his mind. Poetry, alone in fine art, is not their work; but with that exception every form of art has come from the hands of man. Our actual vision of a painting is of colours upon a plane surface; but by unconsciously referring this particular sense-impression to past experience of touch, we infer qualities of form and texture in the representation. There is no need to multiply examples. Whatever comes from the hands of man is to be judged, technically, by reference to his hands.

Will is manifested in action, through which it seeks to permeate and inform the material of nature; and one of the earliest expressions of will in this connection, is the practice, among primitive peoples, of magical rites and ceremonies. Magic is mainly sympathetic, and seeks to produce its effects by imitation. Tragedy can be traced back to its origin, in the sacred dances of savage and primitive tribes; and the term tragedy covers the elements of which it was composed, not only dramatic and lyric poetry, but the orchestric attitudes and gestures of the mimes, and naturally music. From the same origin are derived the Odes of Pindar, definitely religious in character, and closer to their source since they celebrate victories in games, which were originally sacred observances to ensure fertility, not only in the soil, but in the cattle and the people. So far we may agree with M. de Gourmont that beauty is bound up with the idea of reproduc-

tion; for it is the beauty and nobility of race, "the genius of alternate generations", which Pindar celebrates, and the games originally took place at the tomb of some eponymous hero. Every great national epic, the Epic of Gilgamesh, the Iliad, Genesis, in spite of its unwieldy form, even the Æneid which is late, artificial and based on archaeology, is definitely religious. The ritual invariably precedes the legend; which explains it, and all ritual is magic. Sculpture, again, originates as a feature of magical rites and ceremonies; we have only to consider the brand that was Meleager, to understand the process by which it was evolved; and we may remark that it is the single art which M. de Gourmont relates to the dance. Our earliest drawings, the rude scratchings on bone and ivory and horn, such as those discovered in the cave-dwellings of the drift-men in France, do not seem to have any religious or magical significance; but our evidence for this period is slight, and on the other hand we have the representations of totems, the flat, carven and incised *tikis* of the Maoris, the use of pigments on carving, and many indications that the savage and primitive mind attributes to these objects, and even to their implements and weapons, an almost personal character of their own. In any case, the art of painting was profoundly influenced by the action and gesture of sacred dances and ritual games.

The will has two objectives: the extension as in the notion of immortality, and the intensification of its experience and action; the will to live and the will to power. Magic was an attempt to attain these objectives. The egotism of the individual is not compensated for its extinction in death, by any consideration of the continuous life of the race; but, in the celebration of orgiastic tribal rites, man gained the illusion of an extended personality or will, and with it an emotional intensity approaching delirium. Emotions capable of affecting a crowd are simple; rage, panic, joy; under the influence of these emotions an individual identity merges in the collective, and with the sense of identity the sense of responsibility vanishes, and the individual achieves the illusion of freedom. Magic was, at least in the opinion of those who practised it, an useful art since it had a definite object, protection or malice, or fertility: it expressed the will and sought to liberate man from the narrow limits of his nature; or, when it developed into a cult, such as the worship of Dionysus, it extended his personality. The god was Eleutherios; the deliverer. Sex, even considered as an element in

orgiastic rites, or as an object, has not the same effect. "L'amour ôté," says M. de Gourmont, "il n'y a plus d'art; et l'art ôté l'amour n'est plus guère qu'un besoin physiologique". We should substitute "magie" for "amour". The real question is, however, whether the idea of beauty originates through the deflection or thwarting of "un besoin physiologique" as distinct from "amour". It is a physiological necessity that an *amoeba* should propagate itself by simple division from the parent body, and reproduction in this case is independent of both "art" and "sex".

But magic, curiously enough, is also "un besoin physiologique". In a note on "Le Jugement Esthétique" M. de Gourmont writes: "La supériorité d'une race, d'un group d'êtres vivants, est en raison directe de sa puissance de mensonge, c'est à dire de réaction contre la réalité. Le mensonge n'est que la forme psychologique de la réaction du *Vertébré* contre le milieu. Nietzsche, devancant la science, dit: 'Le mensonge comme condition de vie' ". Then "le mensonge", the great illusion, is the will, action, sex itself, beauty considered as sex instinct deflected from its object, art, science, handicraft, politics, ethics, which are all derived from primitive magic, from the first conscious "réaction contre la réalité" of vertebrate man, walking erect and laying hands upon the visible and tangible earth. All are "mensonge". And reality? Perhaps a minute fragment of protoplasm, not even a cell, without nucleus or nucleolus, a mere potentiality of life, that is to say of "mensonge".

To us, personally, "Le Chemin de Velours" and "Pomenades Philosophiques" are the most fascinating of M. de Gourmont's books. They reveal his erudition, his amused curiosity, his slight irony, and that intellectual perversity which, for example, finds the essential features of Bacon's philosophy preserved in Joseph de Maistre's "Examen", as Juricu's democratic propositions were preserved in Bossuet's famous reply. And perhaps, though it may be a purely personal preference. "La Femme et le Langage" is the most fascinating of all his critical studies. In it he deals with the "mensonge" as the expression of an imaginary sensation: "il s'agit de psychologie et non de morale". One might question many of M. de Gourmont's affirmations, and thus prove the stimulus of his thought, that essentially feminine thought, unscrupulous, contradictory, full of those provocations and slight perversities, even the childish malice that a woman will use toward men. Just as Nietzsche,

a neurasthenic, worshipped the idea of force and power, so M. de Gourmont with a passive and reflective nature, with a woman's critical faculty and instinct for detail, her unconscious immorality, practises the cult of the male.

Beauty, even as *mensonge*, is action: it is born of the mimesis of magic attempting to influence the blind and irrational forces of nature. Even in sculpture and painting beauty is still movement, not arrested, not incomplete; but limited to a swift instant of time, and within that limit single and continuous. One might almost say that all beauty is composed of the hypnotic rhythm of music, and the gesture of the dance. This conception of beauty as a function, moreover, frees us from the artificial distinction between form and content. Liberated from the conditions of tribal uses and motives it retained their magic and entrancement, extending and intensifying the action and experience of the will; and it comes to us re-created always, as a flower from dew, a thing of magical evocation — *mensonge*.

Foot-note. I need scarcely say that I disagree with Mr. Manning's point of view, The article seems to me a typical expression of one holding ideas and affected by ideas in exactly the manner De Gourmont never held, and never was by them affected.

The doctrine that the hand predisposes the mind to certain aptitudes is combatted, I think convincingly, by Gourmont in "Physiologie de l'Amour." I trust however that the inclusion of this article will save us from such utterly trivial comment as "En somme, on le loue!"

On writing to Mr. Manning that one of his phrases was likely to be misunderstood by a public to which the term decadent (dee-kay-d'nt) conveys the impression of young man doped with opium in the act of dyeing his finger nails with green ink, I received the following note which I shall leave as conclusion. — *E. P.*

"Of course there is a great deal of truth in Gourmont's notion. Beauty would always excite the sexual instinct. His fault is that he juggles with physiological, psychological and metaphysical terms. I have looked at the notion of beauty historically: and thus find its origin in magic — that is in so far as we are concerned with the beauty of art. Magic might originate from dreams, as when the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair: and the

great majority of dreams are erotic in tendency. But art has separated itself from its parent, and intellectualized itself; as religion and metaphysic did in different directions also.

Damn the American, or any other, public anyway.

Yours, etc.,

F. M."

"LE LATIN MYSTIQUE"

T. T. Clayton

LE LATIN MYSTIQUE is the language of symbol and allusion wherein the Church both hides and reveals certain aspects of her dogmas, which under the influence of religious meditation have brought forth the substance of Catholic Mysticism.

Rémy de Gourmont considered the latin as it took shape in Antiphon, Lectio, Hymn, Prayer and Litany from his point of view as artist and discovered in these liturgical forms certain qualities of expression only possible in a language free to follow the ways the inspiration of its soul suggested to it.

His book "Le Latin Mystique" is full of examples of the art enshrined in the service books of the Catholic Church. Let the reader judge for himself of their beauty. Here is the Oratio for Saint Catherine:—

"Deus, qui dediste legem Moysi in summitate montis Sinai, et in eodem loco per sanctos Angelos tuos corpus beatae Catherinae virginis et martyris tuae mirabiliter collocasti, praesta quaesumus; ut ejus meritis et intercessionem, ad montem, qui Christus est pervenire valeamus."

To which perhaps we may be allowed to add a Buen Viaje in place of the Amen. This collect (Oratio) is among the shortest of prayers and yet in its brevity there is nothing wanting to the cause and effect of a perfect symbolism.

From the hymns let us cite first of all two strophes from one by Saint Ambrose to be sung at cock-crow, and now forming part of the office of the Winter Lauds on Sunday.

Jesu labentes respice,
Et nos videndo corrige;

Si respicis, lapsi stabunt,
Fletuque culpa solvitur,

Tu lux refulge sensibus
Mentisque somnum discute,
Te nostra vox primum sonet
Et vota solvamus tibi.

"Et nos videndo corrige", as though to say "Correct us with a look", an exquisite reminder of "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter". Speaking of Saint Ambrose, Rémy de Gourmont says:

"Ses odes sont demeurées parmi les plus exquisés fleurs de symbolique jardin de la liturgie."

The Epiphany Hymn as it was written by Sedulius opens with a verse which in its last two lines reminds the kings of the earth that as far as Heaven is concerned they may keep their baubles in peace.

Hostis Herodis impie,
Christum venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia
Qui regna dat coelestia.

Sometimes deep and curious problems found their way into the Hymns, as in the following stanza taken from the *Pange lingua gloriosi* of Venantius Fortunatus, where the question of Satan being able to cast out Satan seems to be answered in the affirmative.

Hos opus nostrae salutis
Ordo depoposcerat
Multiformis proditoris
Ars ut artem falleret,
Et medelam ferret inde
Hostis unde laeserat.

Writing of the *Pange Lingua*, Rémy de Gourmont considers it "un chef-d'oeuvre de poésie théologique":

The following verse in Litanic form and sung in *festum omnium Sanctorum* figures the translation of the hermits from the burning sands to the cool spaces of the stars and asks that we too may have seats amongst the heavenly.

Chorea casta virginum
Et quos eremus incolas
Transmisit astris, coelitum
Locate nos in sedibus.

It should be added that we owe this stanza in place of one less old and less beautiful to the Revisers of the sixteenth century who had too little respect for the principles of Medieval Hymnody: perhaps also too little understanding.

The Author of "Le Latin Mystique" was not too pleased with the corrections of the Reformers: "Il ne faut pas s'attendre à trouver dans les missels actuellement liturgiques les textes authentiques des hymnes, des proses, des antiphones dues aux poètes latins mystiques du moyenâge; ils ont été à différentes reprises mutilés."

Nevertheless, even in its modern form the Roman Breviary was to Rémy de Gourmont a favorite book. "Encore qu'en son ensemble il demeure l'un des plus enviables livres de lecture et de relecture qui soient au monde." With these small four volumes (each one answering to a season of the year) the reader will come to know how well the mystical life of the Church keeps its continuity in word as well as in spirit.

Creation was the work of a God whose being abode in concealment. The Incarnation was the revelation of a God who hid himself in the flesh. The union of revelation and concealment has been the art of the "Latin Mystique".

DE GOURMONT — YANK

by John Rodker

ASSUMING Poe American — rashly I admit — De Gourmont through most of his work shows himself so much the child of Poe as to bring with him that veritably American savour which Laforgue detected in Baudelaire when he called him "Chat—Hindou — Yank." Resemblance not necessarily derived from Baudelaire's translation of the "Tales of Mystery and Imagination." That was an "atmosphèric analogy", but the relation between De Gourmont and Poe is one undoubtedly of direct influence — hatchment

with no bar sinister. A specimen paragraph from the "Histoires Magiques":

"Edith, Elphega, he married Edith the elder and she whom I saw pale and blonde, was paler at the imminent sacrifice than the offering herself — Choephope more anguished than the offering, acolyte more tremulous than the victim. She whom I saw and whose profile recalled the immature concupiscences of infantile lovers was Elphega, indubitably Elphega, the pale the blonde Elphega."

Is not this the exact tone of Morella, Berenice, Ligeia, word for word, cadence for cadence. It is true the women of De Gourmont are not such prodigies of learning as are the phantasms of Poe, nor have they an equal concentration of ideal forms of passion, but their zest for life (experience) is equally intense, their sophistication of equal value with Ligeia's, because complementary. They are worldly, physical more and yet less than Poe's women. Morella and Berenice belong to a period when vapours were the correct thing, Cyrane belongs to a modern Paris with apotheosis of vitality. Poe's preoccupation with dissolution and the grave has to our minds distinctly its absurd side, but this is due to a change in poetic subject matter — amenable to periods as all else — witness the Elizabethans. De Gourmont never does this. Death for him is part of life — a continuation — to Poe it was an end, an end so stable, so metallic and final that it could not be said to belong to a world in flux.

It is in the business of psychological writing they most differ. To conceive of Poe writing "Le Songe d'une Femme" or "Visages de femmes" is impossible, for he always came up against a wall with the problem of a physical life which was not in process of decomposition. He appeared to have no knowledge of what I would call normal subconsciousness — the motives underneath most of every day life. For processes of abnormal subconsciousness he is of course without peer. De Gourmont hardly ever touches this region. Those who have read "Pehor" will understand what I mean, but in this story — the first of the "Histoires Magiques,"—there appear to be all the physical and psychological detail so unaccountably omitted from the stories of Berenice and Morella. Certainly Pehor is complementary to them.

I suspect that part of De Gourmont's "mission" was to fill in the holes left by Poe. Certainly they illuminate each other, are

commentary and exegesis, and one cannot be said to know either without knowing his complement.

De Gourmont has been said to be most different from Poe in the "Promenades Littéraires" and the Impressions. I do not think this is true. Certainly they show a mind capable of the most original research in science and philosophy as apart from purely literary achievement. If you like, the flight is more sustained but never loftier; for throughout the seventeen volumes of miscellaneous writings attributed to Poe are to be found most profound observations in the psychology, philosophy and science of his time. The result is an impression of a mind, one of the most stupendous known to us. How well read both men were in the obscure and magical, I have only the glimmerings; but it was sufficiently formidable, and if Poe does no interpolate Hebrew into his writings it is because he wrote as a journalist and not like De Gourmont, as a potential member of the Academy.

The problem of an aesthetic exercised each. "Le Pelerin du Silence" I would put against the "Domain of Arnheim" and "The Thousand and Second Night" and leave the reader to draw comparisons. Nor has De Gourmont ever surpassed the description of the interior of the young man's palace in "The Assignation", (the Rimbaud-like purity of the so-well-known soliloquy, "To muse for long unwearied hours"); and how much more remarkable Poe's pre-occupation seems when it is remembered that it took place in a barbarous country, — one to which Whitman was infinitely more suited.

De Gourmont worked in direct sunlight — "collected the leaves and flowers with the branches to which they were attached," while Poe in his most complete works has a livid atrabilious moonlight, bright enough to illustrate any text. His work has therefore so much more intensity. Extraordinary likeness too between them in the cloying sweetness of the Litanies; surely a lapse on the part of an author, so well aware of weight and tone in his prose, so critical as to prosody in others. He is never sentimental elsewhere, rather I should say ferociously matter of fact; poems like "Annabel Lee" and "The Raven" suffer from the same faults and are only saved from the pit of minor verse — if not of doggeral — by the greatness of the man who wrote them.

"Helen thy beauty is to me" has the same queer lapses!

Nevertheless I do not see De Gourmont writing "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," nor Poe writing "Songe d'une femme", or "Chevaux de Diomèdes."

REMY DE GOURMONT, AFTER THE INTERIM

Richard Aldington

IT IS like going back very far to talk of Remy de Gourmont. Back in those days before the deluge, what was it he meant to us? Why was the name "Remy de Gourmont" so potent, so sure of our respect?

Remy de Gourmont, I think, meant to us the type of the artist—the man who lives purely to create the work of art and to whom nothing else is of essential importance. He says, obviously of himself, in one of his early works: "He thinks about nothing but literature and cares only for style". He wronged himself, yet there is just this much truth in the mot; that he cared for art passionately and as an artist. He wanted to write good prose; other things seemed not particularly to matter.

But he meant something more than artistry and disinterested devotion; he meant very much more. He meant freedom and the use of the intelligence in the bravest freest way. He meant wit and irony and profundity of thought, true learning and the understanding of human nature; he meant, to use his own words, "the tradition of untrammelled minds". And he was a kind of pattern to us. What Remy had endured for the sake of freedom of speech, to keep clean his artist's conscience, we could endure; having his approval we felt confident in the future. To lose him by death was to lose one of the few among our elders whose approval was worth having.

His work I divide roughly and mentally into four periods. The obscure beginnings, the period of erudition and "word-mosaics", the period of Flaubertian cynicism (the resolution to be a great demoraliser) and the last period when he sought what the Greek meant by the word "sophrosyne".

The first period does not really concern us except to note that de Gourmont learned the art of writing slowly. He wanted his early books forgotten. It is not for us to rake from oblivion such works

as "Chez les Lapons". Somewhere he speaks of the day when his dissatisfaction with his own work and with the work of the time received direction from his reading a periodical just brought out by some young men who called themselves by the fantastic title of "les Symbolistes." He read "A Rebours" ("fantoche fameux" he called *des Esseints* in later years), then the authors praised in that work and more of the young contemporaries. This would be about the middle of the eighties.

At that time he began "Le Latin Mystique," which took him several years to bring to completion. Remy relates, not without malice, that he carried his manuscript to Huysmans whose remarks on church Latin had suggested the book. He found Huysmans "un fonctionnaire parfait", startled to find that anyone had actually read, translated and criticised these poets — Huysmans got his information out of Ebert's manual! One might trace a certain ironic bitterness in de Gourmont to this discovery of artistic humbug in a man he had hitherto respected and championed. The two never actually quarrelled but when Huysmans became a Catholic he was spirited away from Remy by pious friends who feared the effects of the young man's brilliant scepticism.

About this time too he produced "Sixtine", a novel of the imagination—which gave him the entry to the *Mercur de France*—and played with words delicately and skillfully, giving us the "Litanies" and the pieces in "Le Pèlerin du Silence."

But beautiful and curious as these works were they did not move a Hugo-soaked public. All the notice he received from official sources was dismissal from the Bibliothèque Nationale for a so-called unpatriotic article — perhaps the greatest service the state could render him as it made him for ever an "independent", but undoubtedly the reason why his books were never really popular.

Here comes in the third period, the Flaubertian maxim being worked at first with enthusiasm, then gradually abandoned. We get "Les Chevaux de Diomède" (exquisite book for those who will ponder its wisdom), "Le Songe d'une Femme", the beginnings of his cynical work, largely journalistic. The "Flaubertian maxim"? Simply that the man of intelligence revenges himself upon a dull world by "corrupting" it. Flaubert put his hatred into "Bouvard et Pecuchet" — Gourmont spread his over several works, but it grows always more attenuated. He realised that there was more in literature than mere disgust however brilliant. During this period he pro-

duced the "Livres des Masques", the first of the Promenades Littéraires, the Epilogues and began a series of scientific studies whose result was the "Physique de l'Amour" and kindred cynicisms.

He ceased to desire the perversion of the world, retaining from his earlier disappointment only the fine salt of irony, the uncompromising hatred of art cant, of all cant. He came to care chiefly for truth, sought always to express precisely what things, events, experience, imaginations meant to him. And so we get the books on style and aesthetics — the later "Promenades Littéraires", the "Nuit au Luxembourg", the "Lettres à l'Amazon", "Le Chemin de Velours," "L'Esthétique de la Langue Française" and half a dozen more. He achieves tranquillity and perfects an already exquisite style.

Then the war came. He was ill and saddened by this bitter irruption into everything he held dear. He tried gallantly to "carry on", writing for English and American periodicals as well as for Parisian newspapers. Then during the battle of Loos he died, about the same time that Gaudier-Brzeska was killed.* It was a great misfortune to lose two such friends in a week.

It is hard to think of him as gone; he seemed so much more of our generation than many contemporaries. He seemed the young man and they the past. It is hard to pick up the "Mercure" and not to find those sentences, pure in rhythm and form, sharp and clear of thought. It is hard to know that when a new thing happens, a new thought, a new book, a new form of government, we lose that unsuspected aspect De Gourmont always revealed. It is hard to feel we have lost almost the last of the true critics.

We get new prose but no more prose like his; new thoughts but never his clear thought again.†

* *Gaudier was killed some weeks before this. My last word from De Gourmont was a postcard asking for data from which to compose an obituary notice of the sculptor. — E. P.*

† *Aldington was the authorized translator of several of De Gourmont's works.*

D é c o r B a n a l

Richard Aldington

Cinq boutons électriques
Reluisent audessus des têtes
De trois militaires belges;
Un révolutionnaire irlandais
S'en fiche de mes habits guerriers;
Mademoiselle m'apporte du vin,
De la soupe, de la viande,
Mais moi je reste contemplatif,
Hebété par la blancheur de la nappe
En attendant quelq'une qui ne vient pas.

A d v i c e t o a H o r n è d T o a d

Maxwell Bodenheimer

Hornèd toad of cloven brown,
Rock-souls have dwindled to your eyes
And thrown a splintered end upon your blood.
Night and day have vanished
To you who squat and watch
Years loosen one sand-grain until
Its fall becomes your moment.
Tall things plunge over you,
Slashing their dreams with motion
That holds the death of all they seek.
But you, to whom fierce winds are ripples,
Do not move lest you lose the taste of stillness.

O hornèd toad of cloven brown,
Never hop from your grey rock crevice
Mute with interwoven beginnings and ends.
The fluid lies of motion
Leave no remembrance behind.

THREE PROFESSIONAL STUDIES

William Carlos Williams

1.

The Doctor

IT IS idle to talk to me of cowardice. I remember sharply my sensations of the foot-ball field when a freshman in high school, a slightly built boy of sixteen. I felt eager to get on the team. I was too light but I knew something of the game from playing on back lots and I wanted to play. I am not brave. I knew then that I was not brave. I wanted to play and I played.

They put me in at end on the scrub. Almost at once the varsity came around my end and I was knocked aside and discarded. I was satisfied to be put out. I was convinced by the feel of the knees and feet that struck me that I was too light; it seemed stupid to me to attempt to continue. Life off the football field was a thing I did not wish to break so cheaply. Perhaps I exaggerated the danger, a braver man might have done better; but in any case I acted according to the situation as I saw it, painfully consciously.

Once later I was hit in the stomach going through the line. I thought I should never breathe again. Nothing but repeated spasmodic grunts escaped my mouth and no air in them. I could hear this loud exhaust as a thing completely outside myself; I couldn't stop it. My brother stood over me, disturbed by family pride, and told me to shut up. I couldn't. I didn't care. It meant nothing to me. I didn't mind whether they thought me brave or a coward. There was a distinct satisfaction in the involuntary nature of the sound that came from my mouth. I was relieved of the necessity of pretending to be brave. My brother thought I was putting it on.

I remember too in college a fellow in my class who out of an excess of college spirit played on the scrub four years without the slightest hope of advancement to the first team. He was not a good player and he was too light. He went about during the playing season almost always bruised about the eyes and with a severe limp. I wanted to play on the varsity. I often compared my bare body

with those of the other fellows standing about the pool in the gymnasium. I would have given my soul to play but I knew I couldn't. In my estimation the fellow of whom I am speaking was not a hero but a plain jackass. He became the symbol of a type to me. I never saw him but I thought of the one thing.

Once I came near drowning. I dived from a row-boat during a storm to recover my oars which I had lost, having "caught a crab". I had light clothes on. I am not a very strong swimmer. I recovered one of the oars but the wind carried my boat away faster than I could follow. The waves were high. I swam as hard as I could until out of breath. My clothes began to drag. I tried to remove my shoes. I couldn't. I swallowed some water. I thought I was done for when there crossed my mind these sentences: So this is the end? What a waste of life to die so stupidly.

The thought was singularly emotionless, simply a clear vision of the situation. So much was this so that I was instantly sobered. My action taking on at once the quality of the thought, tucking the one oar under my left arm I swam quietly along hoping someone would see the empty boat and come out for me, which a man did. My courage, if you will, turned upon the color of my thought.

I ask no more than the surface of a leaf for my feet and you can take the rest. I have nothing for my feet. There is nothing to stand on. I receive nothing for my work. There is always nothing, nothing — everywhere. I am I: that is all I know and that is nothing.

My intelligence will not permit itself to be insulted. All or nothing and since I cannot accept all, — except by proxy, — nothing. I stand still. I practice medicine in a small town. I reserve myself for myself. I indulge my intelligence, preferring that whisky to another. I read Dora Marsden's practical philosophy and smile; it calls to my mind an image of J. P. Morgan.

I am a young man, I am in perfect health, I am agile, good looking. I do not smoke since it drugs the intelligence; I want all my reactions. I do not drink except for the taste; I despise the lurid vapors of alcohol. I do not care much for illicit relations with women. I am married and have two children.

When my father died last week I saw that the funeral was decently done. I was affected by the burial service. I felt warm toward my mother. I felt grateful to my wife and others for their

solicitous behavior. I was touched by the letters of sympathy. There was not a cruel or bitter thought in my body. I felt soft, gently inclined to all for their kind words and attentions. I shook hands with the pall bearers. I saw all details carried out and what—? Joyce's talk of the funeral ride was in my head as I journeyed to the graveyard behind my poor father's dead body. Joyce's technique seemed to me childish — Victrola.

It seems incredible but my father is gone. I cannot believe it no matter how I try. But my intelligence tells me that and nothing else.

I am now wearing my father's black coat which is warmer than my grey one. My mother's mental and financial status is much simpler and more satisfactory now than it was a fortnight ago and beyond that — nothing.

I will write a poem. I will call it *Tetelestai*. It shall be a setting up of the meanest against the great. It shall be the most ironic, the bitterest mockery of the human heart I can think of. It shall pretend to raise a distinction where none exists for there is — nothing. No. I will not. I will not draw such a picture. I will not so demean myself. I will be myself in my poem. I will pretend distinction for neither great nor mean. King or the meanest of us all: I am a third. I neither guard my heart nor do I bang it on difficulties whose solutions have been proven time and time again to be simply — nothing. I write poems but they have nothing to do with courage or the lack of it or with the attendant qualities.

King, yes, but it is not lack of courage that keeps me from the attack. The meanest of us all, yes, but not from an excess of courage like a martyr. It is not lack of gifts that keeps me from the attack. In my freshman year of college although I was youngest in the class of one hundred and twenty six I was rated sixth at the finish of the year. Next year I would be first! My interest vanished at that instant.

It is not that I do not dare, it is that it is meaningless to be either one man or another: this or that: it means always and forever — nothing. "Winds have roared and kissed me" = nothing = tobacco. All things have sensual qualities. *Qui est spectateur de la lumiere?* chanted Rodin. I smell, I taste, I mix colors. I will soon die.

Why then do I write? Why then do I serve my neighbors? Why not be an inversion of the martyrs and instead of dying for ALL — let me die for NOTHING.

But why die at all? Why not live and write? Why not do what I want to? I want to write. It does not drug my senses, it sharpens them. It is the holy ghost of that trinity: The Senses, Action, Composition. I am damned only when I cannot write. I have proved it under all sorts of conditions. It is so.

I go in one house and out of another practicing my illicit trade of smelling, seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, weighing. I use my intelligence for the mutual benefit of my patients and myself. I have no other profession. I do not always get on well in this town. I am more than likely to turn out a bankrupt any day. I will move away then. I see no other reason for moving. I especially cannot compete with other doctors. I refuse to join church, Elks, Royal Arcanum, club, Masons. — It amused me to learn from the reading of the masonic ritual over my father's body that the "lamb skin" apron stands for purity! — I do not see the sense of operating on people myself when they can get a better man to do it cheaper in New York. I know I cannot safely lance every bulging ear-drum and that it costs my patients twenty-five dollars every time I call Dr. Demerest. Yet I figure it to be worth my while and worth the expense to call him.

I find a doctor in this community to have a special function. He is primarily an outpost. He should be keen at diagnosis, of the patient's ills as of his own limitations. He should be flexible in judgment and ready always to act quickly in every emergency not often by the lucrative performances of his own hands but most often by directing the patient elsewhere, his own hands idle.

People pay for the edged caress of the knife, the most obviously intimate of personal attentions. There is money in surgery. I am interested in babies because their processes are not yet affected by calification and because diagnosis rests almost wholly upon a perception of the objective signs. Courage seems singularly out of place in my life.

M r s. M —

Mrs. M, whom I have never seen or heard of, summons me to her house: Come tomorrow morning at ten.

Viney Johnson opens the door for me. I attended her old-time nigger mother in childbirth when I began practice here. Vinie in neat black dress, high, white housemaid's apron.

Over Vinie's left shoulder a life size plaster head on imitation bronze and onyx pedestal: Ethiopian princess. Vinie. The same race.

A little clean boy with upstanding, orange-red hair moves out from behind the maid to see me. Rather pale. I've seen him in school. Has a bad heart I think. Ornate furnishings. Nothing special. About 2500 a year.

Mrs. M says to go right up.

Mrs. M is in her room on the bed. Young, heavy flesh, orange-red hair. Pink silk morning wrapper, boudeoir cap, quilt over her body, arms resting out straight at her sides. Face flushed, eyes clear, slight hyper-animation. Doesn't look very sick. Nice girl. She smiles and introduces herself: Mrs. N recommended you. I sit side-saddle at foot of bed at her feet and look. We talk. I study her face and listen intently to what she is saying, trying to guess why I have been called.

She talks. A simple expansive manner. Nothing out of the way. By the position in bed I had expected some necessity for an internal examination. We talk. I am stimulated.

She got out of bed this morning and could hardly stand she was so dizzy. Fell against the door jam of bath room. Weak in the knees, had to go back to bed.

Hm. Another case of grippe. — Temperature slightly subnormal. No headache, no backache, no pains anywhere. Hm.

One month ago awoke with a terrific pain in lower abdomen. Thought she would have to scream out. Woke husband. Was nauseated. Went to bathroom and fainted. If it hadn't been for that and her husband's urging she would not have called me this time.

Pulse regular, soft — a little too soft. I wish I had brought my sphygmomanometer. Rate a trifle rapid.

She has been doing canteen work in New York.

Has had three children. Was in bed 5 to 7 months after each. Appendicitis after first, puerperal fever next then abscess of the breast. Has never nursed a baby. The second one is dead.

Matured early — at nine. Due to that and frequent intermis-

sion of menses combined with heat flashes a "specialist" thought she might be having change of life. Not likely at 33.

The unmentionable details. Sign of weakened blood tissue, natural effort of the body to conserve blood. I used to think I was in a delicate condition every month or two.

Try pulse again. Wave-like accelerations of the beat. Skin of arms cold, mottled bluish. Always has cold feet. Often cold clear to the hips. No pain anywhere. Just dizzy and weak. You said that before; probably blood does not get to brain. Especially likely to happen in early morning.

Best time of day is evening but has to get up before six a. m. to see that husband gets off with a good breakfast. Lips full but palish. Transparent skin. Cheeks high colored but blotchy. Clear, grey eyes. Habitual smile. Straightforward manner full of engaging sweetness. Good forehead. — I am never quiet, never sick with little things. When I get anything I try to stay on my feet for I know that if ever I get down it will be long before I get up again. Two meals a day. Not much appetite. Has lost 15 pounds since moving to this town. War times. Young husband. The draft.

I want to examine your heart. She opens the silk wrapper. Can't listen through ironed corset cover. Untie the tape. Thin chemise. Better pull that down too. Cheeks flush a little. After all I am a strange man.

Percuss heart. Not enlarged. The left breast held up, under palm of my left hand. Look for apex beat. Palpate. Can't find it. Auscultation. No adventitious murmurs. Very slight accentuation of second sound. Heart now beating more rapidly than before. Excitement of the examination. Strange man.

Liver not tender. Spleen not palpable. No distention of stomach. Lungs clear. No history of edema of ankles. No cough. Hm. Recapitulate.

What sort of an attack was it you had a month ago. Tell me in detail. — I lay in bed. I awoke with a pain low down in my stomach. Very low down. Over the womb it seemed. I waited and waited for it to pass but it became worse. I gripped the side of the bed and held on as long as I could so as not to wake my husband. When I saw I couldn't stand it much longer I tried to get up. In doing so I woke him. He helped me to the bathroom. He said my face got the most peculiar color he ever saw. Green. I

thought I was going to die. I have been very ill but I never thought I was going to die. But that time I did. Sweat broke out all over me. I fainted. But after a while I woke up, ate a good breakfast, went to the city, stayed in all day shopping and felt fine. It wasn't wise I know. That's what worried me this time.

I had a cold about that time too. Oh! Tell me about that. Did you have any other pains then? Yes, in the legs and back. Headache? Yes. I was working at the canteen. One of the naval surgeons came in and noticed how hoarse I was. Oh! He said I was sick. Oh! But it was such a bad night he said I should not go home. He said to keep quiet and to keep my circulation up. It was cold and rainy. I worked all night, emptied sixty trays, that was my job. By morning I felt fine. My voice came back and I really felt splendid. Good. Yes, the work acted like whisky — only it was better.

Oh, and night before last, new year's eve, I danced till 4 A. M.

Have you any relatives in the war? No, but my husband was called just as the armistice was signed.

You realize, Mrs. M, that you are suffering from an acute heart strain due to dancing too long last Tuesday night, a strain superimposed on a heart just recovering from the grippe and overwork, a heart muscle already weakened by infections following childbirth and always perhaps rather flabby by inheritance. If you had rested —

Yes but my husband is one of those men who can't stay home. He says the traffic on this corner kills him. Ha, ha! He no more than gets into the house on Saturday than he wants to go somewhere always. Holidays the same.

He is a few years younger than you is he not? Well, the dizziness and weakness you understand are due to faulty circulation. The blood does not get to your brain quickly enough or in sufficient quantity to supply the needs.

Yes, I feel as if something is shutting up in there sometimes.

Remain in bed today. Rest for an hour after lunch every day when you are able. Medicine — well, we'll see. You will with care largely overcome this setback. My advice is simply — you understand — DO NOTHING.

Tingling with hidden rapture I descend and enter the street

Something

Stuio. Morse Avenue. Right away. Something in her throat — come quick. I go. It's the woman herself. She has been ill a week. Damn these people. One look. Peritonsillar abscess, right side.

Do something for her doctor. She can't eat, she can't drink, she can't sleep — nothing. Do something to help her. I'll pay you.

Put some water on to boil. Bring that chair here. Turn it around — here by the window. Come here, Mrs. Sit down. Get a basin for her to spit in. We'll have to wait for the water to boil.

Kitchen. Table. Dirty white oil-cloth, three soup plates on it full of yellow cornmeal mush, paler yellow scrapings of cheese over it. Large dish full of stuff in center of table. A pail of it half full on the range. Three children, faces reflecting cornmeal mush, take large silverplated spoons and begin to eat, standing up. An old woman sits in the corner with premature baby of the dead mother. Baby doing well. What are you feeding it? Condens' milk. Alright. The mother of feeding children dashes back and forth, in and out of front room, after basin, children, dinner, water, towel, a glass, everything. Face wearing mild expression of torture. She is watched half fearfully, half defiantly by children who want to eat mush at once and not wait. Father of children wearing sheepish smile gets chair and takes charge of the sick woman. She stolid, willing but apprehensive, trying not to swallow spittle. Allows self to be pushed about and turned at will. Her husband — seems so at any rate — almost impossible to tell relationships in these families — walks up and down, hands in pockets, smiles disdainfully. says: Go on, doc, cut her throat. Smiles supercilious smile. Talks in Italian patois. Derogatory look at me. Probably expressing his opinion. I am defended by the younger man.

The children dig into the mush and chew it off the spoons. The largest boy age 8 glances sidewise, sees mother is not looking, shovels up a spoonful from brother's dish. My God do they like it? Haven't they enough? Screams. Mother rushes at him, slaps his face. The children do not even know I am in the room.

Water is boiling. Drop in the gag. So. Wait for it to cool,

Alright now. She sits in the chair. I insert the gag, pinch the handles together, the ratchet works. Her mouth is pried open. Oh. Agh. Ah — Hold this. Hold her head. She subsides into bovine passivity. Trembles a little like a cow about to be slaughtered. Gurgles of indifferent nature from uninterested children.

I look in. Force down the tongue. I plunge knife into abcess. No struggle. What is this woman? Blood. I cut deeper, forcing the scalpel down. Ah, there it comes. I pull out the gag. Patient grasps basin. Spits into it five times. A little pus and blood.

Torrent of words from man with the cap on. Disgust. The smiling fellow interprets. He says: Not enough. Should fill the bowl full!

You damned fool what do you want me to do, cut her whole neck open?

Mon dieu, mon dieu, que la chirurgie soi beni!

They used to say in the French Hospital that I was a natural surgeon. I had a wonderfully steady and gentle hand. Had good luck with cases. I had observed that the men who handled the cut tissues gently were usually repaid by no infection and good healing.

Three dollars. Multiplied. The way to get rich. Rich surgeons. My God how many bad surgeons there are. Who knows better than I?

I walk out of the back door. I lift my nose. I smell the wind.

Oh well, if you cannot succeed in this town go to some city. Initiative, courage. Newburg-on-the-Hudson.

I want to write, to write, to write. My meat is hard to find. What if I have not the courage?

On Joyce's "Exiles"

A. C. Barnes, Philadelphia:

Dear jh: — I like your psychology better than the — evident — professional psychoanalyst's. But I think you all miss what is an obvious situation: — Richard, an old philanderer, wants Bertha to fall into his fault because thereby Richard would attain the feeling of satisfaction that comes from his hurt self-regarding sentiment being re-established on a party with his esteem for Bertha. The poignancy is due to frustration long continued. I mean he feels

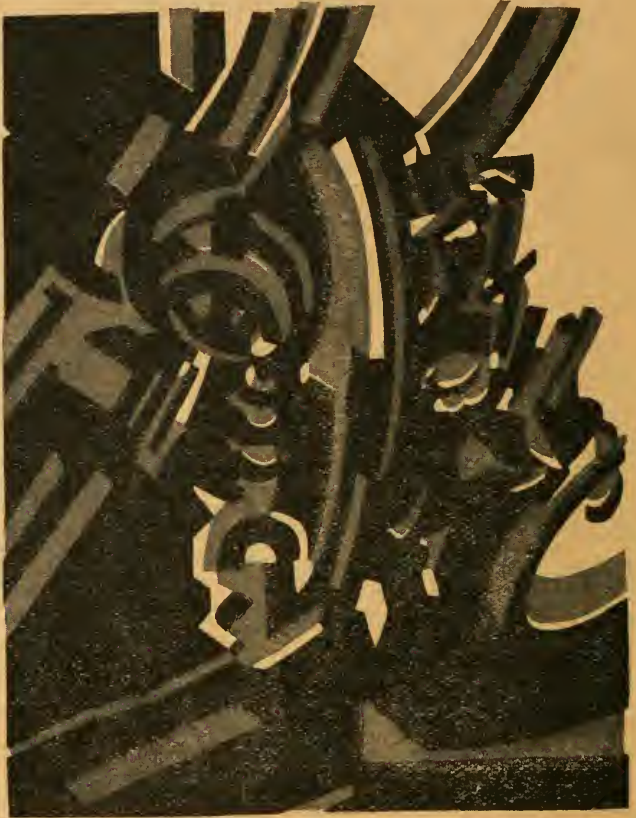
(continued on page 49)

THE DEATH OF VORTICISM



THE Kaiser has gone, or at least we hope he will have gone before this article reaches the press room; the Papacy is on its way to commendable dessuetude, with lamentable slowness; Vorticism has been reported dead by numerous half-caste reporters of Kieff, by numerous old ladies, by numerous parasites who having done their best to prevent the emergence of inventions later find it profitable to make copy out of the same, etc., etc. Mr. George Moore has fled to the scriptures for inspiration and come back without it, but with serious damage to his style, — a style once so pellucid in its description of bed-room furniture and of his whilom friends' dirty linen.

Gaudier-Brzeska's life work was, we admit, stopped by a german bullet. It may be remembered as significant of the way in which the English press welcomes the work of genius that Mr. James Douglas of the *Star* commented on the death notice of Gaudier by writing that the perpetrators of *Blast* carried a joke too far in printing pretended death notices of these invented madmen. It is also significant of what the American "aesthetic public", as engineered by the relicts of "the nineties", will swallow that the celebrated aesthetic publisher and book-pirate Mr. Tom. B. Mosher of Portland, Me., has published Mr. James Douglas as the fine flower of British aestheticism.



This and the following woodcuts are by Edward Wadsworth.



When one mentions simple facts of this sort, idiots say that you are "embittered"; and when you call a block-head a block-head he can not believe you, he usually says that you are clever but insincere. Indeed I find it harder to convince a man that you really think him an ass, no matter how obvious his inanity, than to convince him of any other proposition whatsoever. Et pourtant there are people whom one does quite quietly and sincerely and placidly believe to be thoroughly stupid, inane and insipid.

And Vorticism has not yet had its funeral. Gaudier was killed at Neuville St. Vaast in 1915. The memorial exhibition of his work in London last summer received from all quarters the appreciation due in his lifetime.

It may be said that after trying all kinds of naval camouflage without satisfaction the government has at last put a vorticist lieutenant in charge of the biggest port in England; that the French aesthetic camouflagists working on theory and at a distance from the sea-board, are unsatisfactory and that their work has to be corrected.

I shall not go into the detail of the vorticist improvement of the earlier impressionist systems; suffice it that in dealing with actual modernity the new art has proved its contentions, and that where actual knowledge of *how the human eye is affected by colours and patterns in relation*, where there is some standard of judgment other than that of half educated dilettanti, vorticist hard-headedness has made good.

After trying all kinds of war painters, with, for the most part, lamentable or at any rate negligible results, the government has taken on Mr. Wyndham Lewis; and after irritating delays, such as may be expected of an artist who waits to know his own mind before rushing into expression, the government is now getting its finest war pictures. The elderly are content to compare them to Lucca Signorelli, but those who really knew Mr. Lewis' mastery of his medium, before 1914, are perfectly content to see in them nothing more than the continuation of Lewis.

Mr. Roberts, the youngest member of the *Blast* group, is also doing work for the government, and "giving satisfaction".

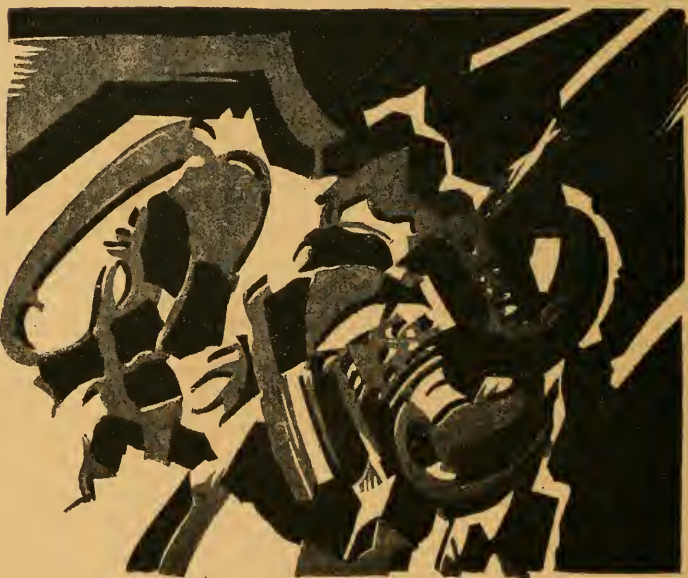
Obituary notices from New Zealand, Oregon, Bloomsbury and other suburbs will be read with interest by *i vorticisti*, communications via Amsterdam and the Wolff bureau will also be read with interest and with reserve.

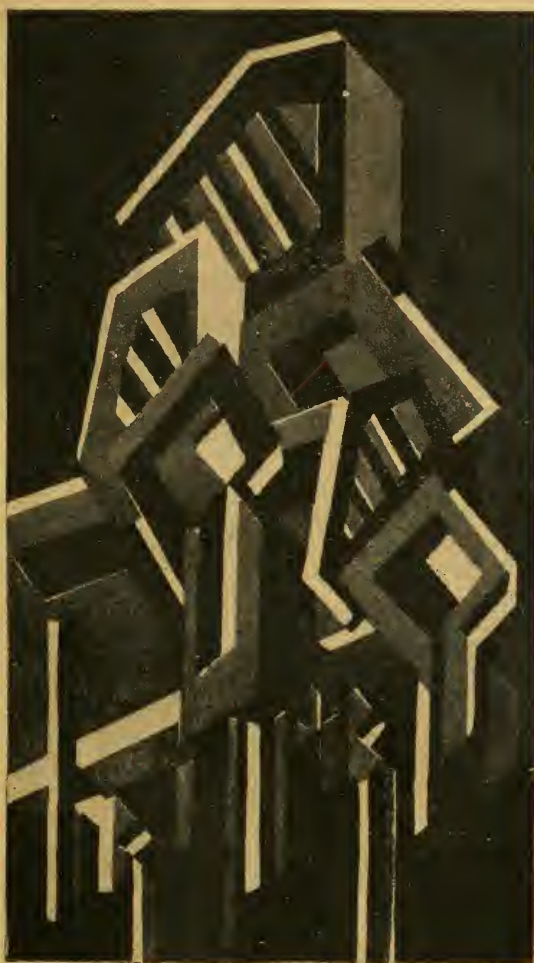
mean that he hasn't been true to Bertha (and incidentally to Robert), so if she falls from his respect for conventional standards he squares himself with himself. You'll see what I'm trying to say stated clearly in McDougall's "Social Psychology" in his analyses of the self-regarding sentiment, and of the sentiments of reproach — it's a sort of subjective, inverted, vicarious reproach. Dostoevsky plays this whole gamut beautifully in "The Eternal Husband." Of course I'm taking only an element in the analysis; — with the rest I agree with you in the main.

[I should like to go into this with you at length, if there were any time or lull in the running of a magazine. And I think where you miss is to take a second premise for a first and call it an obvious thing. You call Richard an old philanderer, but I am letting that go by and trying to show *why* he is a philanderer, though the common usage of this word can have no concern with Richard.

In his effort to make some so-called normal connection with life he may have been conventionally untrue to Bertha and Robert, but it is his unfaithfulness to himself in these episodes that makes his suffering so great. Normal sex, any sex is not for him: a law of nature which he did not vote, as he said. He repudiates the truth of his participation in any of this philandering. Nothing that Bertha or Robert could ever think of him, no matter how deeply they could fall into his fault, — nothing could affect his self-regarding sentiment. His self-regarding sentiment is as absolute as his sex position, and is affected only seemingly. He comes home late in the night after a debauch and kneels beside Bertha's bed and confesses all his wanderings. She has, through her love, become Richard — as I pointed out in my previous article. She lives apart from all sex life; she is to him a pure manifestation of himself. By these confessions he puts away the loathsome experiences, — puts them on this physically pure self and can again be free and reestablished in his true psychic position.

If I were Remy de Gourmont I might be able to tell you all I think about the problem of this Love that seeks a completion in scarcely definable psychic contacts never intimated nor sought by that blind reproductive force called love. — *jh.*]





MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE *

May Sinclair

I n f a n c y

II

I.

White patterns on the window, sharp spikes, feathers, sprigs with furred edges, stuck flat on to the glass; white webs, crinkled like the skin of boiled milk, stretched across the corner of the pane; crisp, sticky stuff that bit your fingers.

Out of doors, black twigs thickened with a white fur; white powder sprinkled over the garden walk. The white, ruffled grass stood out stiffly and gave under your feet with a pleasant crunching. The air smelt good; you opened your mouth and drank it in gulps. It went down like cold, tingling water.

Frost.

You saw the sun for the first time, a red ball that hung by itself on the yellowish-white sky. Mamma said, Yes, of course it would fall if God wasn't there to hold it up in his hands.

Supposing God dropped the sun

II.

The yellowish-white sky had come close up to the house, a dirty blanket let down outside the window. The tree made a black pattern on it. Clear glass beads hung in a row from the black branch; each black twig was tipped with a glass bead. When Jenny opened the window there was a queer cold smell like the smell of the black water in the butt.

Thin white powder fluttered out of the blanket and fell. A thick powedr. A white fluff that piled itself in a ridge on the window-sill and curved softly in the corner of the sash. It was cold and melted on your tongue with a taste of window-pane.

In the garden Mark and Dank and Roddy were making the snow-man.

* Copyright, 1919, by the Macmillan Company.

Mamma stood at the nursery window with her back to the room. She called to Mary to come and look at the snow-man.

Mary was tired of the snow-man. She was making a tower with Roddys bricks while Roddy wasn't there. She had to build it quick before he could come back and take his bricks away, and the quicker you built it the sooner it fell down. Mamma was not to look until it was finished.

"Look—Look, Mamma! M-m-mary's m-m-made a tar. And it's *not* falled down!"

The tower reached above Jenny's knee.

"Come and look, Mamma . . ." But Mamma wouldn't even turn her head.

"I'm looking at the snow-man," she said.

Something swelled up, hot and tight, in Mary's body and in her face. She had a big bursting face and a big bursting body. She struck the tower and it fell down. Her violence made her feel light and small again and happy.

"Where's the tower, Mary?" said Mamma.

"There isn't any tar. I've knocked it down. It was a nashty tar."

III.

Aunt Charlotte —

Aunt Charlotte had sent the Isle of Skye terrier to Dank.

There was a picture of Aunt Charlotte in Mamma's album. She stood on a strip of carpet, supported by the hoops of her crinoline; her black lace shawl made a pattern on the light gown. She wore a little hat with a white sweeping feather, and under the hat two long black curls hung down straight on each shoulder.

The other people in the album were sulky and wouldn't look at you. The gentlemen made cross faces at somebody who wasn't there; the ladies hung their heads and looked down at their crinolines. Aunt Charlotte hung her head too, but her eyes, tilted up straight under her forehead, pointed at you. And between her stiff black curls she was smiling — smiling. When Mamma came to Aunt Charlotte's picture she tried to turn over the page of the album quick.

Aunt Charlotte sent things. She sent the fat valentine with the lace paper border and black letters printed on sweet-smelling

white satin that Papa threw into the fire, and the white china doll with black hair and blue eyes and no clothes on, that Jenny hid in the nursery cupboard.

The Skye terrier brought a message tied under his chin: "Tib. For my dear little nephew Dan, with Aunt Charlotte's fond love." He had high-peaked, tufted ears and a blackish-grey coat that trailed on the floor like a shawl that was too big for him. When you tried to stroke him the shawl swept and trailed away under the table. You saw nothing but shawl and ears until Papa began to tease Tib. Papa snapped his fingers and thumb at him, and Tib showed little angry eyes and white teeth set in a black snarl.

Mamma said, "Please don't do that again, Emilius."

And Papa did it again.

IV.

"What are you looking at, Master Daniel?" said Jenny.

"Nothing."

"Then what are you looking like that for? You didn't ought to."

Papa had sent Mark and Dank to the nursery in disgrace. Mark leaned over the back of Jenny's chair and rocked her. His face was red but tight; and as he rocked he smiled because of his punishment.

Dank lay on the floor on his stomach, his shoulders hunched raised on his elbows, his chin supported by his clenched fists. He was a dark and white boy with dusty eyelashes and rough, doggy hair. He had puckered up his mouth and made it small; under the scowl of his twisted eyebrows he was looking at nothing.

"It's no worse for you than it is for Master Mark," said Jenny.

"Isn't it? Tib was my dog. If he hadn't been my dog Papa wouldn't have teased him, and Mamma wouldn't have sent him back to Aunt Charlotte, and Aunt Charlotte wouldn't have let him be run over."

"Yes. But what did you say to your Papa?"

"I said I wish Tib *had* bitten him. So I do. And Mark said it would have served him jolly well right."

"So it would," said Mark.

Roddy had turned his back on them. Nobody was taking any notice of him; so he sang aloud to himself the song he was forbidden to sing:

"John Brown's body lies a-rotting in his grave,
John Brown's body lies a-rotting in his grave" —

The song seemed to burst out of Roddy's beautiful white face; his pink lips twirled and tilted; his golden curls bobbed and nodded to the tune.

" ' John Brown's body lies a-rotting in his grave,
As we go marching on!' " "

"When I grow up," said Dank, "I'll kill Papa for killing Tibby. I'll bore holes in his face with Mark's gimlet. I'll cut pieces out of him. I'll get the matches and set fire to his beard. I'll — I'll hurt him."

"I don't think I shall," said Mark. "But if I do I shan't kick up a silly row about it first."

"Its all very well for you. You'd kick up a row if Tibby was your dog."

Mary had forgotten Tibby. Now she remembered.

"Where's Tibby? I want him."

"Tibby's dead," said Jenny.

"What's 'dead'?"

"Never you mind."

Roddy was singing:

" ' And *from* his nose and *to* his chin
The worms crawled out and the worms crawled in ' " "

"*That's* dead," said Roddy.

v.

You never knew when Aunt Charlotte mightn't send something. She forgot your birthday and sometimes Christmas; but, to make up for that, she remembered in between. Every time she was going to be married she remembered.

Sarah the cat came too long after Mark's twelfth birthday to be his birthday present. There was no message with her except that Aunt Charlotte was going to be married and didn't want her any more. Whenever Aunt Charlotte was going to be married she sent you something that she didn't want.

Sarah was a white cat with a pink nose and pink lips and pink pads under her paws. Her tabby hood came down in a peak between

her green eyes. Her tabby cape went on along the back of her tail, tapering to the tip. Sarah crouched against the fireguard, her haunches raised, her head sunk back on her shoulders, and her paws tucked in under her white, pouting breast.

Mark stooped over her; his mouth smiled its small, firm smile; his eyes shone as he stroked her. Sarah raised her haunches under the caressing hand.

Mary's body was still. Something stirred and tightened in it when she looked at Sarah.

"I want Sarah," she said.

"You can't have her," said Jenny. "She's Master Mark's cat."

She wanted her more than Roddy's bricks and Dank's animal-book or Mark's soldiers. She trembled when she held her in her arms and kissed her and smelt the warm, sweet, sleepy smell that came from the top of her head.

"Little girls can't have everything they want," said Jenny.

"I wanted her before you did," said Dank. "You're too little to have a cat at all."

He sat on the table, swinging his legs. His dark, mournful eyes watched Mark under their doggy scowl. He looked like Tibby, the terrier that Mamma sent away because Papa teased him.

"Sarah isn't your cat either, Master Daniel. Your Aunt Charlotte gave her to your Mamma, and your Mamma gave her to Master Mark."

"She ought to have given her to me. She took my dog away."

"I gave her to you," said Mark.

"And I gave her you back again."

"Well then, she's half our cat."

"I want her," said Mary. She said it again and again.

Mamma came and took her into the room with the big bed.

The gas blazed in the white globes. Lovely white lights washed like water over the polished yellow furniture: the bed, the great high wardrobe, the chest of drawers, the twisted poles of the looking glass. There were soft rounds and edges of blond light on the white marble chimney-piece and the white marble washstand. The drawn curtains were covered with shining silver patterns on a sleek green ground that shone. All these things showed again in the long, flashing mirrors.

Mary looked round the room and wondered why the squat grey men had gone out of the curtains.

"Don't look about you," said Mamma. "Look at me. Why do you want Sarah?"

She had forgotten Sarah.

"Because," she said, "Sarah is so sweet."

"Mamma gave Sarah to Mark. Mary mustn't want what isn't given her. Mark doesn't say, 'I want Mary's dollies.' Papa doesn't say, 'I want Mamma's workbox.' "

"But *I* want Sarah."

"And that's selfish and self-willed."

Mamma sat down on the low chair at the foot of the bed.

"God," she said, "hates selfishness and self-will. God is grieved every time Mary is self-willed and selfish. He wants her to give up her will."

When Mamma talked about God she took you on her lap and you played with the gold tassel on her watch-chain. Her face was solemn and tender. She spoke softly. She was afraid that God might hear her talking about him and wouldn't like it.

Mary knelt in Mamma's lap and said, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and "Our Father," and played with the gold tassel. Every day began and ended with "Our Father" and "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

"What's 'hallowed'?"

"Holy," said Mamma. "What God is. Sacred and holy."

Mary twisted the gold tassel and made it dance and run through the loop of the chain. Mamma took it out of her hands and pressed them together and stooped her head to them and kissed them. She could feel the kiss tingling through her body from her finger-tips, and she was suddenly docile and appeased.

When she lay in her cot behind the curtain she prayed: "Please God, keep me from wanting Sarah."

In the morning she remembered. When she looked at Sarah she thought: "Sarah is Mark's cat and Dank's cat."

She touched her with the tips of her fingers. Sarah's eyes were reproachful and unhappy. She ran away and crept under the chest of drawers.

"Mamma gave Sarah to Mark."

Mamma was sacred and holy. Mark was sacred and holy. Sarah was sacred and holy, crouching under the chest of drawers, with her eyes gleaming in the darkness.

(to be continued)

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VIII, (continued)

Mr. Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth smooth. Something green it would have to be: spinach say. Then with those Röntgen rays searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobblestones and lapped it with new zest. Mr. Bloom coasted warily. Ruminants. Wonder if Tom Rochford will do anything with that invention of his. Wasting time explaining it to Flynn's mouth. Lean people long mouths. Ought to be a hall or a place where inventors could go in and invent free. Course then you'd have all the cranks pestering.

He hummed, prolonging in solemn echo, the closes of the bars:

— *Don Giovanni, a cenar teco*

M' invitasti.

Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up. Who distilled first? Some chap in the blues. Dutch courage. That *Kilkenny People* in the national library now I must.

Bare clean closetools, waiting, in the window of William Miller, plumber, turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down changing biliary duct spleen squirting liver gastric juice coils of intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the time with his insides entrails on show. Science.

— *A cenar teco.*

What does that *teco* mean? Tonight perhaps.

— *Don Giovanni, thou hast me invited*

To come to supper tonight

The rum the rumdum,

Doesn't go properly.

Keyes: two months if I get Nannetti to. That'll be two pounds ten about two pounds eight. Three Hynes owes me. Two eleven. Presscott's dyeworks van over there. If I get Billy Presscott's ad. Two fifteen. Five guineas about. On the pig's back.

Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new garters.

Today. Today. Not think.

Tour the south then. What about English wateringplaces? Brighton, Margate. Piers by moonlight. Her voice floating out. *Those lovely seaside girls.*

He turned at Gray's confectioner's window of unbought tarts and passed the reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore. *Why I left the church of Rome.* Bird's nest women run him. They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants. *Why we left the church of Rome.*

A blind stripling stood tapping the curbstone with his slender cane. No tram in sight. Wants to cross .

— Do you want to cross? Mr. Bloom asked.

The blind stripling did not answer. His wallface frowned weakly. He moved his head uncertainly.

— You're in Dawson street, Mr Bloom said. Molesworth street is opposite. Do you want to cross? There's nothing in the way.

The cane moved out trembling to the left. Mr. Bloom's eye followed its line and saw again the dye works' van drawn up before Drago's. Where I saw his brillantined hair just when I was. Horse drooping. Driver in John Long's. Slaking his draught.

— There's a van there, Mr. Bloom said, but it's not moving. I'll see you across. Do you want to go to Molesworth street?

— Yes, the stripling answered. South Frederick street.

— Come, Mr. Bloom said.

He touched the thin elbow gently: then took the limp seeing hand to guide it forward.

Say something to him. Better not do the condescending. Pass a remark.

— The rain kept off.

No answer.

Stains on his coat. Slobbers his food I suppose. Like a child's hand his hand. Like Milly's was. Sensitive. Sizing me up I daresay from my hand. Van. Keep his cane clear of the horse's legs: tired drudge get his doze. That's right. Clear. Behind a bull: in front of a horse.

— Thanks, sir.

Knows I'm a man. Voice.

— Right now? First turn to the left.

The blind stripling tapped the curbstone and went on his way, drawing his cane back, feeling again.

Mr. Bloom walked behind him. Poor young fellow! How on earth did he know that van was there? Must have felt it. See things in their foreheads perhaps. Kind of sense of volume. Weight or size of it, something blacker than the dark. Wonder would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap. Queer idea of Dublin he must have, tapping his way round by the stones. Could he walk in a beeline if he hadn't that cane? Bloodless pious face like a fellow going in to be a priest.

Penrose! That was that chap's name.

Look at all the things they can learn to do. Read with their fingers. 'Tune pianos. Of course the other senses are more. Embroider. Plait baskets. People ought to help. Work basket I could buy Molly's birthday. Hates sewing. Might take an objection. Dark men they call them.

Sense of smell must be stronger too. Smells on all sides bunched together. Each street different smell. Each person too. Then the spring, the summer: smells. Tastes. They say you can't taste wines with your eyes shut. Also smoke in the dark they say get no pleasure.

And with a woman, for instance. Must be strange not to see her. Kind of a form in his mind's eye. The voice temperature when he touches her with his fingers must almost see the lines, the curves. His hands on her hair, for instance. Say it was black for instance. Good. We call it black. Then passing over her white skin. Different feel perhaps. Feeling of white.

Postoffice. Must answer. Fag toady. Send her a postal order two shillings half a crown. Accept my little present. Stationer's just here too. Wait. Think over it.

With a gentle finger he felt ever so slowly the hair combed back above his ears. Again. Fibres of fine fine straw. Then gently his finger felt the skin of his right cheek. Dawny hair there too. Not smooth enough. The belly is the smoothest. No-one about. There he goes into Frederick street. Perhaps to Levenston's dancing academy: piano. Might be settling my braces.

Walking by Doran's publichouse he slid his hand between waistcoat and trousers and, pulling aside his shirt gently, felt a slack fold of his belly. But I know it's whitey yellow. Want to try in

the dark to see.

He withdrew his hand and pulled his dress to.

Poor fellow! Quite a boy. Terrible. Really terrible. Where is the justice being born that way. All those women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York, Holocaust. Karma they call that transmigration for sins you did in a past life the reincarnation met him pikehoses. Dear, dear, dear. Pity of course: but somehow you can't cotton on to them someway.

Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the freemason's hall. Solemn as Troy. After his good lunch in Earlsfort terrace. I suppose he'd turn up his nose at that wine I drank. Has his own ideas of justice in the recorder's court. Wellmeaning old man. Police chargesheets crammed with cases get their percentage manufacturing crime. Sends them to the rightabout. The devil on moneylenders. Gave Reuben J. a great strawcalling. Now he's really what they call a dirty jew. Power those judges have. Grumpy old toppers in wigs. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Hello placard. Mirus bazaar. His excellency the lord lieutenant. Sixteenth. Today it is. In aid of funds for Mercer's hospital. The *Messiah* was first given for that. Yes. Handel. What about going out there. Ballsbridge. Drop in on Keyes. No use sticking to him like a leech. Sure to know someone on the gate.

Mr Bloom came to Kildare street. First I must. Library.

Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.

His heart quopped softly. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. He swerved to the right.

Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. Wine in my face. Why did I? Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Not see. Get on.

Making for the museum gate with long windy strides he lifted his eyes. Handsome building. Sir Thomas Deane designed. Not following me?

Didn't see me perhaps. Light in his eyes.

The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. Sir Thomas Deane was the Greek architecture.

Look for something I.

His hasty hand went quick into a pocket, took out, read unfolded Agendath Netaim. Where did I?

Busy looking for.

He thrust back quickly Agendath.

Afternoon she said.

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets. Handker Freeman. Where did I? Ah, yes. Trousers. Potato. Purse Where?

Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah soap there I yes Gate.

Safe!

(to be continued)

That International Episode

Edgar Jepson, London:

With regard to the letters of Miss Harriet Monroe, the editress of *Poetry*, I wrote to her at the end of 1917 to ask her if she would like an appreciation of recent United States poetry. She wrote that she would, sent me twenty-eight numbers of her magazine, ranging over three years, and in those numbers marked the typically United States poems. So much for the "uninvited and undesired" invasion I read those marked poems and taking three of them to which *Poetry* had awarded a prize in each of those three years, as typical of the typical, I dealt chiefly with them. I said, as politely as my outraged aesthetic sensibilities would allow, that they were punk; I quote enough of them to demonstrate that they were punk; and pun they are.

Neither Miss Harriet Monroe nor any of her supporters made an attempt whatever to counter a single one of my criticisms, to demonstrate that the punk I said was punk was not punk. They burst into a storm of irrelevant abuse of me. Miss Harriet Monroe's article in *Poetry* was just abuse of me. Mr. Austin Harrison told me that the article she sent to the *English Review* was just abuse of me. A M Burton Roscoe's article in the *Chicago Tribune* was just abuse of me. That is merely silly.

All they had to do was to demonstrate that such lines as,
Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black,
She knew you had the madness for Arabel,

are poetry. Why didn't they do it?

In the same article I wrote, quite fairly, that in Mr. T. S. Eliot the United States has a great poet. I quoted enough of his work, the whole of "La Figlia Che Piange," to demonstrate that he is the greatest master of emotion, intensity, and the beautiful music of words the United States has produced since Poe. Miss Monroe archly wrote that Mr. Eliot must have winked when he read it. *Impayable!*

By the way, I did not write that Mr. Edgar Frost's "Snow" was a "maundering burble"; I wrote that it was "maundering dribble". It is.

With regard to jh's articles, I have no doubt that she is a very earnest lady, but I wish she would begin to think. It is obvious that where you have verse, you have an exercise of the aesthetic activity and a legitimate occasion for aesthetic criticism. The fact that the exercise of that activity is so poor that the verse has no more to do with poetry than it has with rat-catching merely renders an aesthetic criticism of it the more expedient.

Of course I never said anything so silly as that "the technical activity is the prime activity of Art." I said that Art is in the handling; and that is wholly true. What is the use from the creative point of view, of jh's "intuition of beauty" to a man if he cannot give it form? He may have all the perception of beauty possible to a human being, but if he cannot handle that perception so as to give it its right form he is neither a poet, a musician, a sculptor, or a painter. Again the phrase "the Poet's vision of the world" is not "the threadbare terminology of half-baked criticism"; it is an uncommonly actual fact. The poet's vision of the world is an actual and most important part of him. Moreover it is a good concrete phrase and very much safer than jh's "intuition of beauty", which begs a very important question: Also I propose to go on asserting that the poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot is the fine flower of the United States spirit of to-day because that is exactly what it is.

Again my discussion of voices was wholly pertinent. If you will go on whining or droning through your noses you will remain deaf

to the music of words and you never will write poetry, or know it when you get it. Without the music of words there is no poetry! You may print the words in any arrangement you like, they remain just prose. I believe that this deafness is the reason why the bulk of the versifiers of the United States sprang so lithely on free verse: it supplied a long-felt want.

Finally why are you Yankees so infernally touchy? You may say any mortal thing you like about any English writer of verse you like and I shall not turn a hair. Does your touchiness come from the consciousness that your airs of aesthetic superiority are not justified by your aesthetic achievement and I called your bluff? If it does you are quite right. In the matter of aesthetic achievement the United States is last on the roll of the civilized nations of all time. It's poets and painters had to be Europeanized before they could attain their aesthetic maturity. The important thing is that you are going to stay where you are, if you will persist in humbugging yourselves that,

His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black, is poetry because it was written in Keokuk.

[I can't do any more about this Jepson episode. It isn't interesting to any one — not worth the space and paper given to it. But a point or two may be discussed here as well as anywhere else. Almost anyone but Mr. Jepson, it would seem, could have gathered from the various articles of "just abuse" that the "touchiness" didn't have much to do with any attack on our "airs of aesthetic superiority" or "achievement"; and I don't think that the present aesthetic activities of either England or America of enough importance for an international controversy. It wasn't any of this: it was really a protest against Mr. Jepson as a critic. We have enough of this "swinging the bladder", this plain business-suit criticism of poetry right here in America.

We are kindly told that criticism is badly needed "before the U. S. can export works of Art instead of exporting artists". We'll admit all this, but we can't see why we should find ourselves in a street fight for protesting against imports. We'll admit all and anything about our aesthetic achievement, we have some sense of tragedy if we aren't granted any sense of humour, but the thing turns on a superstition held by us that criticism also is an art and we scarcely have

The Little Review

room or patience for any more like Jepson. We don't need to import that kind of criticism.

I thought when I used the expression "intuition of beauty" that I was addressing myself to intelligences somewhat past the school-boy stage. The making of a work of Art is an act of worship, an acknowledgement to form in the absolute; it is also an outward sign to other men that the artist has had this contact. The artist's perception of beauty concerns only form. Form is what he has seen where other men see only the context of the world. He has been made aware of form, and this he presents, using whatever subject material his personal manifestation dictates. If it isn't form that he has seen, no amount of handling can make any perception of a beautiful context into a work of Art. But I am not writing a treatise on aesthetics; neither am I "earnestly" arguing with Mr. Jepson.

A very facetious and wholly ridiculous demonstration with convincing illustrations on the phonograph could be made of Mr. Jepson's beautiful voice-beautiful poetry obsession.

I hope I haven't misquoted any of Mr. Jepson's phrases. For the sake of a little exactness in all controversy let me call attention to a too sensitive leap on Miss Monroe's part in referring to Pound's note on Jepson's first article in the *Little Review*. Observe that Pound did not mention *Poetry* at all — *gh* |

An Offer

If there are people who wish to make money in an easy and congenial way, why not try selling subscriptions to the *Little Review*?

For every subscription you send us of \$2.50 we will give an unusually liberal commission.

If you will call at our office, or write us, we will supply full information, lists of names, etc.

This is a real opportunity for mutual help.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

ANNOUNCEMENT

The April number will contain certain notes of music and the theatre for which there is no room this month. It will also contain reproductions of drawings by Stanislaw Szukalski; stories by Francis Buzzell, Ben Hecht, Aldous Huxley; studies by William Carlos Williams; poems by Wallace Gould, etc.

Also, if we are by that time far enough removed from the effulgence, we will bring forth another "idolatrous" article on Mary Garden.

Apr. 1919

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

about ap 16

Ben H. Brown - Prologue

A Prologue, by William Carlos Williams

Drawings by Stanislaw Szukalszki

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

Vol. V.	APRIL 1919	No. 11.
Prologue	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>	
Selections from "A Drift of the Year"	<i>Wallace Gould</i>	
Advice to Maple Trees	<i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>	
Dog Eat Dog	<i>Ben Hecht</i>	
Snow Scene: Puppet Booth	<i>Mark Turbyfill</i>	
Six Drawings by Stanislaw Szukalski		
Ulysses, Episode IX	<i>James Joyce</i>	
Mary Olivier: A Life	<i>May Sinclair</i>	
Notes on Music and the Theatre (and the Critics)	<i>Margaret Anderson</i>	

Criticism in Chicago
As One Would Not
Susan Glaspell's New Play
Philip Moeller's "Molière"
Mrs. Fiske in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans"
The Philadelphia Orchestra
Arthur Rubinstein
"Pellas et Melisande" at the French Theatre

Copyright, 1919, by Margaret Anderson

MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor

EZRA POUND, London Editor

JULES ROMAINS, French Editor

24 West Sixteenth Street, New York

Foreign office:

5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; \$2.50 a year. English 12/- a year.

Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

Entered as second-class matter March 16, 1917, at P. O.,
New York, N. Y., under the act March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by Margaret Anderson

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

APRIL 1919

12
No. 14

PROLOGUE

William Carlos Williams

The Return of the Sun

Her voice was like rose-fragrance
waltzing in the wind.

She seemed a shadow, stained with
shadow colors,

Swimming through waves of sunlight . . .

The sole precedent I can find for the broken style of my prologue is Longinus on the Sublime, and that one far-fetched.

When my mother was in Rome on that rare journey forever to be remembered, she lived in a small pension near the Pincio gardens. The place had been chosen by my brother as one notably easy of access, being in a quarter free from confusion of traffic, on a street close to the park, and furthermore the tram to the American Academy passed at the corner. Yet never did my mother go out but she was in fear of being lost. By turning to the left when she should have turned right, actually she did once manage to go so far astray that it was nearly an hour before she extricated herself from the strangeness of every new vista and found a landmark.

There has always been a disreputable man of picturesque personality associated with this lady. Their relations have been marked by the most rollicking spirit of comradeship. Now it has been William, former sailor in Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila, then Tom O'Rourck who has come to her to do odd jobs and to be cared for more or less when drunk or ill, — their Penelope. William would fall from the grape arbor much to my mother's amusement and delight, and to his blustering discomfiture, or he would stagger to the back door nearly unconscious from bad whiskey. There she would serve him with very hot and very strong

coffee, then put him to scrubbing the kitchen floor, pouring into his suddy-pail half a bottle of ammonia which would make the man gasp and water at the eyes as he worked and became sober.

She has always been incapable of learning from benefit or disaster. If a man cheat her she will remember that man with a violence that I have seldom seen equaled, but so far as that could have an influence on her judgment of the next man or woman she might be living in an Eden. And indeed she is, an improverished, ravished Eden but one indestructible as the imagination itself. Whatever is before her is sufficient to itself and so to be valued. Her meat though more delicate in fiber is of a kind with that of Villon and La Grosse Margot:

Vente, gresle, gelle, j'ai mon pain'cuit!

Carl Sandburg sings a negro cotton picker's song of the boll weevil. Verse after verse tells what they would do to the insect. They propose to place it in the sand, in hot ashes, in the river and other unlikely places but the boll weevil's refrain is always: "That'll be ma HOME! That'll be ma HOOME!"

My mother is given over to frequent periods of great depression, being as I believe by nature the most light-hearted thing in the world. But there comes a grotesque turn to her talk, a macabre anecdote concerning some dream, a passionate statement about death, which elevates her mood without marring it, sometimes in the most startling way.

Looking out at our parlor window one day I said to her: "We see all the shows from here, don't we, all the weddings and funerals?" (They had been preparing a funeral across the street, the undertaker was just putting on his overcoat.) She replied: "Funny profession that, burying the dead people. I should think they wouldn't have any delusions of life left." W: Oh yes, it's merely a profession. M: Hm. And how they study it! They say sometimes people look terrible and they come and make them look fine. They push things into their mouths! (Realistic gesture). W: Mama! M: Yes, when they haven't any teeth.

By some such dark turn at the end she raises her story out of the commonplace: Look at that chair, look at it! (The plasterers had just left). If Mrs. J or Mrs. D saw that they would have a fit. W: Call them in, maybe it will kill them. M: B-

they're not near as bad as that woman, you know, her husband was in the chorus,—has a daughter Helen. Mrs. B,—yes. She once wanted to take rooms here. I didn't want her. They told me: "Mrs. Williams, I heard you're going to have Mrs. B. *She* is particular. She said so herself. Oh no! Once she burnt all her face painting under the sink."

Thus seeing the thing itself without forethought or afterthought but with great intensity of perception my mother loses her bearings or associates with some disreputable person or translates a dark mood. She is a creature of great imagination. I might say this is her sole remaining quality. She is a despoiled, moulted castaway but by this power she still breaks life between her fingers.

Once when I was lunching with Walter Arensberg at a small place on 63rd Street I asked him if he could state what the more modern painters were about, those roughly classed at that time as "cubists", — Gleisze, Man Ray, Demuth, Du Champs — all of whom were then in the city. He replied by saying that the only way man differed from every other creature was in his ability to improvise novelty and, since the pictorial artist was under discussion, anything in paint that is truly new, truly fresh creation, is good art. Thus according to Du Champs, who was Arensberg's champion at the time, a stained glass window that had fallen out and lay more or less together on the ground was of far greater interest than the thing conventionally composed in situ.

We returned to Arensberg's sumptuous studio where he gave further point to his remarks by showing me what appeared to be the original of Du Champs famous *Nude Descending a Staircase*. But this, he went on to say, is a full-sized photographic print of the first picture with many new touches by Du Champs himself and so by the technique of its manufacture as by other means it is a novelty!

Led on by these enthusiasms Arensberg has been an indefatigable worker for the yearly salon of the Society of Independent Artists, Inc. I remember the warmth of his description of a pilgrimage to the home of that old Boston hermit who, watched over by a forbidding landlady (evidently in his pay), paints the cigar-box-cover-like nudes upon whose fingers he presses actual rings with

glass jewels from the five and ten cent store.

I wish Arensberg had my opportunity for prying into jaded households where the paintings of Mama's and Papa's flowertime still hang on the walls. I purpose that Arensberg be commissioned by the Independent Artists to scour the country for the abortive paintings of those men and women who, without master or method, have evolved perhaps two or three unusual creations in their early years. I would start the collection with a painting I have by a little English woman, A. E. Kerr, 1906, that in its unearthly gaiety of flowers and sobriety of design possesses exactly that strange freshness a spring day approaches without attaining, an expansion of April, a thing this poor woman found too costly for her possession — she could not swallow it as the niggers do diamonds in the mines. Carefully selected these queer products might be housed to good effect in some unpretentious exhibition chamber across the city from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the anteroom could be hung perhaps photographs of prehistoric rock-paintings and etchings on horn: galloping bisons and stags, the hind feet of which have been caught by the artist in such a position that from that time until the invention of the camera obscura, a matter of 6000 years or more, no one on earth had again depicted that most delicate and expressive posture of running.

The amusing controversy between Arensberg and Du Champs on one side, and the rest of the hanging committee on the other as to whether the porcelain urinal was to be admitted to the Palace Exhibition of 1917 as a representative piece of American sculpture should not be allowed to slide into oblivion.

One day Du Champ decided that his composition for that day would be the first thing that struck his eye in the first hardware store he should enter. It turned out to be a pickaxe which he bought and set up in his studio. This was his composition. Together with Mina Loy and a few others Du Champs and Arensberg brought out the paper *The Blind Man* to which Robert Carlton Brown, with his vision of suicide by diving from a high window of the Singer Building, contributed a few poems.

In contradistinction to their south, Marianne Moore's statement to me at the Chatham parsonage one afternoon — my wife and I were just on the point of leaving — sets up a north: My

work has come to have just one quality of value in it: I will not touch or have to do with those things which I detest. In this austerity of mood she finds sufficient freedom for the play she chooses. A short time before, at the tea table, her mother had remarked in that soft but keen-edged drawl of hers: Marianne is still in the conglomerate stage. "I don't see how you so successfully sustain your image." Marianne once said to me in a letter.

Of all those writing poetry in America at the time she was here Marianne Moore was the only one Mina Loy feared. By divergent virtues these two women have achieved freshness of presentation, novelty, freedom, break with banality.

When Margaret Anderson published my first Improvisations Ezra Pound wrote me one of his hurried letters in which he urged me to give some hint by which the reader of good will might come at my intention.

Before Ezra's permanent residence in London, on one of his trips to America — brought on I think by an attack of jaundice — he was glancing through some book of my father's. "It is not necessary," he said, "to read everything in a book in order to speak intelligently of it." "Don't tell everybody I said so," he added.

During this same visit my father and he had been reading and discussing poetry together. Pound has always liked my father. "I of course like your Old Man and I have drunk his Goldwasser." They were hot for an argument that day. My parent had been holding forth in downright sentences upon my own "idle nonsense" when he turned and became equally vehement concerning something Ezra had written: what in heaven's name Ezra meant by "jewels" in a verse that had come between them. These jewels, rubies, sapphires, amethysts and what not, Pound went on to explain with great determination and care, were the backs of books as they stood on a man's shelf. "But why in heaven's name don't you say so then?" was my father's triumphant and crushing rejoinder.

The letter: . . . "God knows I have to work hard enough to escape, not propaganda, but getting centered in propaganda. And America? What the h--l do you a blooming foreigner know about the place. Your père only penetrated the edge, and you've

never been west of Upper Darby, or the Maunchunk switchback.

"Would H., with the swirl of the prairie wind in her underwear, or the virile Sandburg recognize you, an effete easterner as a REAL AMERICAN? INCONCEIVABLE! ! ! ! !

"My dear boy you have never felt the woop of the PEEraries. You have never seen the projecting and protuberent Mts. of the Sierra Nevada. WOT can you know of the country?

"You have the naïve credulity of a Co. Claire emigrant. But I (der grosse Ich) have the virus, the bacillus of my land in my blood, for nearly three bleating centuries.

"(Bloody snob. 'eave a brick at 'im! ! !) . . .

"I was very glad to see your wholly incoherent unamerican poems in the *L. R.*

"Of course Sandburg will tell you that you miss the 'big drifts,' and Bodenheim will object to your not being sufficiently decadent.

"You thank your blomin gawd you've got enough Spanish blood to muddy up your mind, and prevent the current American ideation from going through it like a blighted collander.

"The thing that saves your work is opacity, and don't forget it. Opacity is NOT an American quality. Fizz, swish, gabble and verbiage, these are echt Americanisch.

"And alas, alas, poor old Masters. Look at Oct. *Poetry*."

Let me indulge the American habit of quotation:

"Si le cosmopolitisme littéraire gagnait encore et qu'il réussit à éteindre ce que les différences de race ont allumé de haine de sang parmi les hommes, j'y verrais un gain pour la civilisation et pour l'humanité tout entière."

"L'amour excessif et exclusif d'une patrie a pour immédiat corollaire l'horreur des patries étrangères. Non seulement on craint de quitter la jupe de sa maman, d'aller voir comment vivent les autres hommes, de se mêler à leur lutte, de partager leur travaux, non seulement on reste chez soi, mais on finit par fermer sa porte"

"Cette foible gagne certains littérateurs et le même professeur, en sortant d'expliquer le Cid ou Don Juan, rédige de gracieuses injures contre Ibsen et l'influence, hélas trop illusoire, de son cœvre pourtain toute de lumière et de beauté." et cetra. Lie down and compose yourself.

I like to think of the Greeks as setting out for the colonies in Sicily and the Italian Peninsula. The Greek temperament lent itself to a certain symmetrical sculptural phase and to a fat poetical balance of line that produced important work, but I like better the Greeks setting their backs to Athens. The ferment was always richer in Rome, the dispersive explosion was always nearer, the influence carried further and remained hot longer. Hellenism, especially the modern sort, is too staid, too chilly, too little fecundative to impregnate my world.

Hilda Doolittle before she began to write poetry or at least before she began to show it to anyone would say: "You're not satisfied with me, are you Billy? There's something lacking, isn't there?" When I was with her my feet always seemed to be sticking to the ground while she would be walking on the tips of the grass stems.

Ten years later as assistant editor of the *Egoist* she refers to my long poem, "March", which, thanks to her own and her husband's friendly attentions, finally appeared there in a purified form:

14 Aug. 1916

Dear Bill:-

I trust you will not hate me for wanting to delete from your poem all the flippancies. The reason I want to do this is that the beautiful lines are so very beautiful — so in the tone and spirit of your *Postlude*—(which to me stands, a Nike, supreme among your poems). I think there is *real* beauty — and real beauty is a rare and sacred thing in this generation — in all the pyramid, Ashur-ban-i-pal bits and in the Fiesole and in the wind at the very last. . . .

I don't know what you think, but I consider this business of writing a very sacred thing! — I think you have the "spark," am sure of it, and when you speak *direct* are a poet. I feel in the hey-ding-ding touch running through your poem a derivative tendency which, to me, is not *you* — not your very self. It is as if you were *ashamed* of your Spirit, ashamed of your inspiration! — as if you mocked at your own song. It's very well to *mock* at yourself — it is a spiritual sin to mock at your inspiration —

Hilda.

Oh well, all this might be very disquieting were it not that "sacred" has lately been discovered to apply to a point of arrest where stabilization has gone on past the time. There is nothing sacred about literature, it is damned from one end to the other. There is nothing in literature but change and change is mockery. I'll write whatever I damn please, whenever I damn please and as I damn please and it'll be good if the authentic spirit of change is on it.

But in any case H. D. misses the entire intent of what I am doing, no matter how just her remarks concerning that particular poem happen to have been. The hey-ding-ding touch *was* derivative but it filled a gap that I did not know how better to fill at the time. It might be said that that touch is the prototype of the improvisations.

It is to the inventive imagination we look for deliverance from every other misfortune as from the desolation of a flat Hellenic perfection of style. What good then to turn to art from the atavistic religionists, from a science doing slavey service upon gas engines, from a philosophy tangled in a miserable sort of dialect that means nothing if the full power of initiative be denied at the beginning by a lot of baying and snapping scholiasts? If the inventive imagination must look, as I think, to the field of art for its richest discoveries today it will best make its way by compass and follow no path.

But before any material progress can be accomplished there must be someone to draw a discriminating line between true and false values.

The true value is that peculiarity which gives an object a character by itself. The associational or sentimental value is the false. Its imposition is due to lack of imagination, to an easy lateral sliding. The attention has been held too rigid on the one plane instead of following a more flexible, jagged resort. - It is to loosen the attention, my attention since I occupy part of the field, that I write these improvisations. Here I clash with Wallace Stevens.

The imagination goes from one thing to another. Given many things of nearly totally divergent natures but possessing one-thousandth part of a quality in common, provided that be new, distinguished, these things belong in an imaginative category and not in

a gross natural array. To me this is the gist of the whole matter. It is easy to fall under the spell of a certain mode, especially if it be remote of origin, leaving thus certain of its members essential to a reconstruction of its significance permanently lost in an impenetrable mist of time. But the thing that stands eternally in the way of really good writing is always one: the virtual impossibility of lifting to the imagination those things which lie under the direct scrutiny of the senses, close to the nose. It is this difficulty that sets a value upon all works of art and makes them a necessity. The senses witnessing what is immediately before them in detail see a finality which they cling to in despair, not knowing which way to turn. Thus the so-called natural or scientific array becomes fixed, the walking devil of modern life. He who even nicks the solidity of this apparition does a piece of work superior to that of Hercules when he cleaned the Augean stables.

Stevens' letter applies really to my book of poems, "Al Que Quiere" (which means, by the way, To Him Who Wants It), but the criticism he makes of that holds good for each of the Improvisations if not for the work as a whole.

It begins with a postscript in the upper left hand corner: "I think, after all, I should rather send this than not, although it is quarrelsome full of my own ideas of discipline."

April 9

My dear Williams:

What strikes me most about the poems themselves is their casual character . . . Personally I have a distaste for miscellany. It is one of the reasons I do not bother about a book myself.

(Wallace Stevens is a fine gentleman whom Cannell likened to a Pennsylvania Dutchman who has suddenly become aware of his habits and taken to "society" in self-defense. He is always immaculately dressed. I don't know why I should always associate him in my mind with an imaginary image I have of Ford Madox Hueffer).

. . . My idea is that in order to carry a thing to the extreme necessity to convey it one has to stick to it; . . . Given a fixed point of view, realistic, imagistic or what you

will, everything adjusts itself to that point of view; and the process of adjustment is a world in flux, as it should be for a poet. But to fidget with points of view leads always to new beginnings and incessant new beginnings lead to sterility.

(This sounds like Sir Roger de Coverly)

A single manner or mood thoroughly matured and exploited is that fresh thing . . . etc.

One has to keep looking for poetry as Renoir looked for colors in old walls, old wood-work and so on.

Your place is

— among children

Leaning around a dead dog.

A book of that would feed the hungry . . .

Well a book of poems is a damned serious affair. I am only objecting that a book that contains your particular quality should contain anything else and suggesting that if that quality were carried to a communicable extreme, in intensity and volume, etc . . . I see it all over the book, in your landscapes and portraits, but dissipated and obscured. Bouquets for brides and Spencerian compliments for poets. . . There are a very few men who have anything native in them or for whose work I'd give a Bolshevik ruble . . . But I think your tantrums not half mad enough.

(I am not quite clear about the last sentence but I presume he means that I do not push my advantage through to an overwhelming decision. What would you have me do with my Circe, Stevens, now that I have double-crossed her game,—marry her? It is not what Odysseus did).

I return Pound's letter. . observe how in everything he does he proceeds with the greatest positiveness, etc.

Wallace Stevens.

(to be continued)

Selections from "A Drift of the Year"

Wallace Gould

IV

Can't you return, Aurore?

Can't you return, this gaping, moaning night, to come to me?

This night is but a sounding space, a moaning nothingness.

The stars are like the bulging eyes of those who wait for
happenings, of those who are wondering where you are.

The moon, withdrawn, is busy with her old affair, her slumbering
boy.

Can't you return, Aurore?

Once, in the autumn of the last dead year,

I spent a sunset dreaming of just you —

a dream as pure as prayer.

I lingered on the Mall

at Brunswick, the spacious, old, old Mall. The leaves of the dozens
of elms along the promenades were yellow — pensive, helpless
little things — great masses of them transformed into glimmering
amber by the yellow light from an orb of boiling gold in the west,
the glare from which orb streamed through and beneath the branches
and across the lawns of the Mall to the windows of the time-
somber mansions on the farther side, there pausing to look back
upon its past. Each window sent back a flood of boiling gold, west-
ward, toward the source. The gray, Gothic church on the campus
rise, behind its yellow elms, reminded me of an aged grande dame
peering out from her golden galeon. Even the trunks of the elms,
far and near, caught the metallic luster and the lawns so spread
with poor little yellow leaves were of golden plush. The air, though
nervous, was quiet. The winds were waiting for you — and you
came, along a promenade, through the heavy golden stillness, and
sat beside me.

Time is a most inexorable boor.

Your very name puts raiment on its bones

and mine a cane into its scrawny claw,

and still it dares forbid that we may smoke
a cigarette or two, or, better still,
perhaps, that we may hold an hand, or two.

Dead sybil of Nohant, I understand.
I understand because we are alike.
They dropped away or stood at d'stances,
deafened or angered by the oracles
of being — all those weaklings whom you loved —
the weaklier hopeless and the stronger weak
with pride — impotent giants, muscle-bound.
We are alike, dead lady, much alike.

VII

It is all over, once more.
There are no more fogs to be seen in the southern sk'ies, each
dawn — the lavender fogs that have rolled along in masses,
d'stant, never approaching.
There are no more buds to open.
Only the frost flower dares to open its eyes on the world —
the frost flower, puny child of a mother too old to bear.
Out from the north the water fowl come, day after day, through
the arid azure. Once, I saw them flying before the moon.

Down by the river, all summer, a sandpiper glided along the
beach before the sand pit. He has gone.
There was a lonely whippowil. He was somewhere in the darkness
by the river, perhaps in the pines by the ancient tote road. He
has gone.

There are no more loons to hoot
through the shimmering, empty nights.
It is all over, once more.

XII

It was a moment of awe. It was a sudden vision of a starry night,
a winter night. It was a sudden vision.

It was like a wind that rumbles down from the north, by night, and brings no storm.

I stood entranced for a moment, speechless, holding your letter unopened.

I stood like a king by his ruined city.

There were no voices with the vision.

There was space, and the space was time.

There was silence, the silence of space.

The memory of your kisses was like a flight of water fowl.

The memory of your words was like a meadow in late September.

The memory of your deeds was like a path that is overgrown.

I do not wonder why you wrote. I do not care.

I answer you as I would scatter seeds —

seeds of grass upon a barren grave.

ADVICE TO MAPLE-TREES

Maxwell Bodenheim

O little maple-trees,

Slender and unkempt, looking with shaggy askance

Upon the moon-spiked solitude:

O little maple-trees,

Growing a little toward the sky

That touches you to all eyes save your own,

You rattle insistently for wings

But wings could never tear

The stain of earth from your feet —

The earth that gnaws at you

Until your wing-cries strike the autumn night.

You see, with me, this running cloud

Balancing a crescent moon

Upon his tawny finger-tip.

The touch of your desire, or its fall,

Would but be symbols of an equal death.

DOG EAT DOG

Ben Hecht

WE were in a fine philosophical mood, my friend and I, and we walked in the avenue with portentous and sardonic steps. He with his shoulders lifted and his apeish head wagging slowly from side to side. I with the proper Mona Lisa crook to my lips. Thus men walk when, as inviolable gods, they debate the puerilities and ironies of life.

There was about us in this avenue the paganism of women's buttocks moving under adroit silks, of round warm legs flashing their curves and luscious tints in the sun, of pear-moulded breasts dancing beneath tight fabrics. Bodies moving slowly toward some fantastic carnival, they seemed: faces rouged and stencilled for subtle and priapic rites. Continuously they zig-zagged by us, colored like totems, a shining barbaric procession of lusts in caricature. The marvel of it was that some hallooing buck did not come bounding into this avenue and seize upon these legs and buttocks and breasts that promenaded in such elaborate and piquant masquerade. A thought worthy of philosophers. Here under the tall sunny building with their polished windows, here walled by the luxurious dignity of their great rectangular faces, what a saturnalian rape were possible. What a dancing and a shouting and a rolling about with the Tom-Tom of the traffic hammering out its quick, delirious monotone. What a wild racing up and down silk-strewn pavements, in and out of marble-corridorred grottos. What an insane and whimsical burlesque of passion.

Alas these were merely the unwindings of philosophical fancy. Before us remained the vista of bobbing faces and hidden undulated bodies wedded to exotic plumage and lushent fabrics. From these corseted nymphs as they passed issued trailing perfumes that fell upon the nose as the cunning intimate whispers of a pander might come into the ear. Toward some fantastic carnival they might be destined (there are still boudoirs in the world, it is said) but their faces remained as they floated by a succession of stencilled and unchanging blanks. They stared now into the beaming windows of the avenue shops. Herein behind sun-streaked panels of glass lay oriental silks, gold and green and turquoise; Japanese

bric a brac, little monsters of bronze, black and vermillion screens, scrolled porcelains. Here also they saw as they passed leather elegancies, little black velvet boxes of jewels, moon-white silvers, platters of gold, and occasionally groups of waxen manikins garlanded with shining fabrics and postured in simpering mannerisms. Tired of these windows they glanced now at each other or looked up in unimaginable conversations at the grey faced, carefully mustached creatures who walked at their side. Delusions all of them. Bodies of men bathed and shaved and tailored into puppets of commerce. White bodies of women reduced to piquant stuffing for silks.

[We walked, my friend and I, with sardonic and portentous steps as befit the stride of gods who dot the unending processions of the little greedy half dead. To our left the rubber-tired traffic purred and beat out its monotone, the whirling white and black of spokes pirouetted in the sun. To our right the grave and elegant geometries swooped into space. And having walked a goodly way between these things we paused and my friend improved the occasion with a snort. His head, as he stood contemplating the varicolored swarm of motion, began to wag with more deliberation, his face growing pregnant with words. By these animated preliminary silences did my friend attune the spirit of his listener for matters of vast and symbolic import. The darkness of his face grew and he raised his arm with a slow gesture and pointed his thumb over his shoulder toward the west.

"I keep thinking", he said, "I keep thinking of the gangs on the west side. The working people. The immemorial masses."

The ominous drawl of his words and the manner of his face, a fixed and flintlike convulsion, weighted this thing my friend said with the illusion of depth and sagacity which attended the most trivial of his comments. His voice continued, a voice which had about it the quality of a banjo played with bewildering slowness.

"The immemorial masses on the west side," he said, "who live in stinking houses and sweat ten hours a day for the right to remain alive. They're coming in this street. This crowd in silk can't hold them back much longer. Look at them." He stared into the faces. "Four civilizations have died", he resumed, "four civilizations have died because the gang on the west side never broke

through. But they're coming through this time. When I see all this . . . all this . . . " he made a slow contemptuous gesture toward the vari-colored swarm about us, "I know the stage is set for the great act. When I look at the grey and painted faces and these unharnessed useless bodies, I get the breath of the gangs on the west side pushing through."

My friend paused and eyed the procession in the avenue with a dark and curious amusement. For there was a strange hate in the cerebrations of my friend, and a stranger love. He moved through the day like some grim and ominous evangel and his chuckles invariably reminded me of guillotines. He had the eyes of a prophet, deep-set smoky eyes, fastened always upon distances, and his thought was like a slow fume that darkened the air about him. That afternoon as he stood facing the polite and repressed bacchanal of the avenue was the last I saw of him. And therefore I have told of it. He had consented to walk with me away from the grimy factory-strewn scenes where he was then leading a strike of garment workers.

"The immemorial masses," he chuckled and his eyes rested darkly on the dapper procession. "This crowd. . . this little string of marionettes. . . can't cheat them much longer". His fingers rivited my elbow. "I get the breath of them," he said, "I get the breath of the gangs on the west side of the world pushing through into the sun."

We shook hands and the storm of his thoughts remained like an uncanny shadow about me as he passed out of the avenue. During the days which followed my friend's name appeared often in the newspapers. About him had rallied some five thousand workers raising a great cry for wages and leisure. Once I went to the west side to see him but found in his place a woman who spoke of him with eagerness. She was a dark-eyed creature with a smoulder in her voice. Walking with the rouged and dapper procession in the sunny avenue she would have seemed a strayed and bewildered animal. Here amid the sagging houses, the debris-covered street, the broken walls, her spirit was a luminous thing, her body arose from the earth with the bend of a far flung defiance to her head. In her eyes, as in the eyes of my friend, there were also dark prophecies. And her words had about them the same stillness, the same curious air of consecration.

She spoke of many things, of my friend, of poverty, of hovels in which men and women decayed, and of a mysterious dawn that was to break like a song through the dark places of the world. When she spoke of my friend there came into her voice an intimacy and an awe. Her body straightened as in some curious salute. Her eyes largened and there was tumult to her. Her soul seemed to precipitate itself into embraces unseen. More than ever she would have appeared a strayed and bewildered animal in the dapper procession of the sunny avenue. As her talk moved to topics beyond my friend her intensity changed and her words became more deliberate. She emitted them slowly and it was almost the banjo voice of my friend that spoke.

"I had no faith until I met him," she said. "I had no faith in these people. But now they're coming through. The little silk crowd can't cheat us much longer. We're coming through this time. The feet of armies have walked over us and we slept. And the little silk crowd has taken our blood and we slept. Four civilizations have died because we slept. This sleep was because without faith we were without souls. But now we have faith in each other. The working people are standing together. From one end of the world to the other we have the faith that is bringing us to our feet in one mighty wave."

In her words was a quality which weighted their awkward rhetoric with a compelling power. This quality remained with me after I left her. Faith. . . the faith of a woman's eyes raised in the dark of a church, the faith of a man's eyes resting in awe upon a face finer and slenderer than his own, the faith of my friend and his friend amid the ancient poverties and decays, they are not a part of philosophy. And yet I came away thinking wistfully of the gods that corrupt the reason of the ages. It is after all a lonely and profitless business to deny these gods. The faiths that boil in the souls of the race, the vari-shaped altars tended by the little greedy half dead, there is in them perhaps the true solace for those who must find when they seek. My mood of that day on the avenue was gone. I walked now in ragged broken streets where the little half dead seem to be moving always in vast and merciless defeat. In these streets I sought the faith of my friend. But the gods as ever eluded me. Here was merely a less colored masquerade than in

the avenue. A great deal of soil and manure is needed to produce a flower, even such a flower as civilization. I watched the strikers gathering and talking, the men and women passing with intent and burning eyes, the half-naked children shrieking over the dirty pavements and I came away with the memory of a purposeless, meaningless fever throbbing in the veins of the day.

And my friend died in this manner.

The summer sun had loosened the stench of the alleys when Nolan awoke. I have been in Nolan's home and have seen his wife moving about in the morning cooking the breakfast for the seven of them. Her body is fat with the humanless contour of a spider and her eyes seem always to be thinking of bruises. From morning until night she moves about scrubbing, cooking, washing, straightening, feeding children, walking to grocery stores and butcher shops, haggling over pennies. The children scream and brawl and chase each other through lots and alleys. Just before noon Nolan sits up in his dark bitter-smelling bed and stretches his arms.

On the morning of the day in which my friend died, Nolan sat up in his bed and stretched his arms. At noon he emerged in his stocking feet and walked about in the kitchen of his home, his suspenders hanging in two purple loops from the waist of his drooping trousers. He was a tall broad-shouldered man with a somewhat reddened face. His face usually vigorous and genial wore a frown whenever he moved about in the small littered rooms of his home. He ate his breakfast in silence and listened to the complaint of his woman, a complaint which, by reason of its antiquity, fell now like meaningless noise on his ears. It was more money for the doctor, his woman needed, more money for the girl who must have another dress, more money for the butcher. A depressing racket, this ancient complaint of his woman, a thing which went on summer and winter. Nolan ate and the frown of his face grew deeper. In silence he moved into the bitter-smelling bedroom and put on his blue uniform and his leather puttees. It was the uniform of the city's mounted police, kept by Nolan in some mysterious manner immune from the grime and the squalor of his home.

In this blue transforming uniform, freshly shaved and his neck ornamented with a white band of collar, Nolan waited patiently

for his woman to cease her ancient complaint. Sixteen years of honest and faithful service were Nolan's, and yet the complaint of his woman had grown with each of these years, even as the smell of his home had thickened and acquired a personality.

"It'll be pay day tomorrow," said Nolan at length. "And what good'll that be," said his woman; rubbing at her round fat face with her apron. "Maybe you think you're somebody in them clothes of yours. But will you look at the bills from the doctor and the butcher." And there followed the depressing racket that seemed to Nolan an inevitable companion of the musty bitter smell which stuffed his home. "It'll be pay day tomorrow," said Nolan and he walked out of his home. Down the street he walked, and thought as bitter as the smell of his bed remained in his brain. Vague thought without outline, it was. He spat as he walked and cursed under his breath.

There was a horse in the police barns that was Nolan's, a shining brown upstanding horse that whinnied at him as he came near. In silence Nolan placed the saddle on his horse and lifted himself into it. Into the street he jogged, his broad-shouldered figure in its resplendent uniform sitting stiff and careless atop the lively horse, his eyes frowning from under his ornamented cap. Riding so on his horse Nolan glowered down upon the traffic that grew thicker about him. Men jumped out of his way and wagons drew tactfully aside to give him unmolested passage. This sometimes brought cheer into Nolan's heart. But now the sound of his woman's complaint was in his ears, and the bitter smell of his home lay like rust in his nose. And if he was strong and broad and could ride along on his horse now, what in h--l would he be doing to stop the complaint of his woman when he had grown old?

Nolan came out of the squad room and remounted. He had his orders for the day. He rode off at a leisurely pace toward the west side. There was a strike there and trouble and Nolan rode to keep the city from coming to harm.

There were a thousand men and women gathered in the street. Policemen stood before the doors of the black, many-windowed factory building which stretched its flat face down the block. The crowd in the street shuffled about over the pavements in compact little groups, crying out words, waving their arms, their faces moving in tiny grimaces. They were the strikers that my friend was

leading, stunted little men in humorously misfitting clothes, girls in heavy sagging dresses and grimy waists. They swarmed about, voluble and excited. Nolan and seven horsemen like himself watched them from the end of the street. The eight of them sat stiff and straight on their horses and frowned. Nolan turned abruptly to one of them and said, "What the h--l, they're going to march. They ain't got a permit for marching."

They were going to march. There was a man who stood on a box in the center of the street surrounded by a growing mass of faces. He waved his arms and cried out in a slow far-reaching voice. This man was my friend. Nolan watched him with the frown deepening in his face. Slowly as my friend cried out the scattered crowd seemed to unravel itself into ranks. Symmetrical rows of faces appeared, one behind the other. Men began to shout and push other men. There was quick, determined tumult. The noise then began to die away. In the silence that came into the street a long thick mass of men and women stood with their eyes raised toward my friend and a curious eager light in their faces.

"They're going to march," said Nolan to the horsemen around him, "and they ain't got a permit."

He spurred his horse up to my friend who still stood on his box in the center of the street.

"Cut that," said Nolan, "You ain't got a permit to march."

My friend looked at him and smiled. The ranks of men and women sagged and almost disappeared. The rows of faces became circles and half circles. But my friend on his little box threw up his arms.

"March," he cried out, "Comrades, mark time. We march to the city hall. We march through the avenues. We will give the little silk crowds a look at us."

The rattle and thud of feet striking the street sounded. The long thick mass grew mysteriously straight. The rows of faces flashed dully in even lines.

"Into the sun," cried my friend. "Comrades forward. . . . march."

The street moved. It lengthened and swayed. The beat of feet like the long-drawn rattle of a drum came into the air. Slowly, expanding and contracting, their shoulders swaying, the regiment of motionless faces and leaping eyes groped for a rhythm. It came

and the regiment marched. Down the street it moved, an unwavering indomitable mass of swinging arms and legs. Above the rhythmic lift of its heads appeared banners red and black and inscribed with the words, "Labor" "Give Us Bread"

Nolan and his horsemen watched the swinging column approach. For a moment he stared at it fascinated. The thought of his woman's complaint had gone from his head and with it the smell that had ridden in his nose. Under his bright blue uniform he felt himself grow warm and curiously alive. The blood swept through his body and a sweat like that of a strong juice came out of him. Oaths rushed from his lips and a lust whirled his head.

"Come on," he yelled waving his arm, and his brown upstanding horse leaped forward. My friend and his immemorial masses were marching and Nolan and his seven horsemen were rushing down the street into the face of them. As the horses came nearer my friend grew large in front of the regiment. His voice arose clear and strident above the murmuring behind him and the wild sharp racket of the oncoming horses before him.

"Comrades," he shouted, "march, comrades. . . Hold firm. . . and march. . ."

Nolan, his eyes swimming, heard the words and tugged at a reign in his hand. His brown leaping horse turned lightly. Rearing and plunging it shot forward and its iron hoofs cracked down upon the head of the man who had shouted the command. The thick ranks of the marchers disappeared and became a swarm of circling faces that melted into walls and vanished into little running groups. In the midst of the street, shouting and plunging, reared the seven horsemen. The street grew empty. Nolan bounced and cried out in his saddle as his horse, turning and prancing, leaped again and again upon the figure it had brought down. For a wild thing had burst in Nolan's heart and there was the music of a hammering drum in his ears. There were cries and shrieks about him and he felt a hate leaping in his throat, contracting the muscles of his body. His hand fumbling desperately had taken the gun from his pocket. He held it now pointed down at the figure that lay under the dancing feet of his horse. But the figure was silent and motionless. It lay in a curious disjointed posture, its face flattened and crushed into the grime of the street, its body bent and spread out like a wooden thing.

Nolan dismounted and stood with the seven horsemen at the curb. They were all thick-shouldered men with strong red faces. They held guns in their hands. They stood with their jaws thrust forward and with glowering eyes stared into the emptied street.

"We got them," said Nolan in a thick voice. "The dirty bums, a pack of god-damned sheenies and polacks."

He glanced toward the figure that lay with its face crushed into the stone in the center of the street. There were several other figures moving feebly on their bellies. As he looked a woman came rushing toward the disjointed figure of my friend. She hurled herself with a cry across the twisted body and lay there stiff and silent. Nolan walked toward her, his head wagging from side to side. As he approached she raised her head and flung her fist toward him.

"You killed him. You murdered him," she shouted at Nolan. "But it won't do you any good. You can't stop us. You can't cheat us much longer. Do you hear? God strike you dead you. . . you. . . He's dead. He's dead. But you can't keep us back. Do you hear? We're coming through. . ."

Nolan stared at her without words, looked at the woman's fist that remained shuddering in the air. And in the voice and gesture of the body there was something that brought back to Nolan's thought the complaint of his woman, the complaint that went on from day to day for sixteen years. He darted forward and seized this one by the shoulder.

"Stop your yowling," he cried. "Get up, you bum. You're under arrest."

He shook her as she followed his grip to her feet. The smell of her brought back into Nolan's nose the smell of his woman. He struck her with his fist.

"Come on," he cried, his voice thick with the violence of his blood. "Get along."

For a moment Nolan and the woman who had come to my friend remained staring into each other's eyes, a hate burning between them and blackening their vision. Their faces, twisted and dark, came together. There were no words. With a great jerk Nolan tumbled the woman along after him toward the curb.

"Come on," he growled, "If you try to break away I'll club you to death."

Snow Scene: Puppet Booth

Mark Turbyfill

|

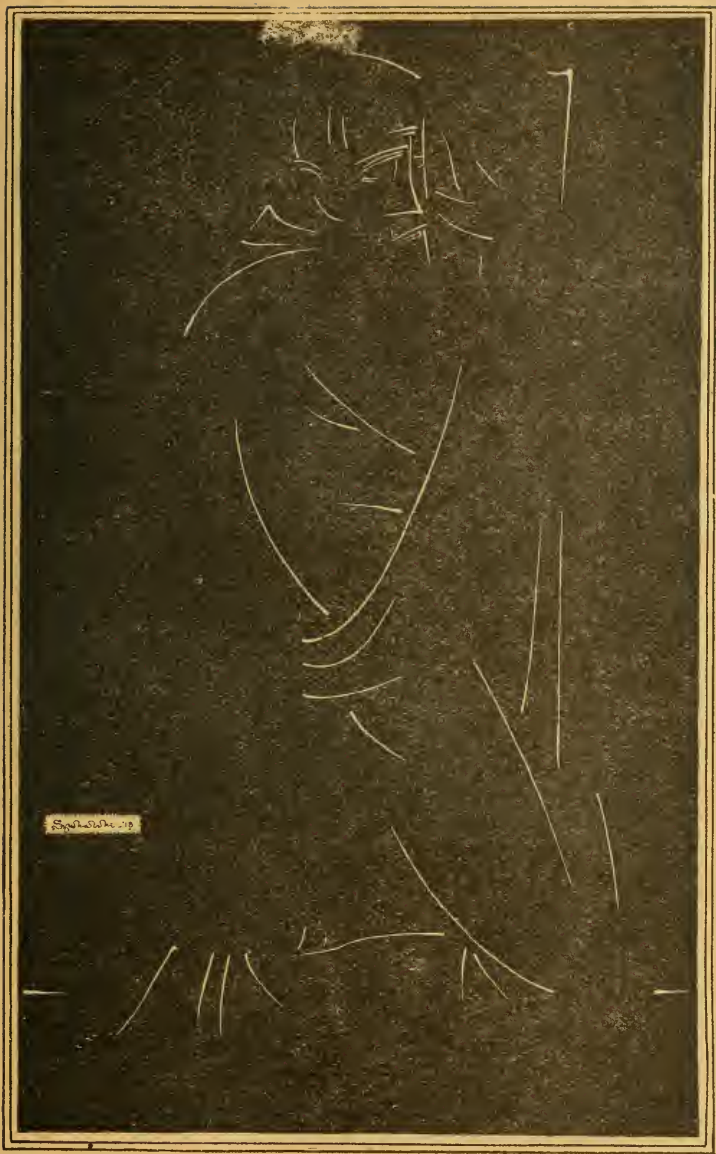
The better to put you in mood for the lady,
Conceive your mind an arched proscenium;
Gather full the night-drop,
The night-blue black—unplumbed.
Shake the sound of snow-bells,
And float down the gesture of five white lines
With little glittering note-heads adorned.
For she is the lady painted against a thin China saucer,
Her gown a broad silken petal,
And, as a phrase slowly spoken,
Three cloth-sewn flowerets at the hem.
She raises her brow to the point of perplexity:
“ . . . The *murmuring* snow? the snow *murmuring*?”
She reasons: “The *falling* snow, — yes. But I have never
heard the snow murmur. No.”

Yet in the cold, white night,
(For all the doubts of the lovely lady)
I have heard them sprinkling down—
The little white snow-notes, murmuring,
With a faint, silvery sound,
Or like the murmur of her silken gown
As she turned away.



Man calculating

Six Drawings
by
STANISLAW SZUKALSKI



Monk

*Mask*



Light and Shadow

*Sketch*



Mammon

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode IX

URBANE, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:
— And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of "Wilhelm Meister"? A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

He came a step, a sinkapace, forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant, setting open the door but slightly made him a noiseless beck.

Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe's judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis.

Twicreakingly analysis he corantoed off. Bald, most zealous by the door he gave his large ear all to the attendant's words: heard them: and was gone.

Two left.

— Monsieur de la Palice, Stephen sneered, was alive fifteen minutes before his death.

— Have you found those six brave medicals, John Eglinton asked with elder's gall, to write Paradise Lost at your dictation?

Smile. Smile Cranly's smile.

First he tickled her

Then he patted her

Then he passed the female catheter

For he was a medical

Jolly old medi. . . .

I feel you would need one more for Hamlet. Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W. B. calls them.

Glittereyed, his rufous skull close to his greencapped desk lamp sought the face, bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holy-eyed. He laughed low: a sizar's laugh of Trinty: unanswered.

*Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood
Tears such as angels weep.
Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.
He holds my follies hostage.*

Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen to free their sireland. Gap-toothed Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house. And one more to hail him: *ave, rabbi*. The Tinahely twelve. In the shadow of the glen he cooes for them. My soul's youth I gave him, night by night. Godspeed. Good hunting.

Mulligan has my telegram.

Folly. Persist.

— Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet though I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry.

— All these questions are purely academic, Russell oracled out of his shadow. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Clergyman's discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. The deepest poetry of Shelley, the words of Hamlet bring our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom, Plato's world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

A. E. has been telling some interviewer. Wall, tarnation strike me!

— The schoolmen were schoolboys first, Stephen said super-politely. Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy.

— And has remained so, one should hope, John Eglinton sedately said. One can see him, a model schoolboy with his diploma under his arm.

He laughed again at the now smiling bearded face.

Formless spiritual. Father, Son and Holy Breath. This verily is that. I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.

Dunlop, Judge, the noblest Roman of them all, A. E., Arval in heaven hight, K. H, their master. Adepts of the great white lodge always watching to see if they can help. The Christ with the bridesister, moisture of light, born of a virgin, repentant sophia,

departed to the plane of buddhi. Mrs. Cooper Oakley once glimpsed our very illustrious sister H. P. B's elemental.

O, fie! Out on't! *Pfuiteufel!* You naughtn't to look, missus, so you naugh't when a lady's ashowing of her elemental.

Mr. Best entered, tall, young, mild, light. He bore in his hand with grace a notebook, new, large, clean, bright.

— That model schoolboy, Stephen said, would find Hamlet's musings about the afterlife of his princely soul, the improbable, insignificant and undramatic monologue, as shallow as Plato's.

John Eglinton, frowning, said, waxing wrath:

— Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato.

— Which of the two, Stephen asked, would have banished me from his commonwealth?

Unsheathe your dagger definitions. Streams of tendency and eons they worship. God: noise in the street: very peripatetic. Space: what you damn well have to see. Through spaces smaller than red globules of man's blood they creepycrawl after Blake's buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past.

Mr. Best came forward, amiable, towards his colleague.

— Haines is gone, he said.

— Is he?

— I was showing him Jubainville's book. He's quite enthusiastic, don't you know, about Hyde's "Lovesongs of Connacht." I couldn't bring him in to hear the discussion. He's gone to Gill's to buy it.

*Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick
To greet the callous public
Writ, I ween, 'twas not my wish
In lean unlovely English.*

— The peatsmoke is going to his head, John Eglinton opined. We feel in England. Penitent thief. Gone. I smoked his baccy. Green twinkling stone. An emerald set in the ring of the sea.

— People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be, the auric egg of Russell warned occultly. The movements which work

revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the hillside. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the living mother. The rarefied air of the academy and the arena produce the sixshilling novel, the musichall song. France produces the finest flower of corruption in Mallarmé but the desirable life is revealed only to the poor of heart, the life of Homer's Phaeacians.

From these words Mr. Best turned an unoffending face to Stephen.

— Mallarmé, don't you know, he said, has written those wonderful prose poems Stephen MacKenna used to read to me in Paris. The one about "Hamlet". He says: *il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même*, don't you know, reading the book of himself. He describes "Hamlet" given in a French town, don't you know, a provincial town. They advertised it.

His free hand graciously wrote tiny signs in air.

Hamlet

ou

Le Distrain

pièce de Shakespeare

He repeated to John Eglinton's newgathered frown:

— *Pièce de Shakespeare*, don't you know. It's so French, the French point of view. *Hamlet ou. . . .*

— The absentminded beggar, Stephen ended.

John Eglinton laughed.

— Yes, I suppose it would be, he said. Excellent people, no doubt, but distressingly shortsighted in some matters.

Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder.

— A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him, Stephen said. Not for nothing was he a butcher's son, wielding the sledged pole-axe and spitting in his palm. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one, Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot. The shambles in act five is a forecast of the concentration camp sung by Mr. Swinburne.

Cranly, I his mute orderly, following battles from afar.

Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none

But we had spared. . . .

— He will have it that "Hamlet" is a ghost story, John Eglinton

ton said for Mr. Best's behoof. Like the fat boy in *Pickwick* he wants to make our flesh creep.

List! List! O list!

My flesh hears him creeping, hears.

If thou didst ever.

— What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners. Elizabethan London lay as far from Stratford as corrupt Paris lies from virgin Dublin. Who is the ghost, returning to the world that has forgotten him? Who is king Hamlet?

John Eglinton shifted his spare body, leaning back to judge.

Lifted.

— It is this hour of a June day, Stephen said, begging with a swift glance their hearing. The flag is up on the playhouse by the bankside. The bear Sackerson growls in the pit near it, Paris garden. Canvasclimbers who sailed with Drake chew their sausages among the groundlings.

Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices.

— Shakespeare has left the huguenot's house in Silver street and walks by the swanmews along the riverbank. But he does not stay to feed the pen chivying her game of cygnets towards the rushes. The swan of Avon has other thoughts.

Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!

— The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, clad in the castoff mail of a court buck, a wellset man with a bass voice. He is the ghost king Hamlet, and the player Shakespeare. He speaks the words to Burbage, the young player who stands before him, calling him by a name:

Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit

bidding him list. To a son he speaks, the son of his soul, the prince, young Hamlet and to the son of his body, Hamlet Shakespeare who has died in Stratford that his namesake may live for ever.

Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words to his own son's name (had Hamlet Shakespeare lived he would have been prince Hamlet's twin) is it possible, I want to know, or probable that he did not draw or foresee the logical

conclusion of those premises: you are this dispossessed son. I am the murdered father: your mother is the guilty queen, Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway?

— But this prying into the family life of a great man, Russell began impatiently.

Art thou there, truepenny?

— Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the plays. I mean when we read the poetry of "King Lear" what is it to us how the poet lived? As for living our servants can do that for us, Villiers de l'Isle said. Peeping and prying into greenroom gossip of the day, the poet's drinking, the poet's debts. We have "King Lear": and it is immortal.

Mr. Best's face appealed to, agreed.

Flow over them with your waves and with your waters, Mananaan, Mananaan MacLir. . . .

By the way, that pound he lent you when you were hungry?

I wanted it.

Take thou this noble.

You spent most of it in

Do you intend to pay it back?

O, yes.

When? Now?

Well. . . no.

When, then?

I paid my way. I paid my way.

Steady on. He's from north of Boyne water. You owe it.

Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now.

Other I got pound.

Buzz. Buzz.

But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory under ever changing forms.

I that sinned and prayed and fasted.

A child Connemee saved from pandies.

I, I and I. I.

A. E. I. O. U.

— Do you mean to fly in the face of the tradition of three centuries? John Eglinton's carping voice asked. Her ghost at least has been laid for ever. She died, for literature at least, before she

was born.

— She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born. She saw him into and out of the world. She took his first embraces. She bore his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed when he lay on his deathbed.

Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. Who brought me into this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers. *Liliata rutilantium*.

I wept alone.

John Eglinton looked in the tangled glowworm of his lamp.

— The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, he said, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could.

— Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Portal of discovery opened to let in the quaker librarian, soft-creakedfooted, bald, eared and assiduous.

— A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly, is not a useful portal of discovery, one should imagine. What useful discovery did Socrates learn from Xanthippe?

— Dialectic, Stephen answered: and from his mother how to bring thought into the world. But neither the midwife's lore nor the caudlelectures saved him from the archons of Sinn Fein and their naggin of hemlock.

— But Ann Hathaway? Mr. Best's quiet voice said forgetfully. Yes, we seem to be forgetting her as Shakespeare himself forgot her.

His look went from brooder's beard to carper's skull, to remind, to chide them not unkindly, then to the baldpink lollard costard, guiltless though maligned.

— He had a good groatsworth of wit, Stephen said, and no truant memory. He carried a memory in his wallet as he trudged to Romeville whistling *The girl I left behind me*. If the earthquake did not time it we should know where to place poor Wat, sitting in his form, the studded bridle and her blue windows. That memory, *Venus and Adonis*, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London. Is Katherine the shrew ill favored? Hortensio calls her young and beautiful. Do you think the writer of "Anthony and Cleopatra," a passionate pilgrim, had his eyes in the back of

his head that he chose the ugliest doxy in all Warwickshire to lie withal? Good: he left her and gained the world of men. But his boywomen are the women of a boy. Their life, thought, speech are lent them by males. He chose badly? He was chosen, it seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twenty-six. The goddess who bends over the boy Adonis is a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself.

And my turn? When?

Come!

— Ryefield, Mr. Best said brightly, gladly, raising his new book, gladly, brightly.

He murmured then with blond delight for all:

Between the acres of the rye

These pretty countryfolk would lie.

Par's: the wellpleased pleaser.

A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and unveiled its cooperative watch.

— I am afraid I am due at the Homestead.

Whither away? Exploitable ground.

— Are you going, John Eglinton's eyebrows asked. Shall we see you at Moore's tonight? Piper is coming.

— Piper! Mr. Best piped. Is Piper back?

Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper.

— I don't know if I can. Thursday. We have our meeting. If I can get away in time.

Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers. "Isis Unveiled." Their Palibook we tried to pawn. Crosslegged under an umbrel umber-shoot he thrones an Aztec logos, functioning on astral levels, mahamahatma. The faithful hermetists await the light, ringround-about him. Louis H. Victory. T. Caulfield Irwin. Lotus ladies tend them i' the eyes, their pineal glands aglow. Filled with his god he thrones, Buddha under plantain. Gulfer of souls, engulfer. Hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecries, whirled, whirling, they bewail.

In quintessential triviality

For years in this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.

— They say we are to have a literary surprise, the quaker librarian said, friendly and earnest. Mr. Russell, rumour has it, is gathering together a sheaf of our younger poets' verses. We are all looking forward anxiously.

Anxiously he glanced in the cone of lamplight where three faces, lighted, shone.

See this. Remember.

Stephen looked down on a wide headless caubeen, hung on his ashplanthandle over his knee. My casque and sword.

Listen.

Young Colum and Starkey. George Roberts is doing the commercial part. Longworth will give it a good puff in the *Express*. O, will he? I like Colum's drover. Yes, I think he has that queer thing, genius. Do you think he has genius really? Yeats admired his line. *As in wild éarth a Grecian vase*. Did he? I hope you'll be able to come tonight. Malachi Mulligan is coming too. Moore asked him to bring Haines. Did you hear Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn? That Moore is Martyn's wild oats? Awfully clever, isn't it? They remind one of don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Our national epic has yet to be written. Moore is the man for it. A knight of the rueful countenance here in Dublin. With a saffron kilt? O'Neill Russell? O, yes, he must speak the grand old tongue. And his Dulcinea? James Stephens is doing some clever sketches. We are becoming important, it seems.

Cordelia. *Cordoglio*. Lir's loniest daughter.

Now your best French polish.

— Thank you very much, Mr. Russell, Stephen said, rising. If you will be so kind as to give the letter to Mr. Norman. . . .

—O, yes. If he considers it important it will go in. We have so much correspondence.

— I understand, Stephen said. Thank you.

The pigs' paper. Bullockbefriending.

Synge has promised me an article for Dana too. Are we going to be read? I feel we are. The Gaelic league wants something in Irish. I hope you will come round tonight. Bring Starkey.

Stephen sat down.

The quaker librarian came from the leavetakers. Blushing his mask said:

— Mr. Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

He creaked to and fro, tiptoeing up nearer heaven by the altitude of a chopine, and, covered by the noise of outgoing, said low:

— Is it your view, then, that she was not faithful to the poet?

Alarmed face asks me. Why did he come? Courtesy or an inward light?

— Where there is a reconciliation, Stephen said, there must have been first a sundering.

— Yes.

Christfox in leather trews, hiding, a runaway in blighted tree-forks from hue and cry. Knowing no vixen, walking lonely in the chase. Women he won to him, tender people, a whore of Babylon, ladies of justices, bully tapsters' wives. Fox and geese. And in New place a slack dishonoured body that once was comely, once as sweet, as fresh as cinnamon, now her leaves falling, all bare, frightened of the narrow grave and unforgiven.

— Yes. So you think. . . .

The door closed behind the outgoer.

Rest, suddenly possessed the discreet vaulted cell, rest of warm and brooding air.

A vestal's lamp.

Here he ponders things that were not: what Caesar would have lived to do had he believed the soothsayer: what might have been: possibilities of the possible as possible: things not known: what name Achilles bore when he lived among women.

Coffined thoughts around me, in mummycases, embalmed in spice of words. Thoth, god of libraries, a birdgod, moonycrowned. And I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest. *In painted chambers loaded with tilebooks.*

They are still. Once quick in the brains of men. Still: but an itch of death is in them, to tell me in my ear a maudlin tale, urge me to wreaktheirwill

— Certainly, John Eglinton mused, of all great men he is the most enigmatic. We know nothing but that he lived and suffered. Not even so much. Others abide our question. A shadow hangs over all the rest.

— But "Hamlet" is so personal, isn't it — Mr. Best pleaded. I mean a kind of private paper, don't you know, of his pri-

vate life. I mean I don't care a button, don't you know, who is killed or who is guilty. . . .

He rested an innocent book on the edge of the desk, smiling his defiance. His private papers. *Ta an bad ar an tir. Taim imo shagart.* Put *beurla* on it, littlejohn.

Quoth littlejohn Eglinton:

— I was prepared for paradoxes from what Malachi Mulligan told us but I may as well warn you that if you want to shake my belief that Shakespeare is Hamlet you have a stern task before you.

Bear with me.

Stephen withstood the bane of miscreant eyes, glinting stern under wrinkling brows. A basilisk. *E quando vede l'uomo l'attosca.* Messer Brunetto, I thank thee for the word.

—As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said, from day to day, their molecules shuttled to and fro, so does the artist weave and unweave his image. And as the mole on my right breast is where it was when I was born though all my body has been woven of new stuff time after time so through the ghost of the unquiet father the image of the unliving son looks forth. In the intense instant of imagination, when the mind, Shelley says, is a fading coal, that which I was is that which I am and that which in possibility I may come to be. So in the future, the sister of the past, I may see myself as I sit here now but by reflection from that which then I shall be.

Drummond of Hawthornden helped you at that stile.

—Yes, Mr. Best said youngly. I feel Hamlet quite young. The bitterness might be from the father but the passages with Ophelia are surely from the son.

Has the wrong sow by the lug.

—That mole is the last to go, Stephen said, laughing.

John Eglinton made a nothing pleasing mow.

— If that were the birthmark of genius, he said, genius would be a drug in the market. The plays of Shakespeare's later years which Renan admired so much breathe another spirit.

— The spirit of reconciliation, the quaker librarian breathed.

— There can be no reconciliation, Stephen said, if there has not been a sundering.

Said that.

— If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over the hell of time of "King Lear," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," look to see when and how the shadow lifts. What softens the heart of a man, shipwrecked in life's storms, tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles, prince of Tyre?

Head, redconecapped, buffeted, brineblinded.

— A child, a girl placed in his arms Marina.

— The leaning of sophists towards the bypaths of apocrypha is a constant quantity, John Eglinton detected. The highroads are dreary but they lead to the town.

Good Bacon: gone musty. Shakespeare Bacon's wild oats.

Cypherjugglers going the highroads. What town, good masters? Mummed in names: A. E. eon: Magee, John Eglinton. East of the sun, west of the moon: *Tir nan og*. Booted the twain and staved.

How many miles to Dublin?

Three score and ten, sir.

Will we be there by candlelight?

— Mr. Brandes accepts it, Stephen said, as the first play of the closing period.

— Does he? What does Mr. Sidney Lee, or Mr. Simon Lazarus, as some aver his name *is*, say of it?

— Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm, Miranda, a wonder, Perdita, that which was lost. What was lost is given back to him. his daughter's child. *My dearest wife*, Pericles says, *was like this maid*. Will any man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?

— The art of being a grandfather, Mr. Best gan murmur. *L'art d'être grandp. . . .*

— His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or repeat himself.

The benign forehead of the quaker librarian enkindled rosily with hope.

— I hope Mr. Dedalus will work out his theory for the en-

lightenment of the public. And we ought to mention another Irish commentator, Mr. Frank Harris. His articles on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review* were surely brilliant. Oddly enough he too draws for us an unhappily relation with the dark lady of the sonnets. The favored rival is William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. I own that if the poet must be rejected such a rejection would seem more in harmony with — what shall I say? — our notions of what ought not to have been.

Felicitously he ceased and held out a meek head among them, auk's egg, prize of their fray.

He thous and thees her with grave husbandwords. Dost love, Miriam? Dost love thy man?

— That may be too, Stephen said. There is a saying of Goethe's which Mr. Magee likes to quote. Beware of what you wish for in youth because you will get it in middle life. Why does he send to one who is a *buonaroba*, a bay where all men ride, a maid of honour with a scandalous girlhood, a lordling to woo for him? He was himself a lord of language and had made himself a coistrel gentleman and had written "Romeo and Juliet." Why? Belief in himself has been untimely killed. He was overborne in a corn-field first (a rye field, I should say) and he will never be a victor in his own eyes after nor play victoriously the game of laugh and lie down. Assumed dongiovannism will not save him. No later undoing will undo the first undoing. If the shrew is worsted there remains to her woman's invisible weapon. There is, I feel in the words, some goad of the flesh driving him into a new passion, a darker shadow of the first, darkening even his own understanding of himself. A like fate awaits him and the two rages commingle in a whirlpool.

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour.

— The soul has been before stricken mortally, a poison poured in the porch of a sleeping ear. But those who are done to death in sleep cannot know the manner of their quell unless their Creator endow their souls with that knowledge in the life to come. The poisoning and the beast with two backs that urged it king Hamlet's ghost could not know of were he not endowed with knowledge by his creator. That is why the speech is always turned elsewhere, backward. Ravisher and ravished go with him from Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes to Imogen's breast, bare, with its mole

cinquespotted. He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old score. But, because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father.

— Amen! responded from the doorway.

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came forward, then blithe in motley, towards the greeting of their smiles. My telegram.

(to be continued)

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE *

May Sinclair

I n f a n c y

VI.

It was a good and happy day.

She lay on the big bed. Her head rested on Mamma's arm. Mamma's face was close to her. Water trickled into her eyes out of the wet pad of pocket-handkerchief. Under the cold pad a hot, grinding pain came from the hole in her forehead. Jenny stood beside the bed. Her face had waked up and she was busy squeezing something out of a red sponge into a basin of pink water.

When Mamma pressed the pocket-handkerchief tight the pain ground harder, when she loosened it blood ran out of the hole and the pocket-handkerchief was warm again. Then Jenny put on the sponge.

She could hear Jenny say, "It was the Master's fault. She

* Copyright, 1919, by the Macmillan Company.

didn't ought to have been left in the room with him."

She remembered. The dining-room and the sharp spike on the fender and Papa's legs stretched out. He had told her not to run so fast, and she had run faster and faster. It wasn't Papa's fault.

She remembered tripping over Papa's legs. Then falling on the spike. Then nothing.

Then waking in Mamma's room.

She wasn't crying. The pain made her feel good and happy; and Mamma was calling her her darling and her little lamb.

Mamma loved her. Jenny loved her.

Mark and Dank and Roddy came in. Mark carried Sarah in his arms. They stood by the bed and looked at her. Their faces pressed close. Roddy had been crying; but Mark and Dank were excited. They climbed on to the bed and kissed her. They made Sarah crouch down close beside her and held her there. They spoke very fast, one after the other.

"We've brought you Sarah."

"We've given you Sarah."

"She's your cat."

"To keep for ever."

She was glad that she had tripped over Papa's legs. It was a good and happy day.

VII.

The sun shone. The polished green blades of the grass glittered. The gravel walk and the nasturtium bed together made a broad orange blaze. Specks like glass sparkled in the hot grey earth. On the grey flagstone the red poppy you picked yesterday was a black thread, a purple stain.

She was happy sitting on the grass, drawing the fine, sharp blades between her fingers, sniffing the smell of the mignonette that tingled like sweet pepper, opening and shutting the yellow mouths of the snap-dragon.

The garden flowers stood still, straight up in the grey earth. They were as tall as you were. You could look at them a long time without being tired.

The garden flowers were not like the animals. The cat Sarah bumped her sleek head under your chin; you could feel her purr

throbbing under her ribs and crackling in her throat. The white rabbit pushed out his nose to you and drew it in again, quivering, and breathed his sweet breath into your mouth.

The garden flowers wouldn't let you love them. They stood still in their beauty, quiet, arrogant, reproachful. They put you in the wrong. When you stroked them they shook and swayed from you; when you held them tight their heads dropped, their backs broke, they shrivelled up in your hands. All the flowers in the garden were Mamma's; they were sacred and holy.

You loved best the flowers that you stopped down to look at and the flowers that were not Mamma's: the small crumpled poppy by the edge of the field, and the ears of the wild rye that ran up your sleeve and tickled you, and the speedwell, striped like the blue eyes of Meta, the wax doll.

When you smelt mignonette you thought of Mamma.

It was her birthday. Mark had given her a little sumach tree in a red pot. They took it out of the pot and dug a hole by the front door steps outside the pantry window, and planted it there.

Papa came out on to the steps and watched them.

"I suppose," he said, "you think it'll grow?"

Mamma never turned to look at him. She smiled because it was her birthday. She said, "Of course it'll grow."

She spread out its roots and pressed it down and padded up the earth about it with her hands. It held out its tiny branches, stiffly, like a toy tree, standing no higher than the mignonette. Papa looked at Mamma and Mark, busy and happy with their heads together, taking no notice of him. He laughed out of his big beard and went back into the house suddenly and slammed the door. You knew that he disliked the sumach-tree and that he was angry with Mark for giving it to Mamma.

When you smelt mignonette you thought of Mamma and Mark and the sumach-tree, and Papa standing on the steps, and the queer laughter that came out of his beard.

When it rained you were naughty and unhappy because you couldn't go out of doors. Then Mamma stood at the window and looked into the front garden. She smiled at the rain. She said, "It will be good for my sumach-tree."

Every day you went out on to the steps to see if the sumach-tree had grown.

VIII.

The white lamb stood on the table beside her cot.

Mamma put it there every night so that she could see it first thing in the morning when she woke.

She had had a birthday. Suddenly in the middle of the night she was five years old.

She had kept on waking up with the excitement of it. Then in the dark twilight of the room, she had seen a bulky thing inside the cot, leaning up against the rail. It stuck out queerly, and its weight dragged the counterpane tight over her feet.

The birthday present. What she saw was not its real shape. When she poked it, stiff paper bent in and crackled and she could feel something big and solid underneath. She lay quiet and happy, trying to guess what it could be, and fell asleep again.

It was the white lamb. It stood on a green stand. It smelt of dried hay and gum and paint like the other toy animals, but its white coat had a dull, woolly smell, and that was the real smell of the lamb. Its large, slanting eyes stared off over its ears into the far corners of the room, so that it never looked at you. This made her feel sometimes that the lamb didn't love her, and sometimes that it was frightened and wanted to be comforted.

She trembled when first she stroked it and held it to her face, and sniffed its lamby smell.

Papa looked down at her. He was smiling; and when she looked up at him she was not afraid. She had the same feeling that came sometimes when she sat in Mamma's lap and Mamma talked about God and Jesus. Papa was sacred and holy.

He had given her the lamb.

It was the end of her birthday; Mamma and Jenny were putting her to bed. She felt weak and tired, and sad because it was all over.

"Come to that," said Jenny, "your birthday was over at five minutes past twelve this morning."

"When will it come again?"

"Not for a whole year," said Mamma.

"I wish it would come to-morrow."

Mamma shook her head at her. "You want to be spoiled and petted every day."

"No. No. I want — I want — "

"She doesn't know what she wants," said Jenny.

"Yes. I do. I *do*."

"Well — ?"

"I want to love Papa every day. 'Cause he gave me my lamb."

"Oh," said Mamma, "if you only love people because they give you birthday presents —"

"But I don't — I don't — really and truly —"

"You didn't ought to have no more birthdays," said Jenny, "if they make you cry."

Why couldn't they see that crying meant that she wanted Papa to be sacred and holy every day?

The day after the birthday, when Papa went about the same as ever, looking big and frightening, when he "Baa'd" into her face and called out, "'Mary had a little lamb,' " and "'Mary, Mary, quite contrary', " she looked after him sorrowfully and thought: "Papa gave me my lamb."

IX.

One day Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella came over from Chadwell Grange. They were talking to Mamma a long time in the drawing-room, and when she came in they stopped and whispered.

Roddy told her the secret. Uncle Edward was going to give her a live lamb.

Mark and Dank said it couldn't be true. Uncle Edward was not a real uncle; he was only Aunt Bella's husband, and he never gave you anything. And anyhow the lamb wasn't born yet and couldn't come for weeks and weeks.

Every morning she asked. "Has my new lamb come? When is it coming? Do you think it will come to-day?"

She could keep on sitting still quite a long time by merely thinking about the new lamb. It would run beside her when she played in the garden. It would eat grass out of her hand. She would tie a ribbon round its neck and lead it up and down the lane. At these moments she forgot the toy lamb. It stood on the chest of drawers in the nursery, looking off into the corners of the room, neglected.

By the time Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella sent for her to come and see the lamb, she knew exactly what it would be like and what would happen. She saw it looking like the lambs in the Bible Pic-

ture Book, fat, and covered with thick, pure white wool. She saw Uncle Edward, with his yellow face and big nose and black whiskers, coming to her across the lawn at Chadwell Grange, carrying the lamb over his shoulder like Jesus.

It was a cold morning. They drove a long time in Uncle Edward's carriage, over the hard, loud roads, between fields white with frost; and Uncle Edward was not on his lawn.

Aunt Bella stood in the big hall, waiting for them. She looked much larger and more important than Mamma.

"Aunt Bella, have you got my new lamb?"

She tried not to shriek it out, because Aunt Bella was nearly always poorly, and Mamma had told her that if you shrieked at her she would be ill.

Mamma said, "Sh-sh-sh!" And Aunt Bella whispered something, and she heard Mamma answer, "Better not."

"If she *sees* it," said Aunt Bella, "she'll understand."

Mamma shook her head at Aunt Bella.

"Edward would like it," said Aunt Bella. "He wanted to give it her himself. 'It's *his* present.'"

Mamma took her hand and they followed Aunt Bella through the servants' hall into the kitchen. The servants were all there: Rose and Annie and Cook, and Mrs. Fisher the housekeeper and Giles the young footman. They all stared at her in a queer, kind way as she came in.

A low screen was drawn close round one corner of the fireplace; Uncle Edward and Pidgeon, the baliff, were doing something to it with a yellow horse-cloth. Uncle Edward came to her, looking down the side of his big nose. He led her to the screen and drew it away.

Something lay on the floor wrapped in a piece of dirty blanket. When Uncle Edward pushed back the blanket a bad smell came out. He said, "Here's your lamb, Mary. You're just in time."

She saw a brownish-grey animal with a queer, hammer-shaped head and long black legs. Its body was drawn out and knotted like an enormous maggot. It lay twisted to one side and its eyes were shut.

"That isn't my lamb."

"It's the lamb I always said Miss Mary was to have, isn't it, Pidgeon?"

"Yes, Squoire, its the lamb you bid me set aside for little Missy."

"Then," said Mary, "why does it look like that?"

"It's very ill," Mamma said gently. "Poor Uncle Edward thought you'd like to see it before it died. You *are* glad you've seen it, aren't you?"

"No."

Just then the lamb stirred in its blanket; it opened its eyes and looked at her.

She thought: "It's my lamb. It looked at me. It's my lamb and it's dying. My lamb's dying."

The bad smell came again out of the blanket. She tried not to think of it. She wanted to sit down on the floor beside the lamb and lift it out of its blanket and nurse it; but Mamma wouldn't let her.

When she got home Mamma took down the toy lamb from the nest of drawers and brought it to her.

She sat quiet a long time, holding it in her lap and stroking it.

The stiff eyes of the toy lamb still stared away over its ears.

111

Jenny was cross and tugged at your hair when she dressed you to go to Chadwell Grange.

One day she said, "I don't see why it should always you, Miss Mary, and Master Daniel and Master Mark never but just at onst."

Jenny was cross and tugged at your hair when she dressed you to go to Chadwell Grange.

One day she said, "I don't see why it should be always you, Miss Mary, and Master Roddy and Master Daniel and Master Mark never but just that onst."

"I think it is me," Mary said, "because I am so good."

"Well, if you can be good to please your Aunt Bella you'd oughter be good to please your Mamma."

"But, Jenny-Wee, I can't help it. Mamma says if I'm not good Aunt Bella will be ill. Do you think it's really true?"

Jenny tugged. "I'd thank you for some of your Aunt Bella's mess," she said.

"I mean," Mary said, "like Papa was in the night. Every

time I get 'cited and jump about I think she'll open her mout and begin."

"Well, if she was to, you'd oughter be sorry for her."

"I *am* sorry for her. But I'm frightened too."

"That's not being good," Jenny said. But she left off tuggin

Somehow you knew that she was pleased to think that yo were not really good at Aunt Bella's, where Mrs. Fisher dresse and undressed you and you were allowed to talk to Pidgeon.

Roddy and Dank said you ought to hate Uncle Edward an Pidgeon and Mrs. Fisher, and not to like Aunt Bella very muc even if she *was* Mamma's sister. Even Mamma didn't really li Uncle Edward; she only pretended because of Aunt Bella. Ma liked him and pretended that she didn't because of Dank an Roddy.

Uncle Edward had an ugly nose and a yellow face widened l his black whiskers; his mouth stretched from one whisker to t other, and his black hair curled in large tufts above his ears. B he had no beard; you could see the whole of his mouth at onc and when Aunt Bella came into the room his little blue eyes look up off the side of his nose and he smiled at her between his tu of hair. She was sorry for Uncle Edward. It was dreadful think that Mark and Dank and Roddy didn't like him. It mig hurt him so much that he would never be happy again.

About Pidgeon she was not quite sure. Pidgeon was v ugly. He had long stiff legs, and a long stiff face finished off w a fringe of red whiskers that went on under his chin. Still, it v not nice to think of Pidgeon being unhappy. But Mrs. Fisher v large and rather like Aunt Bella, only softer and more bulgi Her round face had a high red polish on it always, and when saw you coming her eyes twinkled, and her red forehead and big cheeks and her mouth smiled all together a fat, simmer smile. When you got to the black-and-white marble tiles you s her waiting on the landing at the top of the stairs, holding out hand to you to come and be made tidy. She touched your f gently; each stroke of the brush sent a delicious tingling up back of your neck and down your spine, and there was a gr many red glass scent-bottles and ivory and silver boxes on A Bella's dressing-table for you to play with while she did it.

She wanted to ask Mrs. Fisher if it was true that Aunt B

would be ill if she were naughty; but a squeezing and dragging came under her waist whenever she thought about it, and that made her shy and ashamed. It began as soon as Uncle Edward's carriage turned into the drive between the shining laurel bushes; it got worse when Aunt Bella came into the hall and kissed her; and it lasted till they sent her out to play by herself on the lawn in sight of the house.

Aunt Bella's house was enormous. Two long rows of windows stared out at you, their dark green storm-shutters folded back on the yellow brick walls. A third row of little squeezed-up windows and little squeezed-up shutters blinked in the narrow space under the roof. All summer a sweet smell came from that side of the house where cream-coloured roses hung on the yellow walls between the green shutters. There was a cedar-tree on the lawn and a sundial and a stone fountain. Gold-fish swam in the clear greenish water. The flowers in the round beds were stiff and shining as if they had been cut out of tin and freshly painted. When you thought of Aunt Bella's garden you saw *calceolarias*, brown velvet purses with yellow spots.

She could always get away from Aunt Bella by going down the dark walk between the yew hedge and the window of Mrs. Fisher's room, and through the stable-yard into the plantation. The cocks and hens had their black timber house there in the clearing, and Ponto, the Newfoundland, lived all by himself in his kennel under the little ragged fir-trees.

When Ponto saw her coming he danced on hind-legs and strained at his chain and called to her with his loud, barking howl. He played with her, crawling on his stomach, crouching, raising first one big paw and then the other. She put out her foot and he caught it and held it between his big paws, and looked at it with his head on one side, smiling. She squealed with delight, and Ponto barked again.

The stable bell would ring while they played in the plantation, and Uncle Edward or Pidgeon or Mrs. Fisher would come out and find her and take her back into the house. Ponto lifted up his head and Ponto howled after she went.

At lunch she sat quivering between Mamma and Aunt Bella. The squeezing and dragging went on under her waist worse than

ever. There was a pattern of green ivy round the dinner-plates and a pattern of goats round the silver napkin-rings. She tried to fix her mind on the ivy and the goats instead of looking at Aunt Bella to see whether she were going to be ill. She *would* be if you left mud in the hall on the black-and-white marble tiles. Or if you took Ponto off the chain and let him get into the house. Or if you spilled your gravy on the tablecloth.

Aunt Bella's face was much pinker and richer and more important than Mamma's face. She thought she wouldn't have minded quite so much if Aunt Bella had been white and brown and pretty, like Mamma.

There — she had spilled the gravy.

Little knots came in Aunt Bella's pink forehead. Her face loosened and swelled with a red flush; her mouth pouted and drew itself in again, pulled out of shape by something that darted up the side of her nose and made her blink.

She thought: "I know — I know — I *know* it's going to happen."

It didn't. Aunt Bella only said, "You should look at your plate and spoon, dear."

When Uncle Edward said, "I wouldn't touch that cheese if I were you, Bella; you know it made you ill yesterday," she said out loud, "Please — *please*, Aunt Bella, don't touch it!"

Aunt Bella said, "Capers and nonsense!" and took the biggest piece. "Bless the child, does she want to be ill?"

Mary had turned from the table and hidden her face behind Mamma's shoulder.

"I think she wants to be naughty," said Mamma.

Mamma didn't know. Uncle Edward and Pidgeon and Mrs. Fisher knew. When they saw naughtiness coming they held out their hands to you behind their backs and took you somewhere where it couldn't happen. Either you went with Uncle Edward round the stables and the farm-yard; or Pidgeon carried you on his back to feed the calves; or Mrs. Fisher took you up into her bedroom to see her dress.

In Mrs. Fisher's bedroom a smell of rotten apples oozed through the rosebud pattern on the walls. There were no doors inside, only places in the wall-paper that opened. Behind one of

these places there was a cupboard where Mrs. Fisher kept her clothes. Sometimes she would take the lid off the big box covered with wall-paper and show you her Sunday bonnet. You sat on the bed and she gave you peppermint-balls to suck while she peeled off her black mer'no and squeezed herself into her black silk. You watched for the moment when the brooch with the black tomb and the weeping-willow on it was undon, and Mrs. Fisher's chin came out first by the open collar, and Mrs. Fisher began to swell. When she stood up in her petticoat and bodice she was enormous; her breasts and hips and her great arms shook as she walked about the room.

When it was all over she took you downstairs and gave you tea with strawberry jam and apple-jelly in her little dark room that looked on to the yew hedge.

Sometimes Aunt Bella would come in and look at you, and she and Mrs. Fisher would talk about you as if you were not there.

"Has Miss Mary been good today?"

"As good as gold, ma'am."

"Be'sure you tell Mrs. Oliv'er."

This afternoon Mrs. Fisher said. "See how pretty she is, ma'am, when her hair's done proper."

Aunt Bella shook her head. "Mrs. Olivier won't be pleased if you spoil her."

"There's some," said Mrs. Fisher, "as would do with more spoiling and some as would do with less. Mrs. Olivier'll not be pleased till we've asked Master Mark and Master Daniel and Master Rodney to stay again."

"We shall have to do it some day, Fisher," said Aunt Bella.

Mary was sorry when she said good-bye to Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella and Mrs. Fisher.

For, always, as soon as she got home, Roddy rushed at her with the same questions.

"Did you let Uncle Edward kiss you?"

"Yes."

"Did you talk to Pidgeon?"

"Yes."

"Did you kiss Mrs. Fisher?"

"Yes."

And Dank said, "Have they taken Ponto off the chain yet?"
"No."

"Well then, that shows you what pigs they are."

And when she saw Mark looking at her she felt small and silly and ashamed.

II

It was the last week of the midsummer holidays. Mark and Dank had gone to stay for three days at Aunt Bella's, and on the second day they had been sent home.

Mamma and Roddy were in the garden when they came. They were killing snails in a flower-pot by putting salt on them. The snails turned over and over on each other and spat out a green foam that covered them like soap-suds as they died.

Mark's face was red and he was smiling. Even Dank looked proud of himself and happy. They called out together, "We've been sent home."

Mamma looked up from her flower-pot.

"What did you *do*?" she said.

"We took Ponto off the chain," said Dank.

"Did he get into the house?"

"Of course he did," said Mark. "Like a shot. He got into Aunt Bella's bedroom and Aunt Bella was in bed."

"Oh, *Mark!*"

"Uncle Edward came up just as we were getting him out. He was in an awful wax."

"I'm afraid," Dank said, "I cheeked him."

"What did you say?"

"I told him he wasn't fit to have a dog. And he said we weren't to come again; and Mark said that was all we *had* come for — to let Ponto loose."

Mamma put another snail into the flower-pot, very gently. She was smiling and at the same time trying not to smile.

"He went back," said Mark, "and raked it up again about our chasing his sheep, ages ago."

"*Did* you chase his sheep?"

"No. Of course we didn't. They started to run because they saw Pidgeon coming, and Roddy ran after them till we told him not to. The mean beast said we'd made Mary's lamb die by fright-

ening its mother. When he only gave it her because he knew it wouldn't live. *Then* he said we'd frightened Aunt Bella."

Mary stared at them, fascinated.

"Oh, Mark, was Aunt Bella ill?"

"Of course she wasn't. She only says she's going to be, to keep you quiet."

"Well," said Mamma, "she won't be frightened any more. He'll not ask you again."

"We don't care, he's not a bit of good. He won't let us ride his horses or climb his trees or fish in his stinking pond."

"Let Mary go there," said Dank. "*She* likes it. She kisses Pidgeon."

"I don't, she cried. "I hate Pidgeon. I hate Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella. I hate Mrs. Fisher."

Mamma looked up from her flower-pot, and, suddenly, she was angry.

"For shame! They're kind to *you*," she said. "You little naughty, ungrateful girl!"

"They're *not* kind to Mark and Dank. That's why I hate them."

She wondered why Mamma was not angry with Mark and Dank, who had let Ponto loose and frightened Aunt Bella.

to be continued

NOTES ON MUSIC AND THE THEATRE

(and the Critics)

Margaret Anderson

Criticism in Chicago

To read the book pages of the Chicago newspapers has suddenly become a matter of sharp irritation to me. They have always been bad, since Francis Hackett and Floyd Dell did for the *Chicago Evening Post* what no one in this country has managed to do. They (I mean the newspapers) have been too bad for irritation in their recent droolings about James Joyce and their nauseating personal publicity that has served as literary notes. But the clippings

I have seen from the *Tribune*, the *Post* and the *News* for the last two weeks, and which bear at least some signs of mental activity leave me far more annoyed. They revive in me a memory of championing the "new" against the "old"—two words I no longer use just as I no longer talk of the distinction between radical and conservative, now that I have learned the stupidities shared in common by these two great classes of unborn people.

But perhaps "new" and "old" can be found to have further meaning. I know that when James Huneker writes rhapsodies about Mary Garden's art in the *New York Times* I, who believe in Mary Garden's genius, am left embarrassed and amused and bewildered. The mind that writes seems not so much inept as it seems just old: it talks of values that are no longer the concern of aesthetics; what Mary Garden doesn't do, and never can do, it finds some imaginary reason to applaud; what she does do, the whole particular realm of her expression, it passes by as innocently as if it had never observed her. This kind of oldness of the mind (and many quite young people have it) makes a man like Huneker say: "Matzenauer is more exotic — a sentence without meaning, however you may stretch it: not that Mary Garden is exotic, but that "exotic" can no longer be applied to things of obvious warmth and patent emotions. This kind of oldness makes a critic like Huneker trace the Wagnerian influence in Debussy. Conceive it! What has a "new" mind to say about these things? It says: Wagner was the kind of man whose music is a cry; Debussy is the kind of man whose music is a call; two human beings can't be more separated than by this difference; two artists can't be more divergent, can't have less to give each other. It says: Wagner's "Tristan" was so foreign to anything Debussy would feel that the latter probably thought the Tristan story had never been conceived in music; and was at work on a "Tristan" of his own that would have as little relation to the Wagnerian as a trained person has to an obvious one.

It is this kind of irritation I get from Burton Rascoe, John V. A. Weaver, Susan Wilbur, et al. Henry Blackman Sell of course is no even in the running. Llewellyn Jones has always had this red-flag quality to me, except when he writes of the things he knows about the mind of man, for instance, or Walter De La Mare's poetry. But when all these people talk of the "art" of Alfred Kreymborg, Conrad Aiken, Robert Nichols . . . ! I have nothing against Kreymborg's

work except that it has neither art nor ideas: it has a whimsicality which I don't call humour but the indication of a carefully made fictitious goal. I have nothing against Aiken's work except that on occasion he likes to glorify the average man; I have nothing against Robert Nichols' work except that a poet simply cannot belong to the Georgians, today, and write Georgian verse, without being unaware of the currents that have swept through modern life.

And when these same critics devote their time to damning Ezra Pound, I turn to Pound with great relief. His mind seems to be in tempo. He has a quality of thought. Barring two things — his wearisome vituperations of a country and a people beneath his notice, and his complete lack of ideas about the war — Pound is interesting. He knows what is happening in the world, what has happened and something of what is likely to happen.

Of course in talking of these irritations I am talking of very simple propositions. Many people decide that they will be artists. To them there is nothing naive in this. They believe it is possible. I shall content myself with saying that this is not the way it happens with a James Joyce; and that even if it does so happen with an Ezra Pound, at least Pound has enough brains to make the process interesting: chiefly I suppose because he knows that no belief in the commonplace and no glorification of it will make a man's work anything but transient, undistinguished, and unworthy.

Because we insist that a thing must have some contact with eternal essences, the *Little Review* is described as having an awful "solemnity". And magazines like the *Playboy* are started to correct this condition by giving every one a chance to be as happily shallow and mediocre as possible. Nearly every one has these potentialities. I can't see why exalt them.

As One Would Not

Harriet Monroe came to town and talked to the Poetry Society — or to some kind of society that I am fortunate enough to avoid instinctively. But I had a little talk with her one morning which we could have made into a "solemn" discussion, until I promised to spare her the boredom of my repetitious remarks about what is and what is not Art. She was saying "And you don't like Galli-Curci? To me she is really an artist in her slight, rococo way". And, when I objected: "I mean just as Louis Quinze furniture is art". I ob-

jected again. "Of course that is an unfortunate example: I didn't mean anything so artificial as Louis Quinze". I objected again. And then we laughed and let it go.

But all this might serve as an explanation of why I wanted to start a *Little Review*: namely, that when you talk of Galli-Curci or Caruso or McCormack, etc., etc., you are not talking of anything that has to do with the old fiery fountains except to remind you again that they are far off; that when you think of Louis Quinze furniture as Art you are destroying all separations between craft and aesthetics; and when you call such furniture or such a period artificial you are destroying all the finer possibilities of thought. A group of Russians killing themselves over the problem of the universe can be just as artificial as the spectacle of Louis' court laughing its way to death. Manners are not the criterion of artificiality.

Susan Glaspell's New Play

The Provincetown Players have just given Susan Glaspell's "Bernice". It made a stir among the intellectuals, and the critics uptown praised it highly — which is very good. They even discovered that Ida Rauh can act, — which is also good.

But I am interested in this play as a very fine example of a piece of work without content. It is well-written, it was well presented; it is an interesting idea to focus three acts upon the interval between a woman's death and her funeral, showing the effect of this catastrophe upon her husband, her best woman friend, her father, her husband's sister, and the family maid-of-all-work. I sat tense with interest up to the middle of the last act. The alleged drama centers in the husband. *But there is no drama.* This is all I wish to prove.

You must either work through cause and effect to get drama, or you must present dramatically the foibles of a human being who dramatizes himself with charm, intelligence, or power; or a human being who tries to dramatize himself and fails; or any of the variations upon this material. All playwrights who deal with ideas as much — perhaps I should say with general ideas, — or with propaganda, work in the first realm. Susan Glaspell does. Therefore she must present some intellectual or psychic conflict.

Taking for her hero a man without power she gives him power through the report, carefully arranged for by the wife before she dies, that she has killed herself because she loves him. Such an idea—

hat a person without power ever gains it through *any* source—is a lie. And you can't make drama out of this kind of lie without giving your discriminating audience the feeling that your play is without context. Don't you see, Susan Glaspell? You can make a drama out of it by having your hero subconsciously aware of what he is doing—and you can do this without going into farce; or you can make him a man who is not "on" to himself, as you did, and who makes his elaborate dramatization of himself quite unconsciously: but *some one* must be "on" to what is happening,—either a character in the play or you yourself when you write.

I have just touched the fringe of the discussion. I wish you would take it up with me.

Molière"

We were in Philadelphia for the second night of Philip Moeller's "Molière," which opened at the old Broad Street Theatre. Mr. Moeller happened to be in the audience and we caught him and forced our congratulations upon him. He seemed a bit incredulous at first and then wanted to know why and how we liked his play. I don't know why people suspect us of never indulging in sentimentality or the other human emotions.

I could only repeat "I really like it". And this is true. It is a good play and at the last curtain I wept—in just the way all playwrights and producers must want you to weep. I am not joking: I legitimately wept. And I can say nothing more without being "solemn."

To write a play like "Molière" has nothing to do with creation. You start with a love and understanding of the life of a great man. You find out all you can about him. You concentrate the drama of his life, by skillful manipulation, into a three-hour picture. You take much care for the way it shall be told—for the economy and beauty of your lines, etc., etc. All this demands much effort and much skill. *Of course* people like it. Everyone likes a good story, well illustrated.

Henry Miller as Molière looked rather squat in the first two acts, and like Christ in the last one. Blanche Bates should score a hit: she does what is known as good emotional acting: the only strange thing to me was that the emotions registered in such an unrelated, American manner. Holbrook Blinn as Louis the Grand suggested a kind of plain business-suit aggressiveness and a war-time economy of royalty.

Mrs. Fiske

Mrs. Fiske in "Mis' Nellie of N' Orleans" is doing a delightful thing: playing the kind of woman who knows how to train her natural charm into an effective self-dramatization. Since this is a most new met with in American life you had better see all of it you can on the stage.

The Philadelphia Orchestra

I am glad to say without reservation that the greatest musical experience I have had for three or four years (since I heard Scriabin "Prometheus" played) was Leopold Stokowski's conducting of the composer's "Poeme d' Extase." The Philadelphia Orchestra must rank next to the Boston: it is certainly the best I have heard, with that exception. Stokowski is full of nuance, and musical to the point of looking it. His muscular articulation is entirely rhythmical, — beautiful to see,—and he conducts always without a score.

Olga Samaroff played with him on this occasion. One cannot write of her in relation to the newer developments of the piano. Her playing is built upon the older standards,—like that of Gabrilowitsch for example. They play always with an inflexibility that allows the piano only about half its full vibrations. Bauer has shown pianists how to correct this. I wonder why any one playing the piano today fails to take advantage of his illustration. I shall not go into detail though I should like to. However if there is any interest in the subject anywhere in the country—if one person encourages me to take me up—I shall write an article for the next number that ought to be interesting.

Arthur Rubinstein

There has been a small furore about Rubinstein, but he has no important difference. His virtuosity is astounding, and New York simply will not "rave" about anything except virtuosity. He has other qualities, but not in a degree to place him beside Cortot or Bauer.

"Pelleas et Melisande"

The French Theatre, under the direction of Jacques Copeau, put on a performance of "Pelleas" that was distinguished for the beauty

its setting and the incongruity of its cast. The Melisande was a risk and practical person, with Slavic cheek bones and the general manner of a Dutch peasant. (Mary Garden had done it the week before with the Chicago Opera Company. It took courage to look at the French Theatre's cast). The Pelleas was a hardy young man.

THE READER CRITIC

Concerning certain effusions of the
Chicago Daily News" correspondent

Ezra Pound, London:

Dear M. C. A.: Has your friend Hecht a reputation for veracity in the United States?

The De Gourmont Number

Allen West Heller, Canton, Illinois:

The De Gourmont number, great! I do not just *admit* the fineness of Ezra Pound. I am *glad of him*. What Roger Heller calls his undigrams are a delight, but chiefly he is a Great Appreciator.

It is a joy to find so exquisite a master of the exquisite differentiations of the English language. More, his thought has such urge and fine distinctions that only one speech irks him; he must be a purifier to an amalgam of the speech of two peoples.

All languages coalesced will be none too ample for the intense complexity of future thought. All languages and all arts are not enough with which to declare the sensings that wriggle within us.

Ezra Pound and Margaret Anderson are *administering the future* to readers in this country. The English speaking denizens of the U. S. have been nursed by their silly eagle so long that it goes hard on them to have to learn something. But they probably will be compelled to swallow the cosmopolitan pill.

"Gourmont's essays the best record of the civilized mind from 1855-1915." From the excerpts here given de Gourmont would seem to be a condensed, transmuted record of Max Stirner's "Ego and his Reason." The War of the White Races was fought, is fighting, against these books: "Der Einzige Und Sein Eigenthum", "Also Sprach Zarathustra", "Das Kapital"; and the greatest of these is "Der Einzige Und Sein Eigenthum".

Anent Frederic Manning: "The ritual invariably precedes the legend; which explains it, and all ritual is magic. Sculpture originates as a feature of magical rites and ceremonies."

No. First a story is told. Probably primitive utilitarianism developed gesture before speech. (When you want to know what primitive man did in a given situation go ask the animals and the babies. Not to go back quite so far we will assume speech. A story told and retold becomes a legend. Develops, a disposition to beguile oneself and others, to lend variety to expression and so excite admiration. In obedience to these impulses the story is play-acted out. That is the dance, the song, the game. The first drawing or carving would be merely a story told through fingers instead of lips and hence a kind of gesture. A permanent gesture.

Out of the dance, the song, the game, the carving, was eventually fabricated the ritual, but a ritual implies a composite tradition which in turn implies an organized society. The ritual must be a late social development. People lived and amused themselves before they developed organization. Also they must have lived and amused themselves before they acquired a speculative disposition and there could be no concept of the supernatural until speculation had brewed long. The notion of parley or bargain with the supernatural would come later still. Out of this notion develops magic. Magic is *appropriation to dealings with the Unknown* of the various accomplishments of which primitive humans found themselves capable, including their sexual accomplishments. *Established magic* is ritual.

Upon the ritual was grafted the priest,—an individual who monopolized it as a prerogative, to his own personal advantage. The priest as the head of the family. The *priesthood* was the first master class of a society which had outgrown family outlines.

The Maories' was a late civilization. To cite the Maories in connection with primitive mind indicates what is called *insular thinking*.

The schoolmen's definition of Physics: "The science of molecular masses and the ether." This argumentation of Frederic Manning provokes a reminder of the definition William Suddards was wont to give to his classes: "Physics is the Science of how to grab hold of things and push them." This definition of the Science of Physics is the definition of the Science of Living and human beings acquiring some knowledge of this science of living long ages before

acquired a ritual of magical rites. Mr. Manning does not start his argument far enough back by many thousands of years.

His Rhapsody on the Hand is a poem.

An Open Letter to William Carlos Williams

Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:

As some of my friends know I hardly ever read any book, and especially "poetry", because all those who write them are trying so pathetically to make real poetry, real music, real art — whatever is their shape of self-expression — that their attempts seem so lieful in sincerity that it is embarrassing to any one who tries to express himself in easiest way he can. . . for one who measures his work not to size of "Art" but to pleasure it brings to his lazy self.

But! it happens once in time to time that some person whom I call friend reads to me something that he thinks I like. And so! our friend Bill of pomgranite smile read to me some of your printed thoughts and gave me great holiday, for it is much good to hear liquid sound following from sea-shell than tick-tacks of manikin's mouth wound by critics of passing fashion.

Much good! I say is to see some one or two to be free from "goose step" of "progress", who forgets that he is to think accordingly to emotional dictates of conservative or radical commandments. Intellect which is armoured in rubber plates from which all rotten tomatoes as well as stones bounce off and who at same time is unaware of direction from which attacked he was, and still is able to remain flexible to his own logic's imposition, he is free:

Much good it is to see one do what he alive wishes and has smile for all those who condemn or advise. What do they know? Who are they? Where did they steal that brain or who gave it to them? Those critics — they are only parasites, bull-flies sitting on horse's rear and criticising food they get in borrowed blood from horse, with which they fill their belly, then stand against sun's light and show it to earth-worms to admire.

They come to man who is especially endowed to hear and hears best of all, and they come with their usual human ears and tell him how to listen; and because of popular education they acquire knowledge of all available words and because of easier communication they go to Paris or London where wheat is made into rice and then

they begin to astonish their home-left friends with their well-adopted and well-developed intellectual jugglerism. Just think my friend! of their success if being in London they were "coming" from Zoolooland instead of well-started America. Think my friend how they would be appreciated by earth-worms and applauded.

I believe that you will appreciate that I do not classify you among "artists" of different types, for one who is "considered" to be one by those who "know" is not one upon whom I would like to put my hand, for they are under spell of parasitic plague of cultured shepherds or under (in *Little Review*) intellectual dandruff of Ezra Pound. . . and if they do classify you in spite of your objections I say "Forgive them for they do not know what they print" (French number of *Little Review*), and if subscribers will read their accusation I say "do not fear for they do not know what they read anyway".

Sentimental Progression of Unchemical Love

This is the cataclysm. The woods exhibit a compassion for colors, regardless of the grey grasses. Concessions of magnanimity astound a red soil, recollecting the fontaine puissance. One accompanies an excessive thought when the realization comes of countless oranges and sums, the ancients say.

You are bending isoclinal to the temperature of moons—and this a stenographic panorama of romance. Hi, hi, the fool stertorus, the morbid activity of cartiledge in some astral france.

One muses on tactile fabrics as over leaves. They are a marginal annotation on an internal dream. Electric wires pulsate in thin-lipped rooms, where a witch passes through on a memory of brooms.

Mastery of conscience depicts an aptitude for chance, in the murmurs of a coagulated dissipation. To a boy it's the mud on a girl's breasts, when the passion deliberates into age-long delays. Dripping frankincense about a female soul. We still shall know the multiplicities of rectitude in greys.

R. Reiss.

Note

We had to make some changes in our program this month. The Mary Garden article is still to come.

To
Our
Readers

Do you know anything more annoying or more ageing than to have your friends discover for you those cherished things in Art which you should have discovered for yourself?

The Little Review is giving its readers an opportunity to make their own discoveries. There is no magazine in America which has on its staff such an important line-up of known genius and the "yet unknowns".

If you have any friends who are not entrenched in mediocrity, definitely protecting themselves against good literature, tell them to subscribe to *The Little Review*. Or send us their names and we will mail them sample copies.

The Little Review is doing some intensive growing this spring. We have great plans for enlarging our format and giving you the best creative work that is being produced here and in Europe, written without an eye on the established publisher, and not garbled in editorial rooms to meet the taste of the average mind.

Send us the names of any people you think will be interested. We will appreciate it.

PLAYBOY

A NEW MAGAZINE OF SPIRITUAL
ADVENTURE, DEDICATED TO
JOYOUSNESS IN THE ARTS.
GIVEN OVER TO YOUTH AND
JOCUNDITY.

Two Fifty for 12 Numbers,
One Dollar for 4 Numbers,
If You mention "The Little Review".

PLAYBOY: Edited and Published by EGMONT ARENS, and
Printed by him at the Washington Square Book Shop
under the Sign of the Flying Stag, which is in
17 West Eight Street, New York.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

